



TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

Royal Society of Literature

OF

THE UNITED KINGDOM.

SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XXVI.

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REPORT
OF THE
Royal Society of Literature.
20, *HANOVER SQUARE, W.*
AND
LIST OF FELLOWS.
1905.

Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom.

Founded in 1825 by H.M. King George the Fourth.

Patron.

1901. *HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.*

COUNCIL AND OFFICERS FOR 1905-6.

President.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HALSBURY, F.R.S., LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.

Vice-Presidents.

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{ REV. ALBERT A. HARLAND, M.A., F.S.A.

Royal Society of Literature.

ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

APRIL 26TH, 1905.

IN the unavoidable absence of the RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HALSBURY, LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, E. W. BRABROOK, Esq., C.B., *Vice-President*, took the Chair.

THE Notice convening the Meeting was read by the Secretary. The Minutes of the Anniversary Meeting of 1904 were read and signed. The following was presented as the—

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

THE Council of the Royal Society of Literature have the honour to report that since the last Anniversary Meeting, held on April 27th, 1904, there have been the following changes in,

and additions to, the number of Fellows of the Society.

They have to announce the loss by death of—

GENERAL SIR COLLINGWOOD DICKSON, R.A., G.C.B.,
V.C., V.-P.R.S.L.
SAMUEL DAVEY, Esq.

And by resignation of—

F. H. HACKWOOD, Esq.
E. H. OXENHAM, Esq.
W. WELLSMAN, Esq.

On the other hand, they have much pleasure in announcing the election as Foreign Honorary Fellows of—

PROFESSOR DR. KERLER, of the University of
Würzburg.

PROFESSOR DR. WILLE, of the University of
Heidelberg.

And as Ordinary Fellows of—

DAVID ANDERSON-BERRY, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.E.
JOHN HERBERT DAWSON, Esq.
REV. J. GEORGE GIBSON, D.D.

WILLIAM HATFIELD, ESQ., A.C.P.

J. A. HOWARD-WATSON, ESQ., F.R.G.S., F.R.HIST.S.

J. ROWLANDS, ESQ.

ARCHIBALD SPARKE, ESQ.

In the death of General Sir Collingwood Dickson, G.C.B., V.C., the Society has lost its oldest Fellow, Sir Collingwood having been elected in 1851. Our late Vice-President was born on November 23rd, 1817. He was the son of Major-General Sir A. Dickson, G.C.B., and Eularia, daughter of Don Stephen Briones. Sir Collingwood entered the Royal Artillery in 1835, and served in the Crimea 1854-55. For his brave deeds during that war, which are noticed by Kinglake, he was awarded the Victoria Cross. During the last few years he was an invalid, but manifested in his letters an unfailing interest in the welfare of the Society.

Mr. Samuel Davey was born at Needham Market, January 31st, 1834. He attended the Grammar School of that town, and displayed at an early age a love of poetry and general literature. He came to London and entered

the house of Wheeler & Co., wholesale jewellers, and after a few years began business on his own account in Hatton Garden. His leisure time was occupied with study, and he took an active part in the formation of various institutions for mental improvement which were established at that time. He gave several lectures, which were afterwards published in book form and commanded a satisfactory sale. In 1862 he married Miss Taylor, the daughter of Mr. John Robert Taylor, of Chancery Lane. Their son, Mr. Samuel John Davey, had remarkable gifts, and won a brilliant reputation in connection with the Society for Psychical Research. A full account of his experiments and methods is given in the Report of that Society for May, 1887. Later on he made for himself a new business as a dealer in historical manuscripts, and was rapidly becoming known as an expert, when his promising career was cut short by typhoid fever, of which he died at the early age of twenty-seven. The loss of such a son was a great blow to Mr. Davey, and it was

followed by one of even greater severity in the sudden death of his beloved wife. Although Mr. Davey never recovered from these bereavements, wisely for himself, instead of brooding over his sorrows, he braced himself up for work. Having retired from his own business, he continued to carry on that of his late son, together with the editorship of the *Archivist*, a periodical devoted to the study of autographs and historical documents. In 1891, in conjunction with the Rev. Dr. Scott, he published his valuable *Guide to the Collector of Historical Documents, Literary Manuscripts and Autograph Letters*, which the *Times* described as “a very handsome and elaborate volume, which contains many well-executed facsimiles, and much useful information on the subject with which it deals.” Mr. Davey entered into a second marriage, with Miss Bertha Enderby, a first cousin of the late General Gordon of Chinese and Khartoum fame. Mr. Davey was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature in 1872, and served as Member of Council from 1895 till

his death. He contributed the following papers to the “Transactions.”

1. *Romantic Incidents in Literary Discovery.*
2. *The Letters of Horace Walpole.*
3. *The Study of Familiar Letters as an Aid to History and Biography.*
4. *The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.*
5. *The Prose Writings of Robert Burns.*
6. *The Fools, Jesters, and Comic Characters in Shakespeare.*
7. *Poetry in Relation to History.*
8. *The Letters of Charles Lamb.*
9. *The Letters and Autobiographical Writings of Oliver Goldsmith.*

Mr. Davey completed the last paper only a few days before his death. He also delivered one of the lectures in connection with the quingentenary celebration of Chaucer, on “The Paston Letters, with Special Reference to the

Social Life of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries.” This was included in “Chaucer Memorial Lectures, 1900.”

Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, Hon. F.R.S.L., after reading the Lecture on Oliver Goldsmith on February 22nd, 1905, made the following reference to the late Samuel Davey :

“I have known Mr. Davey for upwards of ten years, and I have received many kindnesses at his hands. It was owing to his intervention that I have the honour of being a Fellow of this Society. I have spent many hours in Mr. Davey’s company, and have had special opportunities of forming an opinion of his character as well as his talents and abilities as a man of letters. He impressed me with a sense of his stability, his integrity, his goodwill—not merely ‘good nature’—to his friends and to all who crossed his path—his liberal-mindedness, his faith in goodness and in truth. He was a great reader, and being possessed of a tenacious memory for facts he acquired a great deal of ordinary and extraordinary knowledge. Of his special studies as an expert in MSS. and ancient documents I need not speak. He was a

genuine lover of literature, and when he came to give his mind to any particular subject he handled it freely, largely, and with that perfect good sense which is akin to genius. Hence, in all his occasional papers, many of which I had the pleasure of reading to you, there is always the mark of an original mind. He was, indeed, a man ‘*sui generis*,’ after his own pattern, ‘*a worthy*,’ to use a good old English title. Here we hold him in honour, and, now that he is gone, we take a sad pleasure in paying the highest tribute to the name and memory of Samuel Davey.”

Dr. Percy W. Ames, the Secretary, said: “We have all enjoyed the paper on the Letters of Oliver Goldsmith, which has been so sympathetically read by Mr. Coleridge. Like previous biographical essays from the same pen, it has served to bring the personality of its subject most vividly before us. On this occasion, however, our thoughts are occupied with the author himself rather than with his theme. The admirable papers which our late colleague contributed to the ‘Transactions’ will perpetuate his memory in the Society. They will continue to be read both on account of the value of their contents and for their literary grace. Their style reflects their author, since

it is always sincere and unaffected. At present they intensify our sense of the loss the Society has sustained by his death. This will be understood by all who attend these meetings, but to his colleagues on the Council the loss is still greater. Not only was Mr. Davey an active and judicious member, with an unusually wide and accurate knowledge of books and authors and other literary matters, but to several of us he had become a highly valued friend, who will long be missed and deplored. I can hardly trust myself to speak of my personal relations with him and all that his loss means to me, but in grateful acknowledgment of his numerous acts of kindness and of his unvarying sympathy and good-will I desire, however inadequately, to bear my testimony to his many excellencies. The kindness I personally experienced arose out of an overflowing goodness of heart which prompted not only warm interest in his friends, but kind actions to all whom he had the power to help. In his genuine love of his fellow-men, and also in his hatred of injustice and shams, he revealed a character to which I do not hesitate to apply the strongest praise language permits and say it was Christ-like. His intellectual sympathies were entirely catholic, so that he could enter with knowledge and

appreciation into a great variety of subjects, and though he was an excellent listener, he always displayed in the expression of his own opinions candour, definiteness, and sanity of judgment. Many of his essays deal with the correspondence of eminent persons. He, himself, was a thoroughly good letter-writer, a rather uncommon accomplishment in these days. His letters, as well as his more formal writings, will serve to show what manner of man he was after those who enjoyed the privilege of knowing him personally have passed away.

The Council has published, under the terms of Dr. Richards' bequest, *Queen Elizabeth and the Levant Company*, with facsimile illustrations of MSS. and portraits, which has been edited by the Rev. Dr. Rosedale, F.S.A. A copy of this work has been presented to each Fellow of the Society.

Since the last Anniversary Meeting the following "Transactions" have been issued to the Fellows: Vol. xxv, parts ii, iii, and iv, and vol. xxvi, part i.

The Balance-sheet for 1904, showing the financial state of the Society, after being laid on the table for the information of the Fellows, is printed with this Report as follows :

National Society of Literature.

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CASH ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR 1904.

Er.

To Balance forward	£	s.	d.
Dividends on Investments	182	16	6
Entrance Fees	213	17	8
Subscriptions	75	12	0
Sale of Publications	256	4	0
	24	6	11
By Rent and House Charges	260	12	3
Salaries and Commissions	150	0	0
Stationery and Postages	28	16	6
Printing	72	17	3
Library	5	10	10
Balance—Cash at Bank and in hand...	235	0	3
				£752	17	1

Vouchers produced.

Examined and found correct.

April 17th, 1905.

R. INIGO TASKER.

BALANCE-SHEET, DECEMBER 31st, 1904.

<i>Liabilities.</i>		£	s.	d.	<i>Assets.</i>		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Amount owing for Rent and Salary	...	95	0	0	By Investments—							
Entrance Fees received in 1903	...	75	12	0	£200 India 3½ per cent. Stock,							
Amount owing to Dr. Richards' Fund	...	59	16	7	1931		212	10	0			
Dr. Richards' Fund at date, viz.—					£1659 2s. 11d. Queensland 4 per							
Principal as estimated, and ac-					cent. Stock, 1924		1733	16	3			
cumulated interest, brought					£1667 7s. 7d. Victoria 4 per							
forward £2915 1s. 7d., less					cent. Stock, 1881		1667	7	7			
£1 5s., being difference be-					£2119 10s. Canada 4 per cent.							
tween previous balance and					Stock, 1904		2130	2	0			
value on Dec. 31st, 1900, of										5743	15	10
India Stock purchased in					Cash at Bankers					226	6	9
1900. See Balance-Sheets					Stock of Publications (as estimated)					250	0	0
1900—1903	£2913	16	7		Dr. Richards' Fund, Investments, and Cash—							
Interest received in 1904 ...	78	11	2		£500 Consols		443	2	6			
Increased Value of Investments	63	12	6		£1800 Metropolitan 3½ per cent.							
					Stock		1908	0	0			
	3056	0	3		£200 India 3½ per cent. Stock...		212	10	0			
Paid out for publication of <i>Chronicles of Adam of Usk</i> and					Amount owing from General							
<i>Queen Elizabeth and the Levant Company</i>	362	5	0		Fund		59	16	7			
					Cash at Bankers		70	6	2			
Balance, being surplus at 31st Dec., 1904	...	2693	15	3								
										2693	15	3
										£8913	17	10

Examined and found correct according to Messrs. Coutts & Co.'s Statement of the Consols and Inscribed Stocks in their possession.
April 17th, 1905.

R. INIGO TASKER.

The following Papers have been read before the Society since the last Anniversary Meeting :

I. April 27th, 1904. E. W. Brabrook, Esq., C.B. Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Edmund Spenser*, by Percy W. Ames, Esq., LL.D., F.S.A., Secretary R.S.L.

II. May 25th, 1904. J. Henniker Heaton, Esq., M.P., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Lord Byron*, by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, Esq., M.A., Hon. F.R.S.L.

III. June 15th, 1904. E. W. Brabrook, Esq., C.B., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Sixteenth Century Women Students*, by Mrs. Charlotte Carmichael Stopes.

IV. June 22nd, 1904. Dr. R. Garnett, C.B., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Thomas of Celano's Legends of St. Francis of Assisi*, by the Rev. Dr. H. G. Rosedale, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.S.L.

V. November 23rd, 1904. The Rev. Charles Taylor, D.D., Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *The Psychological Treatment of Nero*

in Literature, by Maurice A. Gerothwohl, Esq., B.Litt., F.R.S.L.

VI. January 25th, 1905. Dr. Phené, F.S.A., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *The Shah Nameh : the Epic of Persia*, by A. Rogers, Esq., M.R.A.S.

VII. February 22nd, 1905. The Rev. Dr. H. G. Rosedale, M.A., F.S.A., Member of Council, in the chair. A Paper by the late Samuel Davey, Esq., F.R.S.L., on *The Letters and Autobiographical Writings of Oliver Goldsmith*, was read by E. H. Coleridge, Esq., M.A., Hon. F.R.S.L.

VIII. March 22nd, 1905. James Curtis, Esq., F.S.A., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Romeo and Juliet before Shakspeare*, by Wm. E. A. Axon, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S.L.

The Secretary, acting also as Librarian R.S.L., has drawn up the following report of donations to the Library of the Society since the last Anniversary. These are classified under the several headings of Governments or

Societies, Home, Colonial, and Foreign ; Public Institutions, and Individual Donors.

SOCIETIES AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Home.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—Journal to date.

EAST INDIA ASSOCIATION.—Journal to date.

GUILDHALL, *per* Town Clerk.—Calendar of Letter-books of the City of London. Letter-book F. Temp. Ed. III. Edited by Reginald R. Sharpe, D.C.L.

MANCHESTER GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Journal to date.

ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE.—Proceedings.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.—Proceedings and Transactions.

ROYAL ENGINEERS' INSTITUTE, CHATHAM. "General Sir Henry Drury Harness, K.C.B.," edited by General Webber, C.B., R.E. London, 8°, 1903.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Geographical Journal to date.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.—Proceedings.

——— Additions to the second vol. of the Catalogue of the Library. List of Members.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.—Transactions and Proceedings to date.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.—Transactions and Proceedings to date.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON.—Proceedings to date.

SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL ARCHÆOLOGY.—Proceedings to date.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—Calendar.

GOVERNMENTS.

Colonial.

NEW ZEALAND.—From the Registrar-General. Statistics of the Colony of New Zealand, 1903.

SOCIETIES AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Colonial.

CANADA, DOMINION OF.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.—Proceedings and Transactions.

——— Geological Survey, Annual Report, N.S., Vol. XIII, 1900. Maps.

AUSTRALIA.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.—Journal and Proceedings.

NEW ZEALAND.—NEW ZEALAND INSTITUTE.—Transactions and Proceedings. From Sir James Hector, Director Colonial Museum of New Zealand.

Foreign.

BELGIUM.—SOCIÉTÉ DES BOLLANDISTES.—*Analecta Bollandiana*.

DENMARK.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF NORTHERN ANTIQUARIES, COPENHAGEN.—*Mémoires*, N.S. 1903.

ITALY.—ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, TURIN.—*Atti*, continued to date. *Memorie*, Vol. LIV.

ITALY.—ROYAL LOMBARD INSTITUTE, MILAN.—*Rendiconti*, 8°. Ser. ii continued to date.

RUSSIA.—IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, ST. PETERSBURG.—*Bulletins*.

The Society has received the following from individual donors :

CORBETT, REV. F. ST. JOHN, M.A., F.R.S.L., *Author*.—*A History of British Poetry*. Lond., 1904.

FORSHAW, CHARLES F., LL.D., F.R.S.L., *Author*.—*Historic Bradford*, London, 1904.

——— *Editor*.—*Poetical Tributes in Memory of the Marquis of Salisbury*. Lond., 1904.

——— *Editor*.—*At Shakespeare's Shrine*. Lond., 1904.

- GIBSON, REV. J. GEORGE, D.D., F.R.S.L., *Author*.—
Divine Song in its Human Echo. Lond., 1901.
- Along the Shadowed Way. Lond., 1903.
- Stepping Stones to Life. Lond., 1893.
- Watching for the Daybreak. Lond., 1902.
- HIGGINS, MRS. NAPIER, F.R.S.L., *Author*. — The
Bernards of Abington and Nether Winchendon.
Vols. III and IV.
- JORDAN, W. LEIGHTON, *Author*.—Astronomical and
Historical Chronology. Lond., 1904.
- NORTON, SMEDLEY, F.R.S.L., M.S.A., *Author*.—Echoes
from the Anvil of Thought.
- Bramcote Ballads.
- ROSEDALE, REV. H. G., D.D., F.S.A., F.R.S.L., *Author*.
—St. Francis of Assisi, according to Brother
Thomas of Celano. Lond., 1904.
- ROWLANDS, JOHN, F.R.S.L., *Author*.—Shakspeare still
Enthroned.
- *Author*.—Ellen Done : a Drama. Swansea,
1891.
- THORP, JOHN T., F.R.S.L., *Author*.—Masonic Papers
Nos. 1 and 2. Memorials of Lodge No. 91. Irish
Masonic Certificates. Early History of Knights
Malta Lodge. French Prisoners' Lodges.
- WHITELEY, ELIZABETH, F.R.S.L., *Author*.—The Devil's
Throne. Lond., 1903.

The thanks of the Society are due to the respective Editors and Proprietors of the following Journals for presentation copies:—The *Athenæum* and the *Edinburgh Review* to date.

The subscription has been continued to the New English Dictionary.

The list of names recommended by the outgoing Council as the Officers and Council for 1905–6 having been submitted to ballot, the scrutineers, Mr. E. H. Coleridge and Mr. John Rowlands, reported that the House List was unanimously adopted by the meeting. The list will be found *ante*, on the leaf facing the commencement of the Report.

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS.

BY E. W. BRABROOK, ESQ., C.B., F.S.A.,
Vice-President.

IN accordance with the commission which our noble and learned President has entrusted to me, it is now my duty to offer a few words by way of Presidential Address. They will be few for two reasons : first, that the Report of the Council has given full expression to our feelings of regret at the loss of two highly valued Fellows of the Society, and has contained ample details as to the numerical and financial progress of the Society during the year, and the papers that have been read before it ; second, that we shall have in a few minutes to adjourn to the larger room to hear a paper by our Fellow, the Rev. F. St. John Corbett. I will not stand between you and the gratification of that pleasant anticipation any longer than I can help.

I must, however, say one word on the value of the papers that have been read before the Society during the past year. Those by Mr. Rogers, on "The Persian Epic," by Mr. Gerothwohl, on "The Psychological Treatment of Nero in Literature," and by Dr. Rosedale, on "Thomas of Celano" display the true spirit of the literary antiquary. Dr. Ames, on "Edmund Spenser," Dr. Axon, on "Anticipations of Romeo and Juliet," and Mrs. Stopes, on "Sixteenth Century Women Students" throw new light on the Augustan age of English literature. The late Mr. Davey's paper on "Oliver Goldsmith" and Mr. Coleridge's essay on "Lord Byron" are useful aids to the comprehension of those great writers. These papers together constitute a highly satisfactory record of work.

Your Council have thought it better to send to the several literary papers the "Transactions" in a complete volume than in small paper-covered parts. In consequence of this the volume of "Transactions" has been favourably reviewed in several journals. The *Academy*, however, instead of reviewing the work, has

given the Society and the literary world some advice. It says that there is nothing to review, as the contents consist of essays on various subjects by Professor Dowden and other authors, whose names are less familiar. Well, it is no disparagement to any of us that we are not so well known as Professor Dowden. Then it asks, "Why is the Royal Society of Literature a failure? It is a Royal Society; it has a charter; it has accumulated funds . . . Eminent men, such as Southey, Hogg, Hallam, Hookham Frere, A. H. Layard, Crabbe, and Lingard, have been connected with it. It has granted medals to such men as Rennell the geographer, Sir Walter Scott, and Mitford, the historian of Greece. Its list of foreign honorary members has included Bunsen, Guizot, Thiers, Ranke, and W. H. Prescott. In 1839 and 1846 it published two volumes of a 'Dictionary of National Biography.'" All this is true, and our critic might have said more. To my mind, this does not spell failure; but our critic thinks that the Society has never made itself really important, and he gives one piece of evidence of that.

He says that at the time of the institution of the Nobel Prize the Swedish electors went to the Society of Authors, instead of to this Society, for the nomination of the English candidates. This is a curious instance of the imperfection of the information possessed by those who write current history. The facts are, that the Swedish authorities did communicate with this Society, which did respond and make a recommendation, which was duly acknowledged. The Society of Authors formed a voluntary Committee for the same purpose, but received no commission from the Swedish authorities. So that whatever might have been the bearing of this statement, if it had been true, it really has no foundation at all. To our critic it is clear proof that the business of this Society has been badly bungled. He says that we want new members—we shall be very glad to have them; that we want a new Charter, enlarging our powers—we do not ask for anything of the sort, but if His Majesty thinks we ought to have more power, we shall not shrink from any obligation he may graciously lay upon us; that we want a new

determination to do something more worthy of our name than the reading of essays by literary antiquaries. At present, says our critic, hardly any author of any reputation belongs to the Society, and he appeals to such authors to join us. We shall only be too happy to have them. He asks whether no leader among them feels tempted to take the matter up and reconstitute us. If any does so feel, we advise him to resist the temptation; he will find it well worth his while to co-operate with us instead. We have never yet refused to elect a man because he was too eminent to become a member of the Society, never refused a paper because it was too erudite. The writer ignores the valuable publications we have issued under the Richards bequest. A Society which has among its British members Lord Avebury, Mr. Baring-Gould, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Churton Collins, Mr. Crockett, Professor Dowden, Professor Romesh Dutt, Mr. J. G. Frazer, Dr. Furnivall, Dr. Garnett, Lord Halsbury, Sir Henry Irving, Dr. MacDonald, Mr. George Meredith, Lord Ripon, Mr. Spiel-

mann, the Master of St. John's, and others ; and among its foreign members Mommsen, Maarten Maartens, Kerler, Wille, de Santa Anna Néry, Lützow, Whitehouse, Choate, and others, is not open to such ill-informed criticism as that of the writer in the *Academy*.

A few years ago I commented on the curious circumstance that a proposed International Association of Academies had not communicated with our Society as representing literature. That body met again in London last year, and was convened by the Royal Society of London for physical science. I did not suppose that a sister society would have been guilty of intentional discourtesy to this Society, and with the approval of the Council I placed myself in communication with the secretary of that Royal Society. He most obligingly lent me a copy of the instrument constituting the so-called International Association of Academies, from which it appeared that that body consists of certain specified academies only, and of such others as those academies may co-opt. It is thus an association of some academies belonging to

different nations, and not an International Association of Academies in any true sense of the word. I do not suggest that the academies of which it is composed are not bodies deserving of great respect, but I must say that I think the Association is sailing under a false colour, and that if its real constitution as a self-elected and limited union had been generally known, it would not have been received with the distinction that is due to any genuine international association of academies.

But I must not allow the whole of the few minutes which are at my disposal to be occupied by answers to ill-informed criticism and exposures of unfair rivalry. I turn with pleasure to congratulate you on the great and growing progress of the literature of the United Kingdom, in which you, as the Royal Society of Literature, entertain so deep and so enlightened an interest. Throughout all the depression of the past year the output of new works has proceeded without intermission, and many of these are works that the world will not willingly let die. In poetry, we have seen the completion,

by one of ourselves, of the definitive edition of the works of Byron; and the collected editions of the works of Mr. A. C. Swinburne and Mr. W. Watson—two men whose poems redeem this generation from the curse of barrenness. In literary biography, we have had fresh light on the touching story of Charles Lamb, contributed in part by our lamented colleague Mr. Davey; the appreciative, if somewhat intempestive, work of Mr. Douglas on Mr. Watts-Dunton; and the biographies of Edward Burne-Jones, Mandell Creighton, and others. Time will not admit of my proceeding further with the catalogue. I rejoice in the prosperity of this Society and of the literature of which it is the accredited representative.

The main functions which our Charter imposes upon this Society are two—the promotion of discoveries in literature, and the appreciation of literary excellence. It is obvious that, while we keep these two paramount duties always present to our minds, it is not every month—perhaps not even every year—that an opportunity arises for their exercise. A literary discovery,

or a new star in the literary horizon, must be searched for and waited for, it may be, with long and tedious expectation; when it appears, the Society acclaims it—

“Like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken.”

On the motion of the Rev. Dr. Rosedale, seconded by the Secretary, a hearty vote of thanks was cordially passed to Mr. Brabrook for his address and conduct in the chair.

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The sign † indicates an Honorary Fellow. c = a Compounder.

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- 1905. PROFESSOR DR. KERLER.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL TREATMENT OF NERO IN LITERATURE.

BY MAURICE A. GERÖTHWOHL, B.LITT., F.R.S.L.

[Read November 23rd, 1904.]

“HISTORY is manufactured in the nursery,” Renan is reported to have exclaimed in an outburst of that caustic *bonhomie* with which we are familiar. Beneath this airy sarcasm lies a profound truth. Our childhood’s prejudices, its sympathies or antipathies, are of all the most rooted and unassailable. Ingratitude stops short at the authors of our first delights, forgiveness at the objects of our childish terror. Which of us but yet remembers those sinister figures, scourges of God and man, as portrayed by the ‘Royal Reader’ of our first history lessons? At the mere thought of the bloody hecatombs of block and pile which their fantastic wickedness cost the world even to-day an involuntary shudder, a muttered curse, will escape us. First impressions were derived from the ready imagination of the family governess and the unexceptionable criticism of Mrs. Markham and Little Arthur. Then came the inevitable schoolmaster, at once the standard-bearer of traditionalism and the bugbear of historical truth, and on the simple and confiding rudiments of our plastic nature stamped the moral teaching of these striking pictures, dis-

tributing among the chief actors pains and rewards in this world as far as possible, and in the other world, when, occasionally, the facts were glaring and refused to adapt themselves to the requirements of an all-absorbing and justiciary Providence. A little later the historical references of the parson in his pulpit on the one side, and on the other the novels of a Scott or a Dumas *père* gave the final touch to the gloomy or brilliant colours of the portraits.

The appeal from these rough and ready tribunals, which made short work of unwelcome evidence, was a matter of some difficulty and seldom undertaken. Generation after generation, without questioning their decrees, have rushed, "like moths at a flame," to worship the kindly and ever prosperous among sovereigns—if at the price of martyrdom. Similarly, as sparrows shun the scarecrow, so sparrow-like generations gave the cold shoulder to the evil-minded among despots who were invariably tormented—if by no more than their conscience. It was forgotten that the moths in their credulity would one day end by discovering they were singeing their wings, and that the sparrows, thanks to their cowardly prudery, were losing many opportunities of satisfying their most legitimate appetites. Such an optical illusion could not go on for ever, and once the fog began to clear the reaction must needs be proportionately great.

And that is what happened. In the end History kicked against the bearing-rein. It was borne in on her that her duty was not to sermonise on the moral quality of individuals or events but to explain the latter by the former, or in a less degree the former

by the latter. Dogma is deserted for psychology, but the revolt refuses to stop at this point, and the tendency is more and more towards pathology, assuredly a less legitimate field of inquiry.

But just now the literary fashion is to search out the unhealthy, the morbid, what the semi-puritans in 'Jericho' call with indulgent resignation "unpleasant," which is not exactly synonymous with "disagreeable." Accordingly, swept along in the general current, the historian heads for the periods and rulers styled, rightly or wrongly, the decadent, for the tottering Eastern dynasties, Imperial Rome, and mystical debauched Byzantium. The *dilettanti* take a hand, and rummage for preference in the most prurient corners. Such vagaries and excesses combine to spoil the benefits of an otherwise pregnant reformation, because the more serious elements, which in many cases would largely justify long due attention, are thus comparatively thrown into the shade. However, the modesty of public opinion (often a mere relish for curiosity) is not slow to take alarm at the too open avowal of doubtful predilections towards the decadent. The fear suggests itself that someone may think to remark "*De te fabula (est).*" Appearances must be kept up. The plan adopted is that of the lover who, to palliate in his own eyes and other people's an attachment which he feels illicit, makes an effort to "whitewash" the unworthy object of his affection, whom he idealises—against the grain. To this end it is by no means necessary to clothe the personage in an imposing costume of all the virtues. Set yourself to discover one good quality in your

hero's or heroine's career: one is quite enough. When found, comment at length, expand, eulogise, exalt, set on a pedestal. The ball set rolling gathers size and eclipses all the less edifying, if more attractive, aspects, which can be then sampled at leisure in the shadow of the superstructure of purification you have raised. You will admire in Tiberius his administrative and economic sagacity, in Louis XI of France the protection accorded to the middle class, in the courtesan Empress Theodora her personal courage, with just a hint of penitence sufficient to admit her to the ever-increasing number of imperial and royal Magdalenes. In default of *actions* tending to support the process of rehabilitation, we must fall back on *good intentions* or philosophic considerations, environment, temperament, heredity, while in the last resort there is always the specialist in mental diseases to deliver a certificate of irresponsibility. With this proviso Nero himself will get off, and, indeed, he has already extricated himself with considerable credit.

Yes, "Nero the monster, Nero the arch-tyrant, last and most detestable of the Caesarean line; Nero, vulgar, timid, and sanguinary, the enemy of mankind, the Man of Sin, the son of perdition; Nero the Antichrist"—as the Sibylline oracles of early Christianity would have their contemporaries believe—and, later on, when the historians, having shot all their bolts of verbal indignation, and fearing, perhaps, lest the torrent of their abuse should end by investing their victim with more than suitable distinction in an age too partial to "great criminals," were anxious to add to their curses the shaft of

ridicule—"Nero the operative Emperor, the night-reveller, the would-be artist"—after all this, the same Nero, in 1839, comes out as a model prince, and—will it be believed?—as a good man. Less credible still, this first attempt to whitewash the sinner, made by an Austrian writer, Dr. Wm. Reinhold, and originating possibly in the itch to contradict our esteemed colleagues from which even historians and philosophers are not entirely free, this first essay does not long remain an isolated achievement.

The pen was taken up again on several occasions, and if none since of the great modern historians has made the thesis his own, it is matter of common knowledge that more than one among them has shown himself to be decidedly affected and shaken on certain specific indictments. This consensus of unorthodoxy has had constant and serious effect on our formerly implicit belief in the Roman authorities for Nero's biography, bringing out their contradictions and, with greater *à propos*, their incontestable prepossessions. Undoubtedly Nero had the misfortune to suffer from what I have no hesitation in stigmatising as "a venal press." The three principal historians of his reign who have come down to us are all branded with double political bias. They are in differing degrees Optimates, members of the senatorial party, opposed on principle to the military Principate of the Julio-Claudian line, and urged further in this direction by the hatred which the Flavian age and the Flavian Emperors displayed towards this Dynasty. Apart from this, each has his little jealousies to nourish, his own petty personal interests to cater for. Tacitus, after all, may have

been no more than an aristocratic Stead "Catonising," as in the 'Germania,' on the vices of his fellow-countrymen and the virtues of foreign barbarians. Suetonius retailing with highly-spiced indignation the scandals of the Smart Set in Rome would have fairly well filled the post of editor of a Roman 'Truth.' Dio Cassius was apparently the least intelligent and also the most honest of the three, Greek though he was, and even he admits to some extent that the temptation was great to put down the probable as the certain.

Are we to understand that Nero's apologists have succeeded in rendering his private life defensible from the standpoint of a purely natural morality? By no means, although, when investigating the *chronique scandaleuse* of monarchs, we should be ever mindful that of would-be victims only too anxious to suffer compromise—or the appearance of such—at princely hands there are many. Neither, in my view, do the ingenious and somewhat laboured efforts of Dr. Reinhold and his disciples result in a well-founded acquittal of Nero of a whole or part share in the various *causes célèbres* of his reign—the murders of Agrippina and Octavia, for instance. Alone the idea of his participation in a gigantic arson of Rome may be unquestionably dismissed as a malicious invention: not so, however, the lyrical effusions of his "artistic impressionism" over the burning city. His innocence of any criminal intention in the scene which cost Poppoea Sabina her life seems at least probable; the accidental death of Britannicus is only a very remote possibility. As to the ignoble term given to

the persecutions of the Christians under his rule, and the even more ignoble part he played therein on at least one occasion, there has been at worst a slight misinterpretation of the imperial conduct; we should see here rather an instance of Roman ignorance—a perfectly comprehensible ignorance—and cruelty in general than of Nero's in particular. No, the single scientific method, not indeed of "whitewashing" Nero, but of doing full justice to his merits as to his defects, has been indicated and to a great extent followed by Mr. Bernard Henderson in the admirable 'Life and Principate of Nero,' which he published a year ago. Relegating to its proper place—a still considerable but not overshadowing place—the *chronique scandaleuse* of Nero's vices, as emphasised and retailed by Caesar's earlier detractors, Christian as well as pagan, that distinguished Oxford scholar has restored to light and skilfully marshalled what should have been to us of infinitely greater import—the public events of the same period. And from Mr. Henderson's dispassionate argument a new Nero has been evolved, one who is assuredly not cleared from the indelible blots of debauchery, rapine, and murder, but whose talents, of no mean order, as a statesman, an administrator, and an artist, call for tardy recognition and, in the latter connection, for redress. It is no part of my design to undertake a sketch of the diplomatic or fiscal Nero, great though the temptation. I am the more bound to dwell, if only in a passing manner, on the distortions to which his intellectual physiognomy has been ruthlessly subjected.

A Hellenist by education and taste, the fervent admirer and practitioner of all the arts—poetry, acting, music, singing, sculpture, architecture, painting—Caesar could not fail to displease the Roman aristocrat of the old *régime*, who saw in the patronage thus extended to artistic Hellenism by the Emperor the official confirmation for the original cause of the slackness of public and private morals. And when the Emperor himself sought to win the applause of the mob by semi-private and open exhibitions of his talents, the indignation of *laudatores temporis acti* knew no bounds. It was a direct attack on the most sacred principles of ancient Rome: *severitas*, that specific gravity of the Roman temperament—otherwise called *enst*; *consuetudo*, or respect for custom and precedent; *mores maiorum*, or the tardy homage paid to bygone generations which costs present tastes and habits many a sacrifice. Unable to control the indiscreet outbursts of the imperial æsthete, the Catonian party determined to caricature him, a policy the more easy because the public has ever shown itself unreasonably exacting and critical of the artistic capacity in princes. In all probability Nero's voice, his acting, his music, and his poetry were not those of the great *virtuoso*, but merely a rather distinguished amateur's. On his pre-eminent gifts as an architect, sculptor, and painter there are no two opinions. That was no excuse, perhaps, for the diplomatic mistake he once made in rewarding the applause of the Greek claque with civic freedom; but apart from such considerations as this, his hobby was much more refined and infinitely more moral than the gladiatorial shows which he detested and

attended only because the popular devotion and his own position forced him to go. More than once he interfered to prevent bloodshed, a proof that he was not sanguinary by nature, and his skill as driver and wrestler disposes of the charge of cowardice, physical at any rate, which is brought against him. It is purely gratuitous to discover in his sporting tastes—he came from a horsey race—anything derogatory or undignified. The Romans, putting aside the extreme Puritans, did not blame him on that score, and the only ill-effect of the applause, which was no doubt sometimes paid for, was to accentuate his inordinate personal vanity alongside of the spontaneous emanation of his divinity. We see, however, that he forbade the erection of a temple to his “divinity” as the Senate proposed after his escape from the Pisonian conspirators. He appears to have understood that true Caesar-worship lay in the glorification of an idea, not of an individual. This goes to show the gratuitous conjectures of Dr. Wiedemeister, Mr. Baring Gould, and others, with their theories of Nero’s utter mental aberration and moral irresponsibility, which they trace to a specific pathological and hereditary phenomenon, “the madness of Caesarism.” These theories are, unfortunately, only too well advanced and disseminated by the dramas and historical novels which have taken Nero for the central character.

When we examine such books we trace the impress of historical theses on the subject. It is a curious and by no means unimportant study, this. Little doubt but that historical dramas and historical novels often lead public opinion astray; but now and then

“a light surprises” and some rays of necessarily finite and human psychology are thrown on the actions of the character. Sometimes, too, dramatists and romancers are heralds of a new historical movement; thus Mr. Harrison’s ‘*Nicephorus Phocas*’ points to the revival of interest in Byzantine history in this country.

Nero’s unwaning devotion to his dominant passion might well tempt us to conclude that the stage-struck Caesar must have privately vowed to make his reappearance before the world beneath a posthumous mask and on the platform which he would consider, not altogether wrongly, as the best suited to display his peculiar genius. Ages passed before the promise could be realised. The poets of that period did not shine in the dramatic instinct, a fact which, apart from all professional jealousy, would explain their pretty unanimous hostility towards a prince whose aesthetic tastes they had not the wit to satisfy. Accordingly after his lamentable end, they burst out in a chorus of epigram and abuse. Martial and Statius brought into action the quick-firing batteries, soon to be reinforced by heavier ordnance, which was to give the final blow to his reputation, already much shattered by the satirical grenades of Persius and Juvenal. I omit the doubtful irony of Lucan! Yet in the Latin drama there is but one reference to him, and this by no means a flattering one. It is in that pitiful mass of verbiage, ‘*Octavia*’ the authorship of which, long attributed to Seneca, has since given rise to embittered but inconclusive controversy. Ahenobarbus was once for all entered on

the imperial black-list of melodramatic villains to come.

But, except for more or less vague allusions in the epics and chronicles of the Middle Ages, the recidivist criminal has to wait for nearly 1500 years before making his second and, as we shall see, ineffective bow. How can we explain this neglect, the knowledge of which must have been keener torture to the shade of the vainglorious tyrant than any of the other pangs in his Hellenic Hades? Was it because the blackness of his portrait as originally drawn gave no clue to the possible existence of such conflicting features in him as were considered requisite by the canons of the classic drama? However that may be, it was not until we reach the marked fondness of the Elizabethan poets for the "raw and bloody" side of life—a trait in which we must admit that they have no cause to be jealous of the somewhat anæmic, however scrupulous, realism of the present day—it was not till those spacious days that Nero was once more called before, or rather behind, the curtain. For on this occasion also he failed to get so far as the footlights.

Mr. Bullen in his valuable 'Collection of Old English Authors' has brought to light two anonymous quartos, dated 1624 and 1633 respectively, which contain the text of the 'Tragedy of Nero.' Subsequently, Mr. Herbert Horne has given us a new modernised version in the "Mermaid" series, for which he has utilised an additional manuscript, containing a large number of emendations together with some parallel passages from the classics. It would be a sovereign injustice to say that the

anonymous author of this 'Tragedy of Nero' estimated his own capacity at its exact value. There are some fine moments in the play, some very striking lines. But its construction is incoherent, its *dénouement* abortive; its hangings are tawdry; there is an utter absence of the historical sense and of all psychological insight. The author is ignorant of the requirements of the stage; but his documentary acquaintance with his subject is not open to criticism; paraphrases and reminiscences of the classics abound to prove that he tapped the earliest sources with a good will. So far we should be ready and anxious to believe that we are in the presence of a humanist in the making who aspires to the honours of Melpomene. But, unfortunately, the use which he makes of the authorities evidences fatal lack of discernment, both as to their credibility and as to the technical requirements of the task he has set himself. For his hero's characterisation he refers particularly to Suetonius, who is not only the least trustworthy but also the most superficial of chroniclers from the analytic point of view. This is his initial mistake, but he goes one worse in limiting his canvas to the last phase in Nero's life, when the tyrant's moral degradation has reached its climax and the hypochondriac's megalomania has destroyed with his reason the last vestiges of a conscience. Now, the disordered gestures of an irresponsible character may astonish the spectator, and hold him for a moment, but cannot sustain his interest; for the inner conflict, which is the essence of drama, is not there. Besides, the absence of Agrippina, who was the motive-power in Nero's

moral evolution, sweeps away that most difficult and interesting struggle which he had to maintain against the rest and himself. We see only a raging and tearing potentate, peacock and tiger in one, and there is nothing to indicate the contradictions or the antecedents of his criminal tendencies. Strange that neither the pride of his race and throne, nor the refining influence of his education and his art, hinder him from acting and speaking like the lowest of "car-men and candle-sellers," whose applause this "wild beast," as Marcus Aurelius called him, seems subserviently to court. He may have violated all the virtues; we cannot believe that he was lost to all notions of the Protocol. But, perhaps, the histrionic element in his nature had gained so despotic a sway that the tendency was no longer a crime or a weakness; it was sheer raving lunacy with a pretty superadded touch of erotomania.

All his entrances, with hardly one exception, illustrate his æsthetic madness. Here is the first, and by far the best of them :

Nero: Now, fair Poppoea, see thy Nero shine
 In bright Achaia's spoils, and Rome in him.
 The Capitol hath other trophies seen
 Than it was wont; not spoils with blood bedewed,
 Or the unhappy obsequies of death,
 But such as Caesar's cunning, not his force,
 Hath wrung from Greece, too bragging of her art.
Pop.: Yet in your Greekish journey, we did hear,
 Sparta and Athens, the two eyes of Greece,
 Neither beheld your person nor your skill;
 Whether because they did afford no games,
 Or for their too much gravity—

Nero: Why, what
Should I have seen in them, but in the one
Hunger, black pottage, and men hot to die,
Thereby to rid themselves of misery ;
And what in th' other, but short capes, long beards,
Much wrangling in things needless to be known,
Wisdom in words, and only austere faces ?
I will not be Agesi-laus nor Solon.
Nero was there where he might honour win
And honour hath he won, and brought from Greece
Those spoils which never Roman could obtain,
Spoils won by wit and trophies of his skill.

only appeal to the gallery in the early part of our seventeenth century:—

Nero: Tigellinus, said the villain Proculus
I was thrown down in running?

Tig.: My lord, he said that you were crowned for that
You could not do.

Nero: For that I could not do?

Why, Elis saw me do't, and do't to th' wonder

Of all the judges and the lookers on;

And yet to see—A villain! Could not do't?

Who did it better? I warrant you he said

I from my chariot fell against my will.

Tig.: He said, my lord, you were thrown out of it,

All crushed, and maimed, and almost bruised to death.

Nero: Malicious rogne! when I fell willingly

To show of purpose with what little hurt

Might a good driver bear a forced fall.

How say'st thou, Tigellinus? I am sure

Thou hast in driving as much skill as he.

Tig.: My lord, you greater emming showed in falling
Than had you sat.

Nero: I know I did. I bruised in my fall?

Hurt? I protest, I felt no grief in it.

Go, Tigellinus, fetch the villain's head;

This makes me see his heart in other things.

Fetch me his head; he ne'er shall speak again!

(*Exit* TIGELLINUS.)

* * * * *

Re-enter TIGELLINUS *with* PROCLUS' head.

Neoph.: My lord,

Tigellinus is back come with Proculus' head.

(*Strikes him.*)

Nero: I cry thee mercy, good Neophilus;

Give him five hundred sesterces for amends.

Hast brought him, Tigellinus?

Tig.: Here's his head, my lord.

Nero : His tongue had been enough.

Tig. : I did as you commanded me, my lord.

Nero : Thou told'st not me, though, he had such a nose !

And all this supported into the bargain by aphorisms which smack of their puny Machiavellian author rather than suggest the majesty of Imperial Rome !

“ Kings must upon the people's headless corpses
Walk to security and ease of mind.
Why, what have we to do with th' airy names
That old age and philosophers found out,
Of justice and ne'er certain equity ?
The gods revenge themselves and so will we ;
Where right is scant, authority's o'erthrown :
We have a high prerogative above it.
Slaves may do what is right, we what we please ;
The people will repine and think it ill,
But they must bear, and praise too, what we will.”

No wonder, after what we have just heard, that the silent but eloquent criticism of his acting by one unfortunate spectator drives him to bury his chagrin in a general conflagration, which leaves him free later to employ his divine voice in consoling the mothers mourning for the burned corpses of their children :—

“ Now in the tears of all men let me sing,
And make it doubtful to the gods above
Whether the earth be pleased or do complain.”

We are thankful for comparative relief in the scene when, after having in an access of jealousy done Poppoea to death, he breaks into lamentations over her body :—

Nero : Fetch her again, she shall not die :
 I'll break the iron gates of hell
 And loose the imprisoned shadows of the deep,
 And force from death this far too worthy prey.
 She is not dead :
 The crimson red that like the morning shows,
 When from his windows, all with roses strewed,
 She peepeth forth, forsakes not yet her cheeks ;
 Her breath, that like a honeysuckle smelt,
 Twining about the prickling eglantine,
 Yet moves her lips ; those quick and piercing eyes,
 That did in beauty challenge heaven's eyes,
 Yet shine as they were wont ! Oh, no they do not ;
 See how they grow obscure ! Oh, see ! they close,
 And cease to take or give light to the world.

We note, by the way, that none of Nero's literary interpreters has questioned the sincerity of his devotion, and this single outburst of feeling is far more genuine than the tirade, which his fall provokes, on the vanity of earthly greatness—an involuntary caricature of Shakespeare. More feeble still is the following hateful travesty of his last words : "*Qualis artifex pereo.*"

"O Rome, farewell ! Farewell, yon theatres
 Where I so oft with popular applause
 In song and action—— Oh, they come, I die !"

And a spectator sets to moralising on this end, in a manner which may be Sophoclean but is far from Roman :—

"Thus great bad men above them find a rod.
 People, depart and say there is a God."

When we pass from the Court of Nero according to the Elizabethan tragedy to that depicted less than half a century later by the pet dramatist of Louis XIV of France, we are, so to speak, transported from the "Old Swan" tavern to the "Petit Trianon" of Versailles. The heralds of romanticism have been very bitter against Racine for what they call his want of intelligence of or his indifference to local colour; and if thereby they mean to insinuate that his Greek virgins borrowed from Euripides bear the mark of the catechism of Saint Cyr and Madame de Maintenon, and that his Achilles and Hippolytus flavour of "*petit maîtredom*," I should not be inclined to contradict. But the reproach of untruthfulness can only be sparingly levelled against Racine as regards his "Tragedy of Britannicus." Voltaire called it "the connoisseur's play," and this praise, which possibly explains the poor success attending its first performance, seems to me deserved in every way. At least Racine, as the devoted but discriminate admirer of the classics, followed for the facts of his drama the most penetrating and relatively the most truthful among the earlier authorities — Tacitus. But while following him very closely he completes and throws fresh light on his guide, proving himself, I may say, his ablest of commentators and apologists, in the luminous psychological developments and the co-ordinating method which he applies to the scattered hints and traits of the historian. For Racine, that subtle and keen reader of feeling, the heart of woman has few secrets indeed, and the "Roi Soleil," instead of causing him to waste his time in dry royal chronicles, would have done better to

appoint him grand almoner, or in default lay visitor, to the women's prisons. From such visits he would have brought back many precious memoranda, and who knows but his happy combination of the mysticism of Port Royal with his experience of the Court and the world would have been effectual in many fortunate conversions, and treated us to a dainty procession of elegiac *pénitentes*? That he was a criminologist born this tragedy of Britannicus, with its three unforgettable figures, Nero, Narcissus, and Agrippina, proves to all purposes. What is his Nero but, as he himself declares in his Preface, the study "of a monster in birth who dares not yet openly declare himself and seeks to gloss over his wicked actions"—"*Factus natura celare odium jallacibus blanditiis.*" Clearly Racine, whether out of respect for classic belief or Greek dogma or under the influence of Jansenism, in an age when from philosophic and theological Chairs came dithyrambic approval of the doctrine of free will, declares himself, if not a fatalist, at least in a marked degree a determinist, though he knows how to save himself from ever exaggerating the influence of heredity or environment. None has ever comprehended psychological dosology better than he, or better emphasised the pitiless logic of human actions in their very contradictions. His Nero is a prey to melancholy from his birth, like all ardent and artistic natures. In his features may be read "the gloomy and savage temper of the proud Domitians." But, regardless of his thirst for beauty and the ideal, Agrippina, whose policy was here guilty of its one blunder, makes him contract a marriage of convenience. It is the first restraint, a sentimental one

merely, but, in the case of a nature such as his, so sensitive to feminine influence, good or bad, a restraint as dangerous as irksome. The second is no less.

“He mingles all the arrogance which he derives from their blood [the Domitians] with the pride of the Neros which he imbibed in my womb,” said Agrippina with reason. He feels himself called by right, right divine and popular we may note, called by heredity and temperament, to rule men. He knows it, and his sycophants never cease to repeat the flattering tale; and yet it is his mother who is really sovereign. He burns to escape from this tutelage, but he dare not take a decisive step. Not that he feels bound by gratitude, though Agrippina’s incautious optimism will have it so. Spoilt children—and Nero is in the first rank of such company if we take account of all the crimes committed to further his interests—value very slightly any maternal kindnesses, no doubt because on cool reflection it becomes apparent that a fund of egotism has been at the bottom, which was signally the case with Agrippina. Now Nero, removed from the distractions of government, has leisure to reflect. In the long run his reasoning will lead him to conclude that since so many crimes have been committed by others for his own and others’ benefit, it would be highly foolish in him to abstain when his interests urge him in that direction. No, it is not gratitude that holds him back, it is fear. “My genius is surprised and trembles before hers,” he admits to his confidant Narcissus. Agrippina is quite aware of it. “I should soon be afraid if once

he ceased to be afraid of me.” So she has long since taken precautions to keep this fear alive. Though she has caused Britannicus to be disinherited in favour of her own son, she continues to protect the life of the legitimate successor of Claudius and thus possesses in him a sword of Damocles ever hanging above Nero’s head. In all this she has forgotten but one thing, that one fine day Nero may well take it into his head to overthrow all her little system of equilibrium by getting rid at one fell blow of the counteracting weight of his eventual rival. Evidently she does not credit him with the force of will necessary to conceive such a project or, once conceived, to put it into execution. She is not altogether wrong; the budding tyrant is still uncertain of his ground, his influence, his friends, in this Court “where lips and heart are so little in correspondence.” Everything gives him pause—Octavia, Seneca and Burrhus, “three virtuous years”—relatively, that is; for his mother and his teachers have shut their eyes to his youthful escapades. Herein they showed great want of foresight; for from those easy conquests, which are the prerogative of a young monarch of agreeable presence, Nero returns fully conversant with the sliding scale which regulates the purchase of consciences, terribly puffed up with his personal successes, and the more inclined to idealise the elect among the fair sex because, as regards the generality, his illusions are gone. Now arises a passion such as he can consider from the subjective point of view of the artist and the lover as disinterested or worthy of himself, such a passion as will crush everything in

the road to reach its ends. Its object is the beautiful Junia, the last of the descendants of Augustus, and, what is worse, affianced to Britannicus. "Ay! there's the rub!" Britannicus, his political rival, now becomes his rival in love, and a successful rival too. Passion, as always in Racine, the great adherent of the maxim *Cherchez la femme*, has made ashes of scruples, and all Agrippina's plots and counterplots bid fair to vanish into smoke with the inevitable death of her last hope, Britannicus. "Nero is in love. 'Tis but a moment since, but it will last my life." He is young, and we may believe him sincere. "And Nero's jealousy will cost its object dear." No more is said, but there is much to be done. Yet at the Court, the first Court in the world, even if the despot's wish has the force of law, he must proceed to realise it with due circumstance; there are rules of etiquette which he himself will not break. In the palace of Nero, as in the palace of Louis XIV, any outburst of scandal or noise must be avoided, and, except in absolute privacy, a mother does not rate her crowned son any more than a wife upbraids him for his desertion. Besides being an artist, and, like all artists, vain, Nero in love would be the first to refuse to employ all at once forcible means which would ensure material success. Victory gained in advance loses much of its sweetness, and if on the present occasion Caesar's chances, by his own avowal, are slight indeed, he all but underrates his charms. The experiment is worthy of his Don Juanesque talents, and, indeed, the sentiments he utters are proof that his first trials of skill have been made in a good school and

with a will. Sentimental reasons, reasons of State—nothing which is calculated to stagger and overcome the scruples of a young and inexperienced princess is omitted in his declaration of his passion. His appeals to the majesty of his Empire and of the gods (in whom his scepticism does not permit him to believe, but whom he cunningly introduces for the edification of a young lady of strictly religious principles) are relieved by madrigals of his own which from certain critics have elicited undeserved censure. In my view they are quite natural coming from a Hellenist and pupil of Petronius like Nero. They would be as suitably ensconced in the Anthology as in the Albums of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. They may appear hackneyed and carefully conned, but if so they merely throw a light on Nero the comedian, who acts not only on the stage but in the world of life and makes himself the victim of illusion in the process. Racine, in this single and indirect allusion to the æsthetic side of his character, shows supreme skill in so completely dovetailing the comedian in the man.

However, the scheme fails before native pride and outraged love. Caesar has failed to please; he will know “how to punish a rash rival” and that with a grace all his own. On the preceding night he has had a vision of Junia “sadly lifting her eyes, moist with tears which shone in the midst of torches and armour.” The sight tickled his æsthetic feelings, he will have it repeated for himself alone, and he will dote on the very tears he makes Junia shed.

“She loves my rival, I cannot gainsay it,

But my joy shall be such as to drive him to despair.

Of his agony I make a charming picture,
And I have seen him suspect his sweetheart's loyalty."

What unheard of refinement of cruelty! Only jealousy could have suggested to Nero to compel Junia to dismiss her betrothed under pain of his death, and to enjoy his brother's discomfiture from behind a curtain. We see it all. The tyrant in him only came to life on the day when the intoxication of absolute power felt the rude shock of deliberate resistance. The tyrant is awake, nothing shall stand in his way.

"Happy or wretched, it is enough that I am feared."

Indeed, this is the logical conclusion of the precept and the example of Agrippina. She, for the first time feeling her authority seriously threatened, indiscreetly evinces some alarm. Nero hears of this and rejoices. "She fears me, even she!" From this moment "the power of Agrippina rushes daily with great strides to its fall." Here, again, the only question remaining for Nero is to choose his appropriate time, as with the preparation for the banquet when Britannicus is to be poisoned. Meanwhile Agrippina has pulled herself together admirably and throws her last cards on the table. In vain has she tried the military leaders with a view to getting Britannicus proclaimed by the army. No, she must rely on her personal resources; her diplomatic genius is all that remains to her. Here comes that incomparable interview of the veteran imperial criminal with her son, a freshman in her school, but one with every prospect of graduating in high honours. Not a dramatist, not a novelist who has treated of Nero

but has found himself obliged to include this scene as a clincher. None has surpassed, none has come near to, the tragic intensity of Racine. Agrippina masters the internal rage which is consuming her, and recounts to her son in all their naked and solemn simplicity the crimes she has committed on his behalf. Instead of seeking justification against her traducers, she haughtily demands payment for past services and guarantees for the future, interspersing her reproaches with pathetic references to her mother's love. This studied calm is completely outwitted by the placid courtesy—Agrippina fails to see the irony—wherewith he listens without raising an eyebrow to her protests and requests, arranging the while a fold of his toga which does not droop quite in the latest fashion. She cannot resist a momentary tremor when he demolishes in a few words her plea of disinterestedness and shows her that he feels behind him the support of Rome, "which wants a master, not a mistress." Yes, Rome—and Agrippina—have found their master, Britannicus his doom. "I embrace my rival but only to strangle him." And strangle him he will, fear of reprisals and joy to humble for good Agrippina's pride stifling any remnants of remorse. But we know well "the name of good once tarnished can never be regained." There is no hope for the "first offender"; so Agrippina tells him in the famous attack which ends the scene.

Racine's masterly portrait of the youthful Nero affords us a glimpse of his ethical *jardin de culture*. But note once more the poet's psychological subtlety. The evolution of Nero's criminal instincts, encour-

aged by men and circumstances, appears, so to speak, inevitable; his moral responsibility, however, is by no means destroyed, though to some extent diminished. He is fully conscious of his crimes, for he plans them, and in premeditation sips slowly the delight of their successful accomplishment. He is guilty of dissimulation, not from cowardice, but from taste, from the refinement of his comedian's art. Yet this aristocrat, this *virtuoso* in the cultivation of "flowers of wickedness" never descends to offences against "good form," which from his point of view must certainly be the least pardonable of any that history recounts. But blood intoxicates; we kill first in self-defence, but soon out of inordinate lust of murder. Be that as it may, we may rest assured that he will not discard the "grand manner," and that, although himself the perfect embodiment of the maxim *L'état c'est moi*, or rather precisely because of this, he will always have a care for the majesty of the Roman name and the elegance of its representative.

But short will be the duration of this illusion of a Caesar who clothes his worst misdeeds in dress of fashionable cut and brilliant colour, in the manufacture of which genuine posturing and hypocritical timoronsness are equally blended, the latter destined to vanish with lapse of time and constancy of habit. The Italian poet Alfieri will clip the wings of this braggart soul with the eagle's talons; and the "juvenile lead" in tragic drama will fall once more to the "low comedian" of the back-yard, to a figure which, in its brutal melodramatic nakedness, offers but little attraction to the mind of the cultured spectator or reader. Through all this unilateral

development of the Neronic character we hardly find more than a single escapement of *finesse* to give us a kind of glimpse of the intellectual aspect, which is so important a factor in determining the individual personality. This single instance comes when Nero, to secure the reluctant assent of Seneca to the pursuit of his cruel designs, threatens the Stoic with the loss, not of his life, but of his reputation for disinterested wisdom. It is a delicious hit at the little foibles of these austere professors, pre-eminently susceptible to the opinion of those whom they affect to despise.

This mediocere Italian version of the rhetorical ‘Octavia’ has, however, a quite peculiar ethical value.

Alfred de Vigny, the distinguished exponent of French romanticism, pithily remarked: “Nero’s cowardice I do not see; nations do not love cowards, and Nero is the only imperial name that is popular in Italy.” If this is really so—and my own experience would prompt me to coincide—Alfieri must have largely contributed to secure this verdict, or possibly he has done no more than give it the *cachet* of literature. There are masculine nations and feminine, the former particularly sensitive on the subject of principles and consequences, the latter only to the art with which they are governed. In the first category are the Teutons, in the second the Latins. The first ask to be respected, the second to be defied by their rulers, and what matters the mailed fist if the arm in striking catches the artistic curve? The Italians who cringed before a Sforza or a Borgia may well worship a legendary Nero. Besides, though

this does not excuse the incredible disgrace of his conduct towards the pure and mournful Octavia. Alfieri's Caesar rouses us to a movement of involuntary admiration when he faces the howling mob before the windows of his undefended palace, and refuses to the people in arms to order the banishment of Poppœa, while she, less daring than her lover, is the first to urge that course on him. In Racine, Caesar cries in high dudgeon: "Am I their Emperor merely to please them?" In his Italian successor what was sheer impatience becomes a question of imperial dignity. This trait, together with that "sad and savage temper" which could be momentarily softened by the titting or by turns passionate music of a woman's voice, is found strongly marked in the Nero of the French romantic writer Alexander Soumet.

"Must I love Octavia because a people love her? No. There is no brightness, no animation in her, nothing to ravish the soul, no captivating charm, but ever an air of reproach." Away with Octavia "and all the virtues which make me hate her." And again, "I must have a fruitful wife to transmit to my blood the inheritance of the world." These are complaints, we must admit, whether due to sentiment or pride, and doubtless compounded to some extent of egotism, which are yet excusable in particular instances and become more so when State reasons intervene, for these cannot be peremptorily dismissed. And to what has this forced and ill-assorted marriage, unhappily for the State, led the overstrung and sensitive Emperor? His condition is one of weariness and disgust; and from weariness to "the necessity of dispelling it" is but

a step, given the power and a predisposition to gloomy fancies and visions. Still stronger proves the temptation when the ruler, filled himself with high and generous ideas, is called upon to govern a people who show utter incapacity to appreciate this idealism and have but one cry, "*Panem et circenses*," but one passion, for vulgar scenes of butchery, while the once powerful brain of this great body, the Senate, "now a court of dumb creatures, self-dishonoured, hires its services to whoso will take advantage." Certainly in view of the universal demoralisation we may sympathise with Nero when he exclaims: "I was born for the arts. Why have I fallen into the line of the Caesars?" And we may almost conceive that, having failed to win popular admiration for the budding virtues which no doubt enlightened appreciation would have elicited and strengthened—for every sensitive nature cries for sympathy and appreciation in order to continue in well-doing—his disgust and disillusion led him, in the absence of all recognition of his transcendent personality, to prefer such extravagant compliments as: "You are beautiful, Caesar, appallingly beautiful." Beautiful, that is the very question in dispute, though some beautiful features might be brought into view did not his incorrigible vanity disclose the same too visibly. We may instance the truly eloquent harangue when he confesses to his well-beloved Poppoea that he would willingly give up the imperial crown to throw at her feet his laurels and his earnings as actor and singer.

In spite of his display of histrionic powers, doubtless highly creditable from a technical point of

view, he is not more captivating when he anticipates or rather gives us a reminiscence of 'Hamlet' by the diversion of playing the famous scene of the murder of Agamemnon before Agrippina, who is panic-stricken with recollections and presentiments. She guesses the motive of this unpleasant stage show. Nero has determined to give himself the luxury of making her tremble; he has delighted in her evident concern; he will henceforth say, as in Racine: "I fear her no more; it is she who fears me"—and he says it in so many words. Having reached this point, he will not stop at the first act of the trilogy. After Agamemnon, Clytemnestra; after Clytemnestra, Orestes. "Tristis Orestes" is only too suited to his taste; and as in this born comedian life and art are inextricably blended, he will live the part—and afterwards play it "the more divinely."

The Nero of the Elizabethan dramatic student was at once grotesque and repulsive. Racine's Nero is no more than hateful: he is a brute, but a well-educated brute. In Alfieri and Soumet he resumes, no doubt, his accents of unbridled ferocity, though not without the addition of a certain air of grandeur—"the power of darkness" if you will. Note the decrescendo of the original feeling of disgust. Yet he does not move us in any way by and for himself; he does not awaken in us the least sparkle of sympathy. Dr. Reinhold and the party of whitewashers have not yet succeeded in providing him with a thoroughly spotless outfit. It is only a question of time. With the German dramatist Adolf Wilbrandt, Nero appears in the five-act tragedy called by his name under a brand-new cockade. He poses as the precursor of

the great intellectual movements of the nineteenth century; he anticipates "the great melancholy recluses" of romantic poetry; the premature victim of the charnel-house of morbid introspection, he is always rummaging about his "ego"; passionately he analyses his defects, acquired or hereditary, or, like Maupassant in 'Le Horla' dotes on the first symptoms and developments of his mental aberration. Of his own accord he will do for himself what a pathologist-historian, Dr. Wiedemeister, has since done for him, and produce a detailed time-table of his lucid and irresponsible moments; and yet at Rome, in default of more advanced therapeutics than were professed by the "bourgeois" physician Pliny, there was assuredly no lack of hydros! The Germanised Nero foresees Lombroso, and aspires already to the "Superman" of Nietzsche. I am not sure that he has not had an inkling of Mr. Myers and the alternation of human personality.

His confession to his friend Otho is a masterpiece of self-analysis.

"*Nero*: When with violets in my hair, wine in my heart, I spend the night with you in ribaldry; when song makes me merry, chatty, and amorous; when the mad Bacchantes—we know them well!—chase us down the sombre alleys,—you know not Nero. He that carouses with you, laughs and revels with you, who is he? The jailor of the true, real Nero, not himself. The true, real Nero lurks in my brow—well guarded in his gloomy cage—a monster known but to one man, to myself alone. He neither laughs nor sings, nor feasts with you; he speaks to none, lies dormant in his cage, and broods over himself. I know him—he is Agrippina's son. He craves solely for Liberty, the liberty to trample under foot you, and her, and all . . . We hear

that Sicily—that beauteous land—boasts the finest honey and the deadliest hemlock. Here, in my heart, there dwells one Nero, honey-sweet and good, the friend of men—one whose most ardent wish is to bestow rich gifts on all, and make all happy; to be a prince whose like none hath yet seen, in every way the Master whom men delight to honour. My ambitions soar high. Apollo would I equal in song and music, the sun-god as a charioteer, great Hercules in deadly feats; and thus will I starve, chastise, and harden myself, and sweat like the veriest Roman of them all, until I am the first. Then he within this brow will stir, and wake Until I am the first? *I am* the first! Who will deny it? You are all mine, the lot of you! To starve and strive? Our day is short and hours are brief To be master, and enjoy, and slay; to dare what none hath dared; to possess what none hath yet possessed; to conquer every enemy, every woman,—let angry storms rage as they list! Let every head bow down, let every slave—there are but slaves—crawl at my feet like the worms I crush; and let the gods die of envy That is the Fury’s my mother’s son.”

That is cleverly expressed and admirably reasoned. Besides, incipient and periodical lunacy does not exclude the power of reasoning. Only, as Molière remarks, “sometimes reasoning ends in destroying reason.” An instance occurs immediately in the arena, where Caesar starts with the humanitarian idea of saving a disabled gladiator from the *coup de grâce*, and ends by commanding his guards to charge the crowd, thus sacrificing a thousand lives to save one which the people claimed as their right. For Caesar knows how to impose his kindness, which is not less costly than his cruelty! How much more delicate, how superior in subtlety, to the Caesar in

the arena of Sienkiewicz, who spills blood because he loves the colour of it. Truly, in dealing with a logician of this calibre the otherwise diplomatic Agrippina is very ill advised when she tries to parry the swift Neronian scepticism which is provoked by the recital of the crimes committed in his behalf, instead of the gratitude which her motherly anxiety deserved; or, again, when her *quasi*-Christian indignation is met with quiet sarcasm, and she loses her self-control so far as to threaten to his face to dethrone him in favour of Britannicus, the true heir, the rightful Caesar, his rival in empire and song: "Thou sayest the rightful Caesar lives. So be it; then dies the rightful Caesar. Thou wilt recognise thy blood, sweet mother!" And the golden voice of the boy Britannicus will be for ever silenced before he finishes the very *à propos* Horatian couplet: "*Eheu! juvaces labuntur anni.*"

Britannicus out of the way, Nero will not stop there. He is eminently gifted with *esprit de suite*, a specific feature of certain types of mental disease. He has formed his major premiss, "Whoever conspires against my power must die"; and Poppoea and her attendants will provide him with the minor premiss, "Agrippina is conspiring against your power and life." Conclusion: "Agrippina will die." It is strange, however, that this determined analyst, who never tires of applying his analysis to himself, does not question the characters or the acts of his immediate circle—the proofs, for instance, that they bring him of Agrippina's treachery; strange, too, that, satisfied as his mind seems to be with this evidence, his conscience should yet require

the moral, or shall we say also practical, sanction of philosophy and the army in the persons of Seneca and Burrhus. Stranger still that, when these worthy representatives of sword and pen depress their thumbs and give *habet* for the already fallen princess, their former benefactress, Nero, though feeling himself free and acquitted by all men and all philosophies, is still subject to keen remorse. Is it a forecast of the restless uncertainty of the modern neurasthenic patient? Or have we not rather come to one of those periodical crises which Dr. Wiedemeister describes? It is not improbable; for Nero, in Wilbrandt's drama, urged by remorse and still better by wine, which makes him take a black view of everything—poor Caesar! his wine is sour!—wants to change night into day, and Rome must blaze, by his orders, to provide the necessary illumination. And so we have unexpectedly returned with a modern writer to the old original legend. But wait! Some glimmers of reason or analytical reasoning will return for the last time to the insane monarch. The approach of danger and death supply the uncertainty needed to bring him back to realities, although instead of taking action he resumes his first delusion and indulges in a last phase of introspection—and apology. He tells us himself it is not he who has ordered the murder of all his relatives; it was a madman, yes, “the enemy of mankind,” and this prompter seems not yet dead in him. For he will kill her whom he loves, Actea, “his child of the Muses,” who alone has not forsaken him in his fall, and is now wrapt in profound sleep from which she shall never awaken to recall to

him "his dead youth." Love stronger than death nerves his trembling hand, and allows him, as he stabs himself, to make his final exit with a duly pointed jest upon his lips: "So dies a bad Emperor but a good singer"—a free and very passable translation of *Qualis artifex pereo*.

Herr Wilbrandt's "Nero" is before all a one-part play; from the psychological and dramatic point of view the whole action and interest centre round the manifestations of his complex and intricate, if somewhat extravagant, personality. The Nero of Mr. Robert Bridges—of which the first part only has been published, and ends with the death of Agrippina—does not perhaps possess the specific merit of unity, but it is not intended for the stage. If the title character is very uninteresting he has, on the other hand, a quite subordinate part, and his personality might be summed up in these words: braggart, cheat, coward. Indeed, after the magniloquent promises to which we are treated on his first appearance, we could hardly look for better. Certainly it is difficult to repress a smile at the more than elephantine vanity of his chimerical projects in architecture, economics, and statecraft; for, nursing of Agrippina as he is, and a credit to her, he preaches and foretells the coming of universal peace, like any Abbé de St. Pierre. Yet, though doubts must arise on the subject of this realisation, we should at least believe in his sincerity when he cries: "Be all human hopes summed up in mine"; and with the gloomiest forebodings in regard to his future mental evolution, we could hope that the budding tyrant revealed in this spontaneous exclamation: "The Caesars which have been have

never known what 'tis to be full (Caesar!)" would not in his worst excesses be wanting at least in a certain air of grandeur. Nothing of the kind. He has no thought of Roman majesty. Degraded by the pleasures of the table and the debauch, slave to the most depraved and most transparent of coquettes, pulled to right and left at any moment in his terrors and suspicions by the least creditable of people and stories, the victim twice, in spite of Seneca's wise warnings, of the false pathos of Agrippina's coaxing, the miserable skunk is consciously reduced to the most inept and basest of subterfuges to compass the assassination of his mother.

We are justified in some resentment against the poet, not only for ignoring ancient and modern historians on this point, but also for flouting the literary proprieties by the choice of a character so thinly drawn for his hero. Possibly he has set out with the ethical object of reacting against our no doubt reprehensible tendency to deck the worst criminals in most gorgeous costumes. Or it may more probably have been his intention less to depict the man than his Court and his epoch. If so, his success is complete; for his picture of Rome under the Caesars, in which he has grasped not only the external appearance but also the Hellenistic spirit in its most subtle and most intimate expression, is a masterly achievement—a lesson in applied histories. His psychological and political instinct is most penetrating, his characterisation most delicate and varied.

The graceful outline of the fallen prince Britannicus, whose native pride is so well assorted with

his gentle and almost childlike devotion to his loved sister, the chaste and deserted Octavia, whose safety is the only reason which makes his heroic heart hesitate to follow his legitimate ambitions; by their side the proud Agrippina, whose intrigues are on the point of breaking down under the double stress of present failure and the recollection of past successes. She is indeed beginning to lose her balance, this Agrippina. She acts so precipitately as to hasten the destruction of the threads she has so patiently spun, and to ensure the ruin of her most precious and indispensable instruments. Yet, confronted by immediate danger, she recovers all her old mastery, and plays as of yore the whole gamut of emotion, and then, dazzled afresh by the still apparent force of her virtuosity, composes herself to foolish and fatal slumber. Nero's teachers: Seneca first, "stiff and prosy enough," but, if you pinch him, yielding "with softness here and there"—Seneca who thought to insure stability by a just counterpoise of warring factions and sees all his calculations and theories reduced to nothing by the single unpremeditated move of one of his chessmen. A fine collapse of philosophy, powerless to prevent nature from self-assertion! So sinks this "man of many parts, a scholar, poet, lawyer, statesman, courtier, man of business and money-maker, in short, man of the world—like a ship that, lifting to every wave, heeling to every blast, makes good her way and leaves no track." A striking contrast to the man of words is found in the man of action, the soldier Burrhus. Blind obedience to duty does not prevent him from employing the perspicacity of the

practical statesman. "The wrongs on which Rome sets her seal" become in his eyes by that fact rights. He is the slave of Rome, and her chosen Emperor. He will deplore Nero's first and unsuccessful attempt on his mother's life ; but facts are facts.

"If she should live but till to-morrow morn,
 'Tis civil war.' Necessity o'errides
 The common form.
 The less delay the better—let her die."

The State first. Yet the *arbiter elegantiarum*, the Epicurean Petronius, deprecates this vulgar butchery, the offence against taste: "Ye neglect the manner. Why, see, there are a hundred subtle ways by which, had Caesar done the thing, he had not been blamed."

I pass over scenes and characters finely described and drawn. Picturesquely staged is the famous banquet when Britannicus succumbs during the discussion on the relative value of the arts, while Petronius assigns the first place to cookery. Delicious is the irony underlying the conversation between Otho and Poppoea, whence it appears that stoic indifference, which is on everybody's lips, is confined in practice to conjugal relations. *O tempora ! O mores !* you will exclaim ; but it is a very powerful picture that the artist has filled in. Mr. Stephen Phillips, whose promised effort we wait with curiosity to see produced at His Majesty's Theatre, must go one better if he can.

Side by side with the evolution of the character of Nero on the stage, and as its natural complement, I should have liked to follow, step by step, the

psychological development of *Ahenobarbus* in modern fiction, but the references under this category are at once less numerous and less striking. I shall content myself with a short review of the two most notorious conceptions in fiction in these latter days, representing as they do to some extent the two opposite poles of historical opinion on the subject. You have guessed that I certainly refer to '*Quo Vadis*,' the work of Sienkiewicz, the Pole. A worthy pendant to this novel is the '*Nero*' of that delicate and erudite German writer Ernst Eckstein. The first of these works is too well known to you to require any description at my hands. To tell the truth, I find its reputation somewhat exaggerated. The resurrection of an historical atmosphere, the racial and individual characterisation, seem somewhat superficial and stereotyped, the descriptive effects unquestionable, but achieved by too sensational means. True, Sienkiewicz manages his crowd scenes as only a Slav knows how, and the picture of the circus with the struggle between *Ursus* and the bull, like that of the burning of Rome or the orgies at the palace, reveal irresistible power; but in the crowd as in the revelry I miss a certain Roman instinct, that undeniable but indefinable manner which the adopted sons of the eternal city, with their barbaric past lost in the dim distance behind, possessed and claimed as a glorious inheritance in the very last days of the Empire—and Nero's day was long before then. If a specifically racial physiognomy is reflected by the crowds in '*Quo Vadis*,' it is Slav, whether of Warsaw, Moscow, or Constantinople under the Bulgarian Emperors; and the some-

what transparent abuse of Latin terms which Sienkiewicz affects does not compensate for the absence of the inner spirit. To descend from the mass to the unit, if the mentality of the former may be described as perfectly uniform, we cannot say so much of the individual characters. In 'Quo Vadis,' from Lygia, the familiar figure of the Christian virgin as represented by school and pulpit tradition, to the attractive group of Epicureans, the two lovers, Petronius and Ennice, with that young man, Vinicius, whose simplicity and insignificance is genuine and whose tone is excellent—when he is sober—all the characters without exception are single-stringed instruments. In each one special characteristic is brought into strong relief, and the impression produced is that they are a set of puppets instead of flesh and blood. Nero himself is only a highly-coloured portrait, effectively done, I admit, of the legendary strolling minstrel improvising bad verses over the ashes of Rome, or encouraging a coarser tendency in the already coarse outlines of his physique by excess of gluttony, debauchery, and cruelty. Politics, imperial or Court, there are none. Hellenic culture has indeed its representative in the *arbiter elegantiarum*, but he stands alone and in marked contrast to the rest. Were we to trust Sienkiewicz, Roman Hellenism would appear a private monopoly, whereas we know that it fused with Etruscan savagery, which was never quite brought under, to form the curiously heterogeneous mixture called Græco-Roman civilisation. Scratch the Hellenist and you will find, not the Greek, but what is infinitely better or infinitely worse, the son of the Martian wolf. This fusion has been

pre-eminently understood and distributed by Herr Eckstein in carefully varied degrees over all his educated characters.

Attic speech, as well as an occasional lapse into the Boeotian dialect, is much in evidence at the Court of Nero. Agrippina herself in the interval between two recitals of intended proscriptions, will calm down for a moment and converse in the language of Socrates on the choice of a wife and the dignity of the Roman nation, and pass on to criticise, with Aristophanean zest, the harmless hierarchy of the Olympian gods. Sienkiewicz's sketch of Petronius the epicure is here equalled and perhaps surpassed, in gorgeous colouring, by the portrait of Tigellinus, in all his many-sided aspects—courtier, opportunist, statesman, society leader, literary man, with a touch of the Don Juan, an inimitable combination of the *rustaquetière* and the *grand seigneur*. Sprung from the gutter and now the equal of the noblest in the land, this favourite of the son forms a contrast to the confidant of the mother, the freedman Pallas, in whom honours and riches have not been able utterly to destroy the plebeian sincerity of his affections. Equally admirable is the description of Octavia's struggle between her pride of race and the deep but inexpressive and so misunderstood passion she bears her husband.

But the delicacy of touch conspicuous in these studies in half tints, which form a happy blend of the spirit of history and the literary imagination, does not exclude an exceptionally bold drawing of the central figure, Nero. It may be that, in his very original interpretation of Neronian ethics, Herr

Eckstein has made himself the mouthpiece of a section of feminine critics. If that is so, the exquisite art with which he has extricated himself will excuse his breaches towards the incontestable facts of history. Woman—and the fact does honour to her heart, for we must not be so ungallant as to attribute it to confidence in her power to charm, to vanity, that is, rather than to altruistic charity—woman refuses to believe that any sinner, however black, is beyond hope of redemption; and if, apart from this consideration he belongs to the romantic race of the “dark-featured Apollos,” is not yet too uncomely by age and nature, and can show to his credit some years of youthful virtue, feminine indulgence, flattering and captivating to the heart of man, may assume active shape, and will devote itself to the attempt to save this “archangel of evil.” A fervent believer herself will find therein only one reason the more for her activity. In the case of Nero history gives us a glimpse of possible devotion of this kind on the part of the tender and faithful Actea. Abandoned, but never dismissed by her master, she continued to love him with a love that never waned and made no demands, trying in her humble retreat in a corner of the palace from time to time to obtain pardon and kind recognition for obscure and persecuted virtue, and, as rumour alleges, finding secret comfort for her betrayed trust in the sources of the living waters of Christianity. Herr Eckstein has made ingenious use of these vague data. Among the Nazarene leaders he has invented one Nicodemus, a profound politico-religious thinker, who anticipates Boniface VIII and Loyola. This Nicodemus, fully alive to the possibilities implied

by Caesar's intellectual penchant for all the novelties in the higher realms of thought and feeling, dreams of converting him, and with him the rest of the world, to the new faith. How better to convey the message of the "good tidings" with irresistible force to a prince young, sentimental, astute, imaginative, impulsive, fertile in grandiose projects of onslaught on the old order of things, but by the medium of two pretty eyes expressing young and virginal innocence? Evidently this Christian neophyte Nicodemus has not completely forgotten his Epicurus! Only it will happen, as happen it must, that, Actea once in Apollo's arms, Eros will cause her to forget the first motive of her mission. There will be little question of conversion, and the only trace we find of any transient effort in this direction is the idea of a universal and imperialist fraternity among various other Utopian fancies of political or economic bearing. Yet Actea, possibly because she occupies a remarkable portion of his time, which would otherwise be devoted to public affairs, has an undeniably beneficent influence on the unruly Nero. She seeks, with some success, to bring out all there is of good in him and to solve the enigma of his melancholy temperament. And the quinquennium would appear certain of indefinite prolongation did not the scheming Agrippina and the amorous Pallas, both of them jealous of Actea, put their heads together to part the lovers. Detestable insight into the human heart had Agrippina and Pallas! Take from the genuine idealist his ideal when he has found it and you condemn him to lose his balance. That is what happened to Nero. For the rest of his life the sincere idealist

who has once drunk from life's true clear spring, now muddied, will be seeking another fount to quench his ever-growing thirst for the ideal; and to reach the object of his desire, or what he fancies may be such, any means will be good and practicable in his eyes. Is he not Caesar and his the Pretorian guard? In vain he will run through the whole gamut of sentiment and sensation—breaking in his course the most sacred laws of morality, nature, and society. In vain, an unsatisfied Orpheus, he summons the whole universe to weep with him for his lost Eurydice, and sends to Pluto victims by the score to carry thither the echo of his sobs and lamentations. There is no peace for him—no satiety—and finally the lute of this Titanic player of evil is broken in his hands by the very extravagance of the outbursts he has wrung from it. But he loved much, and much shall be forgiven him. At his last hour, when the Emperor has said good-bye to that Rome of which his pride was but the feeble reflection, and his fall but one tiny incident in an eternity of grandeur, when the man has parted with the vanities of the artist, Actea will give him in the pressure of her little hand the assurance of everlasting love, and the last murmur of her dying voice will be the one word “Pardon.” For above Rome, but visible to the ecstatic martyrs, will rise the outline of the Cross, white and triumphant against the blood-stained dew.

And this, ladies and gentlemen, is the poetic, charming, bewitching, but—allow me to add—utterly damnable fashion in which history is travestied by literature!

THE SHÁH NÁMAH. OR BOOK OF KINGS.

BY A. ROGERS, M.R.A.S.

[Read January 25th, 1905.]

THE Society having done me the honour to accept a paper from me on the 'Sháh Námah,' the great Persian epic poem, I think it will be advisable to commence with a description of the work and its origin before giving a brief outline, which it contains, from the poem itself, of the history of the country. As written, it consists of some 60,000 rhymed couplets in a ten-syllabled metre, and is said to have taken its author, Abúl Kásim, otherwise known by the name of Fardúsi, some thirty-four years to compose. In the reign of the last of the kings of the Sassanian dynasty of Persia the work of collecting from all parts of the kingdom the existing popular tales and legends of its ancient monarchs from the earliest days had been commenced by the poet Dánishvar in a poem styled the 'Khudái Námah,' equivalent to the book of kings. This work was fortunately saved from destruction at the hands of the iconoclastic Khaliph Umr and his generals at the invasion of the country by the Arabs in the second century of the Hejra, or Híjra, and its continuation was taken in hand by Yákúb bin Láith, the first of the Safvi dynasty. When that dynasty made way for the Samanians, the descendants of the Sassanians, the latter entrusted

its completion to a Persian poet of the name of Dakíkí. Again the completion of the work was delayed by this man's assassination and the transfer of the kingdom to the dynasty of the Ghaznevides, until it was finally handed over to Abul Kásim by Mahmúd bin Sabaktagin, who reigned from 997 to 1030 A.D., and is commonly known by the name of Mahmúd of Ghazni. This monarch had collected together a number of the most learned men to continue the work, and was so much pleased at the ability of Abul Kásim, one of them, shown in some verses he composed in praise of the king's favourite slave Ayáz, as to declare that he had turned the assembly into a Paradise (Fardús), whence the poet obtained the title of Fardúsi, by which he is always known. The composition of the epic was so much admired that the king's treasurer was directed to pay him at the rate of 1000 pieces of gold for every thousand couplets. Fardúsi, as he may now be called, preferred not to take immediate payment, but to allow it to accumulate, in order to win sufficient to pay for the construction of a dam on the river on which his native town of Tús was situated, and when the poem was completed the treasurer, horrified at having to hand over the 60,000 pieces of gold, managed to persuade the sultan that the proposed payment was exorbitant, and sent only 60,000 dirhams in silver, about £1200. When Ayáz came with the money Fardúsi, enraged at the breach of the Sultan's promise, handed over 20,000 to Ayáz, 20,000 to the keeper of the bath, and paid the rest for a glass of *júkán* a kind of beer. He then wrote a satirical couplet in the mosque on the

Sultan himself, for which the latter threatened to have him trodden to death by an elephant. Failing to appease his sovereign at a personal interview, Fardúsi ran away to the Court of Kábús, ruler of Mázanderán, who, being afraid of Mahmúd's vengeance if he sheltered the poet, made him a handsome present and sent him away. Fardúsi escaped to Baghdád (Bagdad), where he was befriended by Kádar b' Illah, the Khaliph's Vazir. At this time Fardúsi wrote a poem on Yusaf and Zuleikha, but, to avoid trouble with Mahmúd, retired to Persian Irák, the governor of which province, a friend of Mahmúd's, wrote to him and remonstrated with him on Fardúsi's treatment. Mahmúd at last, softened by this representation, sent the 60,000 gold pieces originally promised. It was, alas! too late, for, as the treasure entered one gate of the town, the poet's corpse was carried out at the opposite one to be buried.

To come to the work itself. As noted above, it is written in rhymed couplets to the number of about 60,000. Its language, although to some extent antiquated, differs but little from the classical tongue of modern Persia except in being purer and less interlarded with Arabic words and expressions. The style is very even throughout, and, as becomes a historical work, it does not abound, as many of the writings of the more modern Persian poets do, in fanciful metaphors and similes. It commences, as most Persian poems do, with a good deal of extraneous matter, such as a fanciful description of the creation of the earth, the sun and moon, and the *kosmos* generally, the heading being the universal

one of the name of Allah, the merciful, the compassionate, *Allah ul rahím ul rahmán*, and the exordium being in praise of wisdom as typifying the Almighty, of which a few lines may be quoted to show the style.

“ Of life’s lord and of wisdom in the name,
 To transcend which not even thought may claim,—
 The lord of honour and of place of pride,
 The giver of our daily bread and guide,—
 The lord of universe and rolling sphere—
 Bright in whom Nálúd, sun, and moon appear,—
 Painter supreme of every gem as well,
 Name, mark and fancy doth He all excel.
 Yon the Creator who now fain would see,
 Trouble your eyes not, for it cannot be.
 No carking care to Him its way may find ;
 All dignity and fame Him lag behind.
 Words that this excellence may pass beyond
 These nor in soul nor wisdom may be found.
 The soul and wisdom only would He weigh,
 Nor cares He worldly riches to assay.
 None knows to praise Him as he doth deserve,
 And thou should’st gird thy loins to duly serve.
 With wisdom such as life and soul afford
 How of creation shall we praise the Lord ? ”

This is followed by a few couplets in praise of wisdom in the abstract, and a vague description of the creation of the sun and moon, of the world, and of man, succeeded by others in praise of the prophet Muhammad and his successors, Abu Bakr, Umr, Usmán, and Ali, which are wound up with the exhortation :

“ As goodness ev’rywhere is useful still,
 Choose thou the good and be ashamed of ill.”

A few sections are now devoted to the compilation of the 'Sháh Námah,' in inquiries relating to which much time was spent, until at last a friend brought the author a manuscript written in Pehlavi, and gave Fardúsi a keynote for his work, on which—

“When I obtained the manuscript I sought
Into my darkened soul a light was brought.”

and after the composition of sundry couplets in praise of Mansúr, of the Sultan Mahmúd, and Amir Nasr, his brother, the historical portion of the poem was taken in hand under the auspices of Mahmúd of Ghazni.

The first king is said to have been Kayumúrs (this name being given in the Zead Scriptures to the first man). He established the customs of the throne and crown, and ruled with such beneficence for thirty years that all wild beasts obeyed him, and men, who till then had been content with panther skins for their clothing, were taught the use of ordinary garments. This king had but one son called Siámak, who was defeated in battle, and killed by Áhriman, the spirit of evil, who is now first introduced into the story. The whole realm mourns this event for a year until a heavenly messenger comes to the king with a command to raise an army and extirpate the demon from the face of the earth. On this he summons a huge army, consisting of beasts, birds, and *Paris*, who were apparently beneficent demons, corresponding probably with the fairies of our own ancient lore, and placing them under the orders of Hushang, the son of Siámak, sends them out to battle. The fight ends with the

slaughter and flaying of the demon by Hushang, and shortly afterwards Kayumúrs himself dies, being succeeded on the throne by his grandson.

From this point may be traced a connected story of the kings of Persia, for the battle referred to can only have been with some neighbouring and equally savage tribe, now brought under control. The first sign of civilisation is to be found in this king's reign of forty years, in which iron is said to have been extracted from stone. This signifies probably the advance of the world from the stone to the iron age, and from the nomad to the manufacturing stage, for—

Out of the hard rock iron when he drew,
Its essence water-like to form he knew.
This known, the blacksmith's art his own he made
And fashioned axes and the saw and spade.
Water to use a plan did he devise,
Drawn from the streams, the plain to fertilise.
Rivers to join the streams he access gave,
To the king's glory labour thus to save.
For with this knowledge when mankind were filled,
Spreading the seed, they harvested, they tilled.
Thus all preparing for themselves their bread,
Each knew and for himself provision made.
Ere this was done the people's wants to meet,
Nothing but fruit alone they had to eat.
This was not all men had with leaves to do,
They made them useful for their clothing too.
That there was fire in stone he also found,
And thence light kindled in the world around.

This is one of Fardúsi's many anachronisms: he had apparently forgotten that metals could not be smelted without heat and light. As well as the art

of metal working he is said to have taught the people how to domesticate wild beasts for the use of man, to weave the wool of sheep into clothing, to train hawks and falcons for the purpose of sport, to use fowls for domestic purposes, and finally, having curbed Áhriman with bonds of magic, to have driven him wildly through the world, whilst the released demons taught him to read and write Arabic, Rúmi or Greek, Chinese, Persian, Hindu, and Pehlavi. After a reign of forty years Hushang passed away, and was succeeded by his son Jamshíd, one of the most famous of the Persian kings, who is said to have reigned 700 years. Round him many fabulous legends have accumulated. He has often been confounded with Solomon, king of the Jews, and is said to have brought all beasts and birds, as well as good and evil spirits, under his sway. He first turned his thoughts towards the invention of warlike weapons, and coats of mail, and breastplates and helmets owed their origin to his genius. He studied the domestic arts of spinning and weaving, and instituted various divisions among the people, such as Katúzi, who apparently attended to the business of public worship; Nisari, Nasúdi, and Ahnúkushi. These divisions are now unrecognisable, except that the Nasúdi were to some extent tillers of the soil. Demons were taught to mix mud and water, and to make bricks to build palaces and baths with. He collected jewels of amber and ruby, and gold and silver; scents, aloes, balsam, camphor, and medicines. He made a golden throne which the demons carried to the skies, and prospered so exceedingly that at last he lost his head and pro-

claimed himself the Deity. Then prosperity forsook him.

There was a man possessed of herds and flocks, who had an evil-minded son of the name of Zuhák, whom Iblís, the evil one, persuaded to cause his father's death treacherously, so as to gain possession of his wealth. Still further ingratiating himself with the youth by passing himself off as a good cook, the devil pampered him with all kinds of luscious food until he centred all his affection on him. Having thus got him into his power, he one day asked to be allowed to kiss him on his shoulders, and did so on receiving permission. Thereupon there started up a black snake from each place where a kiss had been implanted. In vain were they cut off, and endeavours made to get rid of them by medicines, for they at once grew again, to Zuhák's torment. Meanwhile, as the favour of God had fallen from Jamshíd in consequence of his apostasy, the people of Irán sought another ruler and chose Zuhák in consequence of the dread inspired by him and his snakes, Jamshíd passing away, it is not stated in what manner. Iblís, the evil one, again appears to Zuhák, and advises him that the only means by which he could rid of the snakes was to give them to eat every day the brains of two of his subjects, which would in due time cause them to perish. This advice being followed, two men were daily sacrificed by his cook for the purpose, so that in the end the horror of the thing spread through the land. Shortly, two men of the royal race conspired together to mitigate the evil, and, managing to gain admittance to the king's house-

hold as cooks, only killed one of the men allotted for the snakes' daily meal, and saved the life of the other victim. The latter they provided with sheep and goats, and sent him, and those that succeeded him, out into the desert, where they became the ancestors of the Kurds, of whose savageries we hear even in the present day.

It is now related that one night Zuhák dreamt that three warriors, one of them being a young man of kingly air, attacked him, and the young one caught him in a lasso and drew him by it to the hill of Damávand. Wise men and Mobeds (priests) could not interpret the dream, until one (Zírak the clever one), foretold the coming of one Áfridún, whose father would be one of the victims to the snakes. This Áfridún, or Faridún, would be nourished by a cow in a wood to which his mother would convey him for fear of the king, and the cow itself would fall a victim to the king's fury. On hearing this interpretation Zuhák had a search made for Faridún in all directions, but in vain, although in the course of it the cow, as foretold by Zírak, was killed. Faridún, when grown up, being informed by his mother of all that has occurred, vows vengeance on Zuhák. Zuhák calls together an assembly of Mobeds and wise men and endeavours to obtain their signatures to a paper enumerating the king's virtues and excellences, when there arises a loud cry in the hall for justice from one Kávali, a blacksmith, whose son has been selected to be one of the victims. The blacksmith is sent for, his prayer for the release of his son is granted, and he is desired to sign the king's testimonial, but refuses,

and rushes into the street with his son, exciting the people to rebel, and raising on a spear his blacksmith's apron, henceforth to be adopted as the royal standard of Persia. Joined by Faridún and his two brothers, he accomplishes a revolution, seizes and carries off Zuhák to a cavern in the hill of Damávand, where the latter is tortured and killed. Faridún ascends the throne, reigning 500 years, and with his reign may be said to close the mythical portion of the history of Persia. The Hindu origin of these old legends is clearly traceable, for Zuhák, or Duhák, as he may be called, is evidently the dragon Dháká, and Faridún the Indian deity Fraita or Phraitona.

Faridún's three elder sons having come to untimely deaths the throne devolved on a posthumous child by a slave girl. At his birth one of the many wonders recorded in the history came about in Faridún, who had become blind, being restored to sight in order that he may see his royal grandchild. At the festivities that took place on the occasion there appears one of the Persian heroes, Sám, son of Narimán, to whose deeds, and those of his son Zal, or Zal-zar, a great portion of the epic is devoted. The latter was born with white hair, and is said to have been brought up by the well-known Símúrgh, the Persian Phoenix, and was granted by Manuchehr the reigning king, the sovereignty of Zábúlistan. This appears to have included Afghanistán, and as far to the east as the River Indus. Zál marries Rúdábah, daughter of the ruler of Kábul, and of this union springs the famous Persian hero Rústam. Long accounts are given of the deeds of valour performed by him, the next important historical event

being the war between Púshang, chief of the inhabitants of Túrán, who is assisted by Afrásiáb, the life-long enemy of Rústam, and the Persians. Several kings succeed each other with nothing very particular to mark their reigns, except that an agreement is come to that the Jaihún, or Jaxartes, shall be the boundary between the dominions of Persia and Túrán, by the latter of which the country of Chinese Tartary (Scythia) may be considered to be designated. The boundary, however, forms a fruitful source of contention between the two countries, and the narrative of the consequent wars affords constant opportunities for extolling the great heroes, Zál and Rústam.

After an encounter with one of the numerous demons that abound in the story, viz. that of the latter with the White Demon, Rústam's address to the Deity is worth quoting, as showing the true sense of religion entertained by these ancient people.

(AND) "O Thon just and gracious Ruler," said,
"Thy servant's refuge Thon in every ill,
Valour Thon givest me and power still,
My manliness, my glory, my resolve,
All my desire as sun and moon revolve.
These are Thy gifts: else see I none more base,
Or wretched more, of earth upon the face.
Anxiety, grief, sorrow, care and all,
Both good and evil that to mortals fall—
Decrease and increase, and a happy fate,
Highness and lowness and the pride of State—
All from Thy justice comes to me, I own;
No other's hand is in it, Thine alone.
For through Thy grace becomes a sun each mote,
And in Thy glory spheres are of no note."

In one of these wars Kai-Káüs, the king, is taken prisoner, and advantage is taken by Afrásiáb to make another incursion from Túrán. He is assisted by the kings of Barbaristán—by which may be understood Arabia—and Egypt, but all three are defeated again by Rústam, and prosperity is restored to Persia. Intoxicated by the sense of his own greatness, King Káüs turns aside from the ways of God and forces the demons, who were probably some neighbouring uncivilised tribes, to make for him a magnificent throne to be carried by eagles to the heavens. Unfortunately the birds grow tired and bring him to earth again, where, being found by Rústam, he is reproached for his folly and is pardoned.

A large space in the poem is here taken up by a description of one of the chief episodes, the combat of Rústam with his son Suhráb, in ignorance of who the latter is. This has been described by Matthew Arnold in a well-known poem, which unfortunately is not even a paraphrase of the original, and omits an incident in the fight which is by no means to the credit of the hero. Suhráb, having brought his father to the ground in a wrestling bout, is about to dispatch him when the latter obtains his release by pretending that it is not the custom of the country to kill one's adversary the first time he is overthrown, but to give him a second chance. Suhráb agrees to this, and Rústam immediately seizes his opportunity and drives a dagger into his son. He is overwhelmed with grief on finding what he has done, and his mother's grief is related in touching verse.

“ Rúdábáh on the bier saw Suhráb lie,
And with the tears of blood e'erflowed her eye.

The youth upon his narrow bier was laid :
‘O royal Pehlaván!’ she wailing said.
Again her lamentations to renew,
A cold sigh from her grieving heart she drew,
And cried, ‘Young hero of an athlete’s birth,
Than thou none braver ever bore the earth.’
She cried, ‘O hero of the lofty crest,
Lift up thy head once from thy narrow chest.
The secret wilt not to thy mother tell,
What in thy hour of gladness thee befell ?
Of what thy father did wilt not say more,
And why thy heart he from thy body tore ?’
The cry up from the hall to Saturn leapt ;
At every word she heard she wailed and wept.
Mourning, within the screen she took her place,
Her heart was full of pain, of dust her face.
By night and day she mourned and shed the tear,
And after Suhráb’s death lived but a year.
Thus in her grief for him she died at last,
To go to Suhráb as her spirit passed.”

This episode is followed by one very similar to that of Joseph and Potiphar’s wife, in which Sudábáh, Káüs’s wife, falls violently in love with Siávash, a son of the king, and, when he rejects her advances, accuses him of trying to violate her, but he, like Joseph, is proved innocent by going through the ordeal of passing unscathed through fire.

Siávash marries Farangís, the daughter of Afrásiáb, and in due time Kai-Khusru, one of the most famous kings of Persia, identified by some historians with Cyrus, is born to him. When he is taken to Káüs the latter abdicates in his favour, and Kai-Khusru, like his predecessors, is involved in war with Afrásiáb, in the course of which Kai-

Khusru, in a duel which he agrees to with Afrásiáb's son Shídah in order to save the blood of the two armies, kills the latter, Afrásiáb himself again, escaping to a fort of the name of Gangdíz. This fort is finally taken by Kai-Khusru and the Persians, and Afrásiáb, being captured, is put to death. In the course of this last expedition Kai-Khusru is said to have passed, in pursuit of him, into the country of Makrán, where, in crossing and re-crossing a sea of the name of Zarab, he meets with the most fabulous adventures, which it is needless to relate. Shortly after this Kai-Khusru retires to a hill and disappears from the sight of his people.

Luhrásp succeeds to the throne, and Gushtásp, one of his sons, proceeds to Constantinople (Rúm), where he marries Kitáyún, the emperor's daughter, being chosen by her at a meeting, at which she is allowed to select a husband out of a number of candidates for her hand, whilst she was in ignorance of his being a Persian prince. On his return to Persia, Luhrásp abdicates in his favour, and Kitáyún gives birth to two sons, Asfandyár and Bashotán, the former of whom became one of the best known kings. In this reign is given an account of the birth of Zartúsht, commonly called Zoroaster, the founder of the religion of the fire worshippers.

No particular description of his tenets is given, but direction is given that the *kúshítí*, the sacred thread of the Parsís, is to be worn by all, and they are to worship in the fire temples throughout the land. Zoroaster also forbids the payment of tribute to China. Luhrásp and his people all become converted to his faith, and, in consequence of this, war

again ensues with Aryásp, ruler of Turán, in which his army is defeated and he takes to flight. The emperor of Rúm and various kings agree to pay tribute to Persia, and the whole world become followers of the new faith.

Luhrásp, having abdicated the throne in favour of Gushtásp, the latter ascends the throne, and shortly afterwards, in consequence of calumnies spread about with regard to Asfandýar, becomes suspicious of and imprisons him, an unjust action, for which his tributary kings revolt against him. In the course of this revolt Arjásp, of Turán, attacks and kills Luhrásp, and the priests of the fire temples are destroyed with their temples, Zoroaster probably perishing among the rest. Hearing of this, Gúshtásp proceeds towards Balkh with an army, but is defeated by the Turkománs and flees to a hill, where they surround him. Thereupon he releases Asfandýar, who engages Arjásp's army, and in turn defeats it. Refusing to accept the throne offered him by his father, he follows up the Turkománs, whom he pursues by seven stages, meeting various adventures by the way, amongst them being the slaughter of the Símúrgh. After this he defeats the combined Turanien and Chinese armies, and after being welcomed home by Gushtásp, is sent by him to fetch Rústam. In a battle that ensues Rústam is wounded, but is healed by the Símurgh (a new Phoenix probably) and instructed how he is to kill Asfandýar, which he does. Bahman, Asfandýar's brother, who has been left in Zábulistán to be educated, is sent for, and given the name of Ardashír by Gushtásp. The only other notable

event in this reign is the death of Rústam and his horse Raksh by being made to fall into a pit lined with swords. After the death of Gushtáshp Bahman or Ardashír succeeds him, and is followed by his daughter Humaí, who reigns thirty-two years. She has a son of the name of Dáráb, whom, for some unexplained reason, she puts into a box and sets the box afloat on the Euphrates, but he is saved by a washerman and his wife. In the end his origin is recognised, and he is placed on the throne.

At this point we come to a period whence the chronology of the 'Sháh Námah' can be traced from European history, for Fílkús, or Philip of Macedon, who is defeated by Dáráb, dates from B.C. 331. Philip's daughter Náhíd is given in marriage to Dáráb, and to her is born Síkandar, or Alexander the Great. Needless to say, this does not correspond with what is related by Greek historians, but the two tales are patched together by its being said that Alexander was born at Constantinople, and was treated by the emperor as his own child. On Alexander succeeding his father Philip, Aristotle is said to have given the following counsel :

“ Many have seen the royal throne but thee,
But permanent with one 'twill never be.
I have been everywhere that thou may'st say
And need none on the earth to show the way.
Know this, that thou most foolish wilt appear,
If counsel of the wise thou dost not hear.
Earthy we are, and to the earth were born,
And to the earth yield ourselves at last forlorn.
If thou art good, thy name will e'er endure ;
Happy, of royal throne thou shalt be sure.

If ill thou sowest, evil shalt thou reap,
And no night on the earth shalt tranquil sleep.
Through goodness to a king is succour brought,
In bad days goodness may by none be sought."

An envoy from Darius coming to Constantinople to demand the Persian tribute, which had hitherto been paid in the shape of golden eggs, Alexander answers him :

"‘Go now,’ he told him, ‘and to Darius say
The tribute’s scent and hue have passed away.
The hen that laid the golden eggs has died,
And left no means the tribute to provide.’”

Proceeding to war, he makes ready an army, and goes as his own envoy, and, being betrayed by the envoy whom he had sent to Constantinople, escapes on horseback. Advancing with his army, he defeats that of Darius (Dará in the Persian), and the latter, fleeing towards Kirmán, writes to offer submission, but at the same time seeks the aid of Fúr, a king in India, known to us by the name of Porus. Hearing of this, Alexander pursues him, only to find that he has been mortally wounded by two of his own priests. He visits him on his deathbed, and obtains from him the promise of the hand of his daughter Raoshanak, called Roxalana by Dryden in his poem. The two priests are hanged up on gallows and stoned to death. Alexander mounts the throne at Istakhar. The whole story of Alexander’s conquests and adventures in India is a tissue of the most fantastic and absurd legends, and amongst them one of his marriage to a daughter of the King of Kanonj

according to Christian rites, a mistake in chronology of several hundred years.

Fúr being defeated and killed, he is said to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, a still more glaring error in chronology, which is rendered still more absurd by the appearance on the scene of Ishmael, the son of Abraham. Equally unaccountable is a narrative of Alexander's visit to Kaidáfah, the Queen of Andalusia in Spain, of others to the city of the Brahmans, and of a nation of Amazons, and of the *Narmpai*, or soft-footed ones. Space will not allow of the mention of further adventures, or, finally, of his attempt to reach the fountain of the Water of Life, which fails for him, but not for the prophet Klizr, or Elias, who accompanies him. He is said to have died at Yeman in Arabia, whence his body was carried for interment to Alexandria. To him are said to have succeeded various kings (*Tawáif ul malúk*) for two hundred years, and it is acknowledged that nothing is known of them but their names. The last of them was named Bábak, to whom was born Ardashír Bábagán. When Darius died his son Sásán fled to Hindustán and died there, leaving a son of the same name. Being discovered by Bábak, Sásán marries his daughter. An extraordinary legend is now related of a silkworm from the produce of which great profits are derived until it, as well as its owner Haftvád, is finally killed by Árdashír.

Árdashír occupies the throne at Baghdád, and has a son born to him of the name of Shápúr, who, again, was the father of Ormuzd. Then follow in regular succession from father to son Behrák, a second Behrák, his son, Narsi, Ormuzd, and Shápúr

zúl Aktáf. In this reign one, Tair, invades Persia from Yaman and carries off and marries a daughter of Narsi, to whom a daughter called Málíkah is born. Málíkah betrays her father to Shápúr on condition that the latter will marry her. Shápúr visits Constantinople, and is sewn up in an ass's skin by the emperor, by whom Persia is invaded and devastated, after he has given Shápúr into the charge of a woman with instructions to starve him slowly to death. She, however, releases him, and flees with him to Persia, where he is recognised by the people and assembles an army, with the aid of which the emperor is defeated and placed in confinement, with a piece of wood through his nostrils, finally dying. Shápúr, in his turn, invades the Greek dominions, and a new emperor agrees to pay him tribute. The Persian succession passes through three other kings to Behráh Gúr, so named because he was a great slayer of wild asses. Behráh Gúr was also famous for running away with the daughter of Shangal, king of Kanúg, in India. After several reigns the throne devolves on Kasrá, who is known by the name of Náoshirván, and is celebrated in the East for his justice and his having had for his vazír, or minister, Buzurjmíhr, reputed for his great wisdom. The reign is thus described :

“ When Kasrá mounted proudly on the throne,
And one with fortune found himself alone,
A very Paradise the world to view
Was decked with justice, wealth and beauty, too.
The whole earth was at rest from ev'ry strife,
From all injustice and from taking life.

The world renewed with God's light spread around,
Both hands of evil, thou hadst said, were bound.
None knew to plunder or invade the land,
And none tow'rds evil to stretch out his hand.
The world subservient to the king became,
And back from crookedness and darkness came.
If any one strewed money on the way,
Thieves from such riches all would run away.
On land and water money and brocade
In shining day and hour of sleep were laid ;
And yet, from fear and justice of the king,
No robber cast his eye on anything.
The earth like Eden was adorned again,
And full of riches were the vale and plain.
Irán as Paradise grew to behold,
Its dust was amber and its bricks were gold."

Such were the results of Náoshírván's justice and beneficent rule.

In this reign the game of chess, invented in India, was also sent to the king, and its moves made out by the learned vazír, and his own game of *nard*, a kind of backgammon, sent in return.

Being seventy-four years of age, Náoshírván, after his son Hormúzd's abilities have been tested by Búzúrjmíhr, nominates his own son Hormúzd to succeed him. Hormúzd at first rules righteously, but afterwards turns to evil ways, of which he repents in consequence of a dream predicting evil being interpreted to him. When he has reigned ten years his enemies advance against him, both from Herát and Rúm. The latter are defeated by Behráh Chúbínah, a general placed in command of his army, and the former are conciliated by giving back the towns Náoshírván had taken. For some

reason Hormúzd insults Chúbínah by sending him a woman's dress, and the latter associates himself with Khúsrú Parvíz, son of Hormúzd, for a time. He becomes too powerful, and Hormúzd advises Khúsrú to go to Constantinople to solicit the assistance of the emperor against him. Aid is given him, and he also marries Mariam, or, as she is sometimes called, Eirene, the emperor's daughter. This Princess is, by some historians, confused with Shírín, a nomad girl, with regard to whose love matters with Khúsrú a romantic poem, a great favourite with Persians, has been written by the poet Nizámí.

In the sixth year of his reign a son is born to Khúsrú Parvíz by Mariam, and called Shírúí or Shirúyah, who finally murders his father and causes Shírín to commit suicide by insulting her with a proposal to become his own wife. This is not in accord with the tale as told in the 'Sháh Námah,' in which Shírín herself murders Mariam out of jealousy, and Khúsrú is put to death at the instigation of one Farukhzád.

Shirúyah is himself poisoned after a short reign of eight months, and after being succeeded by two women Farukhzád himself is poisoned. Yazdagírd, said to be a son of Naoshirván, follows him on the throne and reigns for twenty years. In this reign the Amír ul Mominín (Chief of the Faithful) sends an expedition into Persia, and defeats a force sent against him by Yazdagírd. Finally, Zazdagírd is murdered by the miller of a mill, to which he has fled from the Turkománs, with whom he is involved in war.

With the account of this murder the 'Sháh

Námah' ends, a concluding section stating that the book was finished in the year of the Hejira 400, corresponding with A.D. 1020, not quite fifty years before the Norman conquest of England by William the Conqueror. The period embraced from Kajumírs to Yazdagírd is about 3624 years.

I have in this paper given a sketch of the contents of the poem. It will be understood that it is a mere outline when it is mentioned that the contents of a MS. of nearly 1000 pages have been condensed into a little over thirty. The historical order, however, has been preserved and the chief events noted, and an endeavour has been made to give the style of the original in the quotations given from the versified portions of the history.

Abounding, as it does, in mythical and legendary lore, which took the author some thirty-four years to elaborate in rhymed couplets, smoothly written, with hardly a harsh sounding phrase or a flaw in the metre, the book must go down to all posterity as one of the most wonderful literary achievements in the world's history, unsurpassed even in ancient Roman and Greek literature.

THE LETTERS AND AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL WRITINGS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BY SAMUEL DAVEY, F.R.S.L.

[Read February 22nd, 1905.]

GOLDSMITH is not generally classed among the epistolary writers of his time, yet his letters, for their sly, insinuating humour and good-natured satire, possess the same unique charm which characterises the best of his writings. It is a pity that so few, especially those relating to his wanderings on the Continent, have been preserved. These letters, like many of his best essays, are chiefly autobiographical; or perhaps they may be more properly described as idealised reminiscences; and without them the 'Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith' would lose much of its interest. Perhaps of all our authors Goldsmith is one of the most loved. We know his failings and infirmities, and even his vices, many of which Charles Lamb, or Shakespeare before him, would have called "virtuous vices"; for what says our great poet?

"Virtue itself turns Vice, being misapplied,
And Vice sometimes by action dignified."

Have not some of the wisest of men, from the time of Solomon, and even before, been among the

weakest and frailest of mankind? How truly Goldsmith wrote in one of his "Chinese Letters" that "our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall." A lady, who knew him well, said that "he had two natures—one of the head and another of the heart; in the one he was a wise man, and in the other, as he had more heart than was good for him, he was called a fool."

Let us endeavour to soften the shadows occasioned by his too-generous impulses, and to forgive him, as we should an erring prodigal, or a harmless young scapegrace, whose greatest enemy is himself. Yet, with all his simplicity, and seeming child-like innocence of insight, his writings show that from experience he had gathered great knowledge of the world. There is in them more common sense and wisdom than in the works of most of the *literati* of his time. He was the author of that celebrated worldly-wise maxim, so often attributed to Tallyrand, that "The use of speech is not so much to express our wants, as to conceal them." At one period of his life he had to mingle with low company and even to herd with the semi-human thieves and beggars at Axe Lane, but when he took a pen in his hand, he was always a scholar and a gentleman "who uttered nothing base." He knew mankind better than most of his contemporaries, because he had made himself at home with all sorts and conditions of men. His essays, like his letters, have intrinsic captivations of their own. His contributions to the short-lived periodical called 'The Bee,' and his "Chinese Letters," are not in any way inferior to those of Addison and Steele in 'The Spectator'; and for humour they may be compared to the

best in ‘The Tatler.’ His criticisms upon the drama of his day may be favourably compared to the essays and writings of Hazlitt and Lamb, which they in a measure anticipated.

It is somewhat curious that the English people, who believe that prudence is providence, and in the maxim of Juvenal, *Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia*—“No God is absent where calm prudence dwells,” should have such an affection for one who sets at naught many of the ordinary maxims of life. It may be that our love covers a multitude of sins, and that, after reading the history of his terrible struggles, trials, and temptations, we are ready to say, in the words of an eminent French writer, “*On pardonne tant que l’on aime*”—“As long as we love we can forgive.”

That Goldsmith understood his own character and was conscious of his infirmities is shown in his letters and miscellaneous writings, in which he has not spared himself. Like Montaigne, he does not attempt to hide either his physical or moral defects, for in this self-portraiture he has reflected, as in the fabulous looking-glass of Lao, the mind as well as the body. And before we cast a stone at him let us consider how few of us could have gone through the same strains of poverty, with their trials and temptations, and come out with so pure a heart. Like Burns, he would, “as far as he could, have wiped away all tears from all eyes.” Before we notice Goldsmith’s correspondence we must notice a few incidents in his early life.

Oliver Goldsmith was born on November 10th, 1728, in the village of Pallas in the county of Long-

ford. His father was the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, whom Oliver described as "passing rich with £40 a year." About two years after Oliver's birth his father succeeded, through the death of a relative, to a better living in the village of Lissoy, in the county of Westmeath, the original of

"Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain."

Oliver, as a youth, like many other men of genius, showed no aptitude for learning. "This I know," said Roger Ascham, "not only by reading books in my study, but also by experience of life abroad in the world, that those which be commonly the wisest, best learned, and best men also, when they were old, were never commonly the quickest of wit when they were young." The old woman who taught him his letters described him as no better than a fool. So thought also some of his associates in after-life, such as Boswell, Garrick, Langton, etc., who could not understand him. At the age of six years he was sent to the village school kept by one who was called Paddy Burne, an old soldier, who had served under the Duke of Marlborough. He seems to have been a remarkable character, not much unlike the schoolmaster mentioned by De Quincey, who settled the spelling of a word and other scholastic difficulties by a stand-up fight. However, there is no doubt that this village master had more to do with the education of the poet than any other of his teachers. He instructed his willing pupil in the traditions and legends of his native country, and fed his excited imagination with stories of ghosts, witches, banshees, fairies, and the old Irish ballads. And the master was fond of

rhyming himself. After attending various schools, he was ultimately placed under the tutorship of the Rev. Patrick Hughes, of Edgeworth town, about twenty miles from his home. We all know the story of his "mistake of a night," which adventure he included in one of his comedies—how, when he was returning to school on a borrowed nag and with a guinea in his pocket, he halted half way on his journey, and inquired for the "best house in the place," and was directed by a wag to the mansion of Squire Featherstone, and mistaking it for an inn, boldly entered, and calling for the supposed landlord, invited his host after supper to join him in a bottle of wine, and ordered a hot cake for his breakfast in the morning. The squire, who had known his father, and being a humorist and enjoying the mistake, did not undeceive him until the morning when he called for his bill. Much to his chagrin he discovered that the "best house" was the squire's mansion, which he had mistaken for an inn. In 1745 Oliver was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. A year and a half after he had entered college his father died. The son, in one of his "Chinese Letters," has no doubt drawn a faithful portrait of the good minister.

"My father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the Church. His education was above his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers, still poorer than himself; for every dinner he gave them they returned an equivalent in praise, and this was all he wanted. The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of an army influenced my father at the head of

his table ; he told the story of the ivy-tree, and that was laughed at ; he repeated the jest of the two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the company laughed at that ; but the story of Taffy in the sedan-chair was sure to set the table in a roar ; thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave ; he loved all the world, and he fancied all the world loved him. As his fortune was but small, he lived up to the very extent of it ; he had no intentions of leaving his children money, for that was dross ; he was resolved they should have learning ; for learning, he used to observe, was better than silver or gold. For this purpose, he undertook to instruct us himself ; and took as much pains to form our morals as to improve our understanding. We were told that universal benevolence was what first cemented society. We were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as our own ; he wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse made either by real or fictitious distress ; in a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands before we were taught the more necessary qualifications of getting a farthing."

It has been said that the fate of a child depends upon the house in which it is born. And was this not true of Goldsmith ? He had, like his father, two natures. In the one there was an almost morbid sensibility for the sufferings of others, and in the other an exquisite sense of humour, which sported with the lighter follies and infirmities of human nature. And that happy adjustment of temperament was like the spear that pierced Telephus—it gave the wound and supplied the cure.

After his father's death Oliver led a shiftless life, for his supplies were small and uncertain. His uncle, the Rev. Thomas Coutarine, who was a friend

of Bishop Berkeley, was his chief benefactor, and helped him as far as his means would allow. At one time, to keep himself from starving, he wrote street ballads, which he sold at five shillings apiece, and he would steal out of college at night to hear them sung. There is a characteristic anecdote told of him by one of his fellow-students, who invited him to breakfast, and as Oliver did not appear, he burst open his bedroom door, which was locked, and, much to his surprise, he found him in bed up to his chin in feathers. Goldsmith gave him this explanation, that in the preceding evening's stroll he had met a poor starving woman with five children who implored his charity, and he had given her the blankets from off his bed, and finding himself cold during the night, had cut open his bed and buried himself among the feathers.

After leaving Dublin University, Goldsmith returned home, and apparently lived for three years a life of idleness. It is during this time that his correspondence begins. These letters may be more picturesque and coloured by his imagination than strictly veracious. The best of his letters which have been preserved are those addressed to his relations and friends in Ireland. We will take one of his earliest, which may be regarded as typical of the rest.

It is quite a little romance in itself, and shows us potentially the author of 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' When Goldsmith was twenty-three years of age he left his mother's house for Cork, ostensibly with the intention of sailing for America. He was furnished with £30 in his pocket, which he had earned as a

tutor in the family, and nothing was heard of him for six weeks, when our poet-errant returned home with empty pockets, and on a lean beast, to which he had given the name of Fiddleback. From his brother's house he addressed the following letter to his indignant mother, hoping, no doubt, to mollify that injured lady's ire by putting his follies and indiscretions in an adventurous and whimsical form. As this letter appears only in brief extracts in Forster's 'Life of Goldsmith,' and as it has been referred to by Thackeray and others, we feel justified in giving it entire. In reading this, as also his other letters, we must make some allowance for the author's poetic invention, and for a tricksy spirit of fantastic exaggeration :

“MY DEAR MOTHER,—If you will sit down, and calmly listen to what I say, you shall be fully resolved in every one of those many questions you have asked me. I went to Cork, and converted my horse, which you prize so much higher than Fiddleback, into cash, took my passage in a ship bound for America, and, at the same time, paid the captain for my freight and all the other expenses of my voyage. But it so happened that the wind did not answer for three weeks—and you know, mother, that I could not command the elements. My misfortune was, that, when the wind served, I happened to be with a party in the country, and my friend the captain never inquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference as if I had been on board. The remainder of my time I employed in the city and its environs, viewing everything curious ; and you know no one can starve while he has money in his pocket. Reduced, however, to my last two guineas, I began to think of my dear mother and friends whom I had left behind me, and so bought that generous beast Fiddleback, and bade

adieu to Cork with only five shillings in my pocket. This, to be sure, was but a scanty allowance for man and horse, towards a journey of above a hundred miles; but I did not despair, for I knew I must find friends on the road. I recollected particularly an old and faithful acquaintance I made at College, who had often and earnestly pressed me to spend a summer with him, and he lived but eight miles from Cork. This circumstance of vicinity he would expatiate on to me with peculiar emphasis. 'We shall,' says he, 'enjoy the delights of both city and country, and you shall command my stable and my purse.' However, upon the way I met a poor woman all in tears, who told me her husband had been arrested for a debt he was not able to pay, and that his eight children must now starve, bereaved as they were of his industry, which had been their only support. I thought myself at home, being not far from my good friend's house, and therefore parted with a moiety of all my store. And pray, mother, ought I not have given her the other half-crown? for what she got would be of little use to her. However, I soon arrived at the mansion of my affectionate friend, guarded by the vigilance of a huge mastiff, who flew at me, and would have torn me to pieces, but for the assistance of a woman, whose countenance was not less grim than that of the dog; yet she, with great humanity, relieved me from the jaws of this Cerberus, and was prevailed upon to carry up my name to her master. Without suffering me to wait long, my old friend, who was then recovering from a severe fit of sickness, came down in his nightcap, nightgown and slippers, and embraced me with the most cordial welcome, showed me in, after giving me a history of his indisposition, assured me that he considered himself peculiarly fortunate in having under his roof the man he most loved on earth, and whose stay with him must, above all things, contribute to his perfect recovery. I now repented sorely I had not given the poor woman the other half-crown, as I thought all my bills of humanity would be punctually

answered by this worthy man. I revealed to him my whole soul; I opened to him all my distresses; and freely owned that I had but one half-crown in my pocket; but that now, like a ship after weathering out the storm, I considered myself secure in a safe and hospitable harbour. He made no answer, but walked about the room rubbing his hands, as one in deep study. This I imputed to the sympathetic feelings of a tender heart, which increased my esteem for him, and, as that increased, I gave the most favourable interpretation to his silence. I construed it into delicacy of sentiment, as if he dreaded to wound my pride by expressing his commiseration in words, leaving his generous conduct to speak for itself.

“It now approached six o’clock in the evening; and as I had eaten no breakfast, and as my spirits were raised, my appetite for dinner grew uncommonly keen. At length the old woman came into the room with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth, which she laid upon the table. This appearance, without increasing my spirits, did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned with a small bowl of sago, a small porringer of sour milk, a loaf of stale bread, and the heel of an old cheese, all over crawling with mites. My friend apologised that his illness obliged him to live on slops, and that better fare was not in the house; observing at the same time, that a milk diet was certainly the most healthful; and at eight o’clock he again recommended a regular life, declaring that, for his part, he would *lie down with the lamb, and rise with the lark*. My hunger was at this time so exceedingly sharp, that I wished for another slice of the loaf, but was obliged to go to bed without even that refreshment.

“This Lenten entertainment I had received made me resolve to depart as soon as possible. Accordingly, next morning, when I spoke of going, he did not oppose my resolution—he rather commended my design, adding some very sage counsel upon the occasion. ‘To be sure,’ said he, ‘the longer you stay away from your mother, the more

you will grieve her and your other friends ; and possibly they are already afflicted at hearing of this foolish expedition you have made.' Notwithstanding all this, and without any hope of softening such a sordid heart, I again renewed the tale of my distress, and, asking 'how he thought I could travel above a hundred miles upon one half-crown?' I begged to borrow a single guinea, which I assured him should be repaid with thanks. 'And you know, Sir,' said I, 'it is no more than I have done for you.' To which he firmly answered, 'Why, look you, Mr. Goldsmith, that is neither here nor there. I have paid you all you ever lent me, and this sickness of mine has left me bare of cash. But I have bethought myself of a conveyance for you. Sell your horse, and I will furnish you with a much better one to ride on.' I readily grasped at his proposal, and begged to see the nag ; on which he led me to his bed-chamber, and from under the bed he pulled out a stont oak stick. 'Here he is,' said he. 'Take this in your hand, and it will carry you to your mother's with more safety than such a horse as you ride.' I was in doubt, when I got it into my hand, whether I should not, in the first place, apply it to his pate ; but a rap at the street door made the wretch fly to it ; and when I returned to the parlour, he introduced me, as if nothing of the kind had happened, to the gentleman who entered, as Mr. Goldsmith, his most ingenious and worthy friend, of whom he had so often heard him speak with rapture. I could scarcely compose myself, and must have betrayed indignation in my mien to the stranger, who was a counsellor-at-law in the neighbourhood, and a man of engaging aspect and polite address.

"After spending an hour, he asked my friend and me to dine with him at his house. This I declined at first, as I wished to have no further communication with my hospitable friend : but, at the solicitation of both, I at last consented, determined as I was by two motives — one, that I was prejudiced in favour of the looks and manner of the

counsellor ; and the other, that I stood in need of a comfortable dinner. And there, indeed, I found everything that I could wish—abundance without profusion, and elegance without affectation. In the evening, when my old friend, who had eaten very plentifully at his neighbour's table, but talked again of lying down with the lamb, made a motion to me for returning, our generous host requested I should take a bed with him, upon which I plainly told my old friend that he might go home, and take care of the horse he had given me, but that I should never re-enter his doors. He went away with a laugh, leaving me to add this to the other little things the Counsellor already knew of his plausible neighbour.

“And now, my dear mother, I found sufficient to reconcile me to all my follies, for here I spent three whole days. The Counsellor had two sweet girls to his daughters, who played enchantingly on the harpsichord ; and yet it was but a melancholy pleasure I felt the first time I heard them ; for that being the first time also that either of them had touched the instrument since their mother's death, I saw the tears in silence trickle down their father's cheeks. I every day endeavoured to go away, but every day was pressed, and obliged to stay. On my going, the Counsellor offered me his purse, with a horse and servant to convey me home ; but the latter I declined, and only took a guinea, to bear my necessary expenses on the road.

“OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

“To Mrs. Anne Goldsmith, Ballymahon.”

No doubt this letter, with its humorous exaggerations and inventions, had the effect which the author wished, and in some measure mollified the anger of his mother and friends. Through the kindness of his uncle Contarine he was sent in 1752 to Edinburgh to study medicine. The letter of 1753, from which we give extracts, was sent to Robert Bryanton,

his cousin and Trinity College friend, conveys some of his impressions concerning Scotland and its inhabitants. After an apology for his long silence, he says :

“An hereditary indolence (I have it from my mother’s side) has hitherto prevented my writing to you, and still prevents my writing at least twenty-five letters more due to my friends in Ireland. No turn-spit dog gets up into his wheel with more reluctance than I sit down to write ; yet no dog ever loved the roast meat he turns better than I do him I now address.”

His description of Scotland shows that he had little love for mountain scenery, which few had at that time. He describes the Scotch as “fond of action and of dancing in particular,” and he gives a very humorous description of their balls, which are very frequent :

“When a stranger enters the dancing-hall, he sees one end of the room taken up by the ladies, who sit dismally in a group by themselves ; in the other end stand their pensive partners that are to be ; but no more intercourse between the sexes than there is between two countries at war. The ladies ogle, and the gentlemen sigh ; but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce. At length, to interrupt hostilities, the lady directress, or intendant, or what you will, pitches upon a lady and gentleman to walk a minuet, which they perform with a formality that approaches to despondence. After five or six couples have thus walked the gamutlet, all stand up to country-dances, each gentleman furnished with a partner from the afore-said lady directress ; so they dance much, and thus concludes our assembly.”

This description does not exactly accord with Sydney Smith’s humorous account of his presence

at one of these balls about fifty years afterwards. He says :

“The Scotch are so imbued with metaphysics that they even make love metaphysically. I overheard a young lady of my acquaintance at a dance in Edinburgh exclaim in a sudden pause of the music : ‘What you say, my lord, is very true of love in the *abstract*’—— Here the fiddlers began fiddling furiously, and the rest was lost.”

Following on our extracts from Goldsmith’s letter to his friend Bob Bryanton, there is an interesting notice of the celebrated Duchess of Hamilton, *née* Elizabeth Gunning, one of the greatest beauties and most romantic characters of her time, who became the mother of two Dukes of Hamilton and also two Dukes of Argyle. He says :

“We have no such character here as a coquet, but, alas ! how many envious prudes ! Some days ago I walked into my Lord Kilconbry’s (Kirkcubright’s) (don’t be surprised, my lord is but a Glover*), when the Duchess of Hamilton (that fair who sacrificed her beauty to her ambition, and her inward peace to a title and gilt equipage) passed by in her chariot ; her battered husband, or, more properly, the guardian of her charms, sat by her side. Straight envy began in the shape of no less than three ladies, who sat with me, to find faults in her faultless form. ‘For my part,’ says the first, ‘I think, what I always thought, that the duchess has too much of the red in her complexion.’ ‘Madam, I am of your opinion,’ says the second ; ‘I think her face has a palish cast, too much on the delicate order.’ ‘And, let me tell you,’ added the third lady, whose mouth was puckered up to the size of an issue, ‘that the Duchess has fine lips ; but she wants a mouth.’ At this, every

* “William Maclellan,” says Prior, “who claimed the title, and whose son succeeded in establishing the claim in 1773.”

lady drew up her mouth as if going to pronounce the letter 'p.'"

Had Dickens this passage in his mind, when he depicted Mrs. General as using internally for the setting of her face "prunes and prism"? Goldsmith was not like Wilkes, who, though monstrously ugly, said that "he could talk away his face in half an hour"; for, continuing his cousin's letter, he says:

"How ill, my Bob, does it become me to ridicule women with whom I have scarcely any correspondence! There are, 'tis certain, handsome women here; and 'tis certain they have handsome men to keep them company. An ugly and poor man is society only for himself; and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance. Fortune has given you circumstances, and Nature a person to look charming in the eyes of the fair. Nor do I envy, my dear Bob, such blessings, while I may sit down and laugh at the world and at myself—the most ridiculous object in it. . . . Direct to me '—, Student in Physic, in Edinburgh.'"

In a letter to his uncle Contarine there is another reference to the Duke of Hamilton:

"I have spent more than a fortnight every second day at the Duke of Hamilton's; but it seems they like me more as a jester than as a companion, so I disdained so servile an employment as unworthy my calling as a physician."

In another letter to his uncle in 1753 he gives an account of a month's excursion to the Highlands:

"I set out the first day on foot, but an ill-matured corn I have on my toe has, for the future, prevented that cheap mode of travelling; so the second day I hired a horse

about the size of a ram, and he walked away (trot he could not) as pensive as his master."

In the same letter he says that he had drawn for £6, and that his next draft will be for £4. After spending two winters in Edinburgh, Goldsmith wrote to his uncle Contarine that—

"he intended to visit Paris, where the great Farheim Petit, and Du Hammel de Monceau instruct their pupils in all the branches of medicine. They speak French, and consequently I shall have the advantage of most of my countrymen, as I am perfectly acquainted with that language, and few who leave Ireland are so. I shall spend the spring and summer in Paris, and the beginning of next winter go to Leyden. The great Albinus is still alive there, and 'twill be proper to go, though only to have it said that we have studied in so famous a university."

In another letter, written to his uncle a few months later (1753), he says :

"As I shall not have another opportunity of receiving money from your bounty till my return to Ireland, so I have drawn for the last sum that I hope I shall ever trouble you for; 'tis £20. And now, dear sir, let me acknowledge the humility of the station in which you found me; let me tell how I was despised by most, and hateful to myself. Poverty, hopeless poverty, was my lot, and Melancholy was beginning to make me her own, when you—but I stop here, to inquire how your health goes on?"

"I wish, my dear sir, that you would make me happy by another letter before I go abroad, for there I shall hardly hear from you. I shall carry just £33 to France, with good store of clothes, shirts, &c., and that with economy will serve."

His good uncle Contarine sent the money he

asked for, and it was the last sum, of which we have any record, he received from that source, for his uncle shortly afterwards became imbecile.

In another letter to his uncle Contarine, written a few weeks later from Leyden, he gives a description of his misadventures in starting to reach Paris, and finding himself at Leyden instead :

“Some time after the receipt of your last I embarked for Bordeaux, on board a Scotch ship called *St. Andrew's*, Captain John Wall, master. The ship made a tolerable appearance, and as another inducement, I was let to know that six agreeable passengers were to be my company. Well, we were but two days at sea when a storm drove us into a city of England, called *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*. We all went ashore to refresh us after the fatigues of our voyage. Seven men and I were one day on shore ; and on the following evening, as we were all very merry, the room door bursts open ; enters a sergeant and twelve grenadiers, with their bayonets screwed, and puts us all under the King's arrest. It seems my company were Scotchmen in the French service, and had been in Scotland to enlist soldiers for the French army. I endeavoured all I could to prove my innocence ; however, I remained in prison with the rest a fortnight, and with difficulty got off even then. Dear sir, keep this all a secret, or at least say it was for debt ; for if it were once known at the University I should hardly get a degree. But see how Providence interfered in my favour ; the ship was gone on to Bordeaux before I got from prison, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and every one of the crew were drowned. It happened the last great storm. There was a ship at that time ready for Holland, I embarked, and in nine days I arrived safe at Rotterdam, whence I travelled by land to Leyden, and whence I now write.”

“The modern Dutchman is quite a different creature from him of former times ; he in everything imitates a

Frenchman, but in his easy disengaged air, which is the result of keeping polite company, such are the better bred. But the downright Hollander is one of the oddest figures in nature ; upon a head of lank hair he wears a half-cocked narrow hat, laced with black ribbon ; no coat, but seven waistcoats, and nine pairs of breeches ; so that his hips reach almost up to his arm-pits. This well-clothed vegetable is now fit to see company, or to make love. But what a pleasing creature is the object of his appetite ! Why, she wears a large fur cap with a deal of Flanders lace ; and for every pair of breeches he carries, she puts on two petticoats. A Dutch lady burns nothing about her phlegmatic admirer but his tobacco. You must know, sir, every woman carries in her hand a stove with coals in it, which, when she sits, she swings under her petticoats ; and at this chimney, dozing Strephon lights his pipe.

“A Dutch woman and a Scotch will well bear an opposition. The one is pale and fat, the other lean and ruddy. The one walks as if she were straddling after a go-cart, the other takes too masculine a stride. I shall not endeavour to deprive either country of its share of beauty ; but must say, that of all objects on this earth, an English farmer’s daughter is most charming.”

In the same letter he writes in admiration of the country :

“Nothing can equal its beauty ; wherever I turn my eyes, fine houses, elegant gardens, statues, grottoes, vistas present themselves ; but when you enter their towns you are charmed beyond description. No misery is to be seen here ; everyone is usefully employed.”

During Goldsmith’s stay in Holland he very much modified his opinions with respect to the character of the people. Yet he could not but admire some of their institutions. In one of his essays he wrote that—

“The best and most useful laws I have ever seen are generally practised in Holland. When two men are determined to go to law with each other, they are first obliged to go before the reconciling judges, called the *peace-makers*. If the parties come attended by an advocate or solicitor they are obliged to retire, as we take fuel from the fire we are desirous of extinguishing.’

“This we think an improvement upon the administration of justice in England. It is said that the natives of Java have a summary way of settling disputes without any wrangling, by having two tubs filled with consecrated water, and the suitor who can hold his head under water the longest gains the law-suit. In England, it is said, the case is just the opposite, for he who can keep his head above water the longest in a protracted trial generally wins his case.”

Goldsmith remained about a year in Leyden, and he seems to have made various shifts to support himself. He tried teaching, but, like his philosophical vagabond, who went to Holland to teach the natives English without knowing a word of their language, he met with small success. At length he determined to leave Leyden, and, in imitation of Baron de Holberg, make the tour of Europe on foot. He borrowed some money of a friend, in order to start on his journey :

“Unluckily, he rambled into the garden of a florist. The tulip mania was still prevalent in Holland, and some species of that splendid flower brought immense prices. Goldsmith recollected that his uncle Contarine was a tulip-fancier. The thought suddenly struck him that here was an opportunity of testifying, in a delicate manner, his sense of that generous uncle’s past kindnesses. In an instant his hand was in his pocket, a number of choice and costly tulip-roots were purchased and packed up for his uncle

Contarine, and it was not until he had paid for them that he bethought himself that he had spent all the money borrowed for his travelling expenses. Too proud, however, to give up his journey and too shame-faced to make another appeal to his friend's liberality, he determined to continue his journey on foot, and depend upon chance and good luck for the means of getting forward, and it is said that he actually set off on a tour of the Continent in February, 1775, with but one spare shirt, a flute, and a single guinea."

His various wanderings and adventures in the Highlands and on the Continent he, no doubt, described in his picturesque letters to his friends in Ireland. These are, unfortunately, nearly all lost, so that we have no exact itinerary of his route.

He seems to have written an account of his travels in a long letter, which he sent to Dr. Ratcliff, Fellow of Trinity College, and, according to that gentleman, it was one of the most able and interesting of all his productions. But, unfortunately, this letter was consumed by fire, which destroyed the Doctor's house. Goldsmith kept no journal, and though he gave Dr. Percy verbally an outline of his route, it is only through his miscellaneous writings and his conversations that we can glean any further information.

"He frequently used to talk with great pleasantry," said one of his friends who knew him in later life, "of his distresses on the Continent, such as living on the hospitalities of the friars in convents, sleeping in barns, and picking up a kind of mendicant livelihood by the German flute." In travelling through Flanders and the poorer provinces of France he made good use of his flute.

“I had some knowledge of music,” said George Primrose (for which we may read Oliver Goldsmith), “with a tolerable voice; I now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. When I approached a peasant’s house towards night-fall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play to people of fashion, but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle.” In Italy, “my skill in music could avail me nothing, where every peasant was a better musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, then, I fought my way towards England, walked along from city to city, examined mankind more nearly, and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture.”

Although Goldsmith was relieved at various times from poverty and almost starvation in his travels, through his taking part in the public disputations at the different universities he visited, yet he did not believe in the “syllogistic theologico-metaphysico dilemmas” of the old schoolmen, which endeavoured by the jargon of words and hypostatic assumption to prove the unknowable. It is said that when Casaubon visited Sorbonne they showed him the hall in which, as they proudly told him,

disputations had been held for four hundred years. "And what," said he, "have they decided?" Goldsmith thought that what was taught at many of these institutions was useless knowledge and "was the proper education to make a man a fool." After wandering on the Continent for about a year, Goldsmith landed at Dover February 1st, 1756, "his whole stock of cash," says Glover, "amounting to a few halfpence."

Goldsmith wrote a series of charming letters to his Irish relatives and friends, soliciting their interest in obtaining subscriptions for publishing his first literary venture, 'An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe,' and from these epistles we obtain some glimpses into the mystery which shrouds his early life in London—of his hopes, fears, temptations, struggles, adventures, and amusements, all told with exquisite gusto.

Very few of the letters which he addressed to his relatives and friends in Ireland were answered. Yet in spite of this neglect, in one of his epistles to his brother-in-law, Hodson, in December 27th, 1757, he humorously alludes to his affection for his native land.

"Unaccountable fondness for country," he says, "this *maladie du pays*, as the French call it! Unaccountable that he should still have an affection for a place who never brought anything out of it except his brogue and his blunders. Surely my affection is equally ridiculous with the Scotchman's who refused to be cured of the itch because it made him unco' thoughtful of his wife and bonny Inverary. . . . If I go to the opera, where Signora Columba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh

for Lissoy fireside, and Johnny Armstrong's 'Last Good-night,' from Peggy Golden [his father's milkmaid]. If I climb Hampstead Hill, than where Nature never exhibited a more magnificent prospect, I confess it fine; but then, I would rather be placed on the little mount before Lissoy Gate, and there take in to me the most pleasing horizon in Nature."

It is in these letters we learn how those beautiful visions of his childhood which he has so well represented in his poems were not the mere passing ebullitions of the poet's fancy, but were part of his own life. How he was constantly looking back to the time when he should again visit the scenes of his youth!

"But, alas!" he writes to his cousin, Mrs. Jane Lawder, August 15th, 1758, "I have many a fatigue to encounter before that happy time comes, when your poor old simple friend may again give a loose to the luxuriance of his nature, sitting by Kilmore fireside, recount the various adventures of a hard-fought life, laugh over the follies of the day, join his flute to your harpsichord, and forget that ever he starved in those streets where Butler and Otway starved before him."

The following exquisite lines from "The Deserted Village," published many years afterwards, are but an elaboration of the same sentiment which he had kept fresh in his heart for so long a time:

"In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amid the humble bowers to lay me down
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;

I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amid the swains to show my book-learn'd skill.
Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw
And tell of all I felt and all I saw ;
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from which at first she flew ;
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last."

In another letter addressed to one of his Irish friends, Bob Byranton, about the same time, after indulging in a whimsical strain of gasconade upon his future prospects, of the mark he was going to make in literature, and of the reputation his works would be held two hundred years hence (little thinking that this humorous tirade would one day be more than realised), he concludes in this whimsical fashion :

"Let me, then, stop my fancy to take a view of my future self—and, as the boys say, light down to see myself on horseback. Well, now that I am down, where the d—l is I ? Oh gods ! gods ! here in a garret writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score."

In a letter to his cousin, Mrs. Jane Lawden, he gives a humorous account of his efforts at economy.

"I have given my landlady orders for an entire reform in the state of my finances ; I declaim against hot suppers, drink less sugar in my tea, and check my grate with brick-bats. Instead of hanging my room with pictures I intend to adorn it with maxims of frugality ; these will make pretty furniture enough, and won't be too expensive. . . . Each maxim is to be inscrib'd on a sheet of clean paper, and wrote with my best pen, of which the following will serve as a specimen : 'Look sharp.' 'Mind the main

chance.' 'Money is money now.' 'If you have a thousand pounds you can put your hands by your sides, and say you are worth a thousand pounds every day of the year.' 'Take a farthing from an hundred pounds and it will be an hundred pounds no longer.' Thus, which way so ever I turn my eyes, they are sure to meet one of these friendly monitors, and, as we are told of an actor who hung his room round with looking-glasses to correct the defects of his person, my apartment shall be furnished in a peculiar manner to correct the errors of my mind."

But these letters to his friends in Ireland give us but little insight into the terrible privations which Goldsmith went through during his early residence in London, and of his various expedients to improve his position.

If Goldsmith had been successful in his early career, that which constitutes the charm of his writings would probably have been lost to the world. His own words applied to himself are unfortunately true, "that an habitual acquaintance with misery is the truest school of fortitude and philosophy." A man's happiness is more dependent upon what he *is* than what he *has*. Goldsmith was ever ready to shake hands with circumstances, and in the depths of his poverty, when herding with "the beggars in Axe Lane," his mind rose above the meanness of poverty, and he could even see the humorous side of it, and he has shown that those who go through the greatest privations are often the most cheerful.

We can understand how he carried out the philosophy which he put into the mouth of the poor wooden-legged beggar :

"As for misfortunes, sir, I cannot pretend to have gone

through more than others. Except the loss of my limb, *and my being obliged to beg*, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain ; there are some who have lost both legs and an eye ; but thank Heaven it is not quite so bad with me."

Long afterwards when in company of the best wits of the day at clubs or social dinners, it is said that he would break away from them and join some jolly fellows at a tavern where he would sing with freedom, among others, his favourite song about "an old woman tossed in a blanket seven times as high as the moon."

In one of his letters he quotes from Montaigne, that the wisest men have friends with whom they do not care how much they play the fool. Such of these friends were no doubt typified in "Dick Muggins the exciseman, Jack Slang the horse doctor, little Aminadab that grinds the music box, and Tom Twist that spins the pewter platter."

At a later time when he was mixing with some of the best professional men of the day, we find him writing to his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds from Paris, and contrasting his present enjoyments with the time when he was there, a poor solitary wanderer who had "taken the world for his pillow." He says, "I find that travelling at twenty and forty are different things. I set out with all my confirmed habits about me, and can find nothing on the Continent so good as when I formerly left it. One of our chief amusements here is scolding at everything we meet with, and praising everything and every person we left at home." The letter proceeds in the same grumbling tone, although written when he was travelling with his

best friends and basking in the sunny smiles of the Jessamy Bride.

In the early years of Goldsmith's life in London his "sole ambition was a livelihood." He tried various devices before he began to write as an author. It is very difficult to think nobly when one has to write for a livelihood. He lived, unfortunately, also in a time of literary degradation, when contempt was poured upon learning and literature, when the very name of author suggested a garret and miserable wretches guilty of daily hunger, when Chatterton starved, and according to Geo. Darley, "murder was done every night upon genius by neglect and scorn."

Fielding has given us an illustration in 'Joseph Andrews' of these degenerate times, when the huntsman calls off his hounds from chasing poor parson Adams because they would be injured by following *cermin*, while the Squire and the bystanders looked upon parson-hunting as good sport.

Even when an author was successful, and had made a name in the world, he was pestered with all the little anonymous liars and literary assassins of Grub Street, who used the names of liar, fool, knave, only as common expletives, when expressing a different opinion on any subject, whether political, poetical, or critical, and who admired or condemned *rabido ore*.

These meagre scribblers were the descendants of "Jacob Tonson's ragamuffins" as Byron called them, and they were ever ready to be let out on hire, to torture, mangle, and scalp their victims, and their reputation, like the insects worshipped in ancient

Egypt, was in proportion to the venom of their stings. It was from among such society as this that Goldsmith emerged as a successful author, and we know how these "Cerberian whelps of fury and slander" used that gentle spirit; yet out of all this terrible ordeal of want, misery, and degradation Goldsmith's muse came out pure and undefiled.

Unfortunately, Goldsmith would do but little work, unless under pressing necessity. So that he was always in arrears. It was under these adverse circumstances that some of his best works were written. We cannot but lament that so much intelligence was paralysed by such conscious infirmity of will and purpose. The consequence was that Goldsmith wasted himself on work which was unworthy of his genius, and to the end of his life he was scarcely better than a bookseller's hack.

It was in his early time in London (1758), when Goldsmith was a poor literary drudge, that he was threatened with imprisonment by his hard taskmaster Griffiths. The publisher had advanced him some money for a suit of clothes, that he might make a decent appearance in order to pass an examination at Surgeons' Hall for a naval hospital appointment. Fortunately for the world's literature, he failed. At this time, in 1758, he was living in mean lodgings in Green Arbour Court, Holborn, between what was then Fleet Market and the Old Bailey. One day his landlady, to whom he owed a trifle for rent, came to him in great distress, saying that her husband had been arrested for debt and imploring him to help her. To save his landlord from imprisonment, Goldsmith sent his new clothes

to a pawnbroker and advanced the sum needed, and then, finding himself without a penny for his own present needs, he sent the volumes he had to review to a friend as security for a trifling loan. Griffiths, hearing this, wrote to him an angry letter demanding his books and in a second letter called Goldsmith a "sharp" and a "villain," with threats of prosecution and a prison. There is preserved only the poor debtor's second letter in reply, and a more heart-breaking epistle was never penned.

"I know," he said, "of no misery but a jail, to which my own imprudence and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens, request it as a favour,—as a favour that may prevent somewhat more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being, with all that contempt which indigence brings with it, with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. . . . I am guilty, I own, of meanness, which poverty unavoidably brings with it, my reflections are filled with repentance for my imprudence but not with any remorse for being a villain, that may be a character you unjustly charge me with. Your books, I can assure you, are neither pawned nor sold, but in the custody of a friend, from whom my necessities obliged me to borrow some money: whatever becomes of my person, you shall have them in a month," &c.

We regret that not long after Goldsmith's residence in London his interesting correspondence with his relations and friends in Ireland became very intermittent and after a time nearly ceased, not apparently from any fault of Goldsmith, for in a letter to his brother Maurice, as late as 1770, he writes:

"I believe I have written an hundred letters to different

friends in your country and never received an answer from any of them. I do not know how to account for this, or why they are unwilling to keep up for me those regards which I must ever retain for them."

In this letter he says :

"The King has lately been pleased to make me Professor of Ancient History in a Royal Academy of Painting, which he has just established, but there is no salary annexed ; and I took it rather as a compliment to the institution than any benefit to myself. Honours to one in my situation are something like ruffles to a man that wants a shirt. You tell me that there are fourteen or fifteen pounds left me in the hands of my cousin Lawder, and you ask me what I will have done with them. . . . All that I can say is, that I entirely, and this letter will serve to witness, give up any right and title to it. And I am sure they will dispose of it to the best advantage" (that is, to his poor relations).

At another time he had an interview with the Duke of Northumberland, who told him that he admired his poem "The Traveller," and that he was going to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and hearing he was a native of Ireland, he said he would be glad to do him a kindness. Goldsmith answered, that he had a brother there, a clergyman, who stood in need of help, and quite forgot himself. Goldsmith was called an idiot by some of his friends and acquaintances, but he was such an idiot as many philosophers might wish to imitate and rich men might envy.

During Goldsmith's great poverty, although he had many tempting offers, he refused to write for any party, for he was aware of the hopeless antagonism between parties in politics and religion, where party spirit is mistaken for the love of truth. "A

man," says Pascal, "never does evil so heartily and cheerfully as when he does it with his conscience." In 1767, during Lord North's administration, a certain well-known political partisan, a Rev. Dr. Scott, whose conscience was on the side of the Ministry, was sent to Goldsmith, in order to induce him to write in favour of the Government, and he has given a description of his interview: "I found him," he said, "in a miserable set of chambers in the Temple. I told him my authority. I told him that I was empowered to pay most liberally for his exertions, and would you believe it, he was so absurd to say, 'I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance you offer is, therefore, unnecessary to me.' And so I left him," added the reverend Dr. Scott indignantly, "in his garret." Of course men of the world called him an idiot.

Many men can bear adversity who break down under prosperity. Goldsmith's later letters show that he was happier in his indigent circumstances, before he had learned from bitter experience that debt was the worst kind of poverty, than he was in his shackled prosperity, when his income must have been, according to Macaulay, at least £800 per annum, a large sum in those days. But, unfortunately, the more money Goldsmith earned the deeper he got into debt and the poorer he became. It is no wonder that at this time of his seeming prosperity, when he was hunted down and pressed by duns, bailiffs, and harpies of every description, he would look back with fondness to the days of his poverty and vagabondage, when he was free as the healthful air he breathed.

Literary detectives, who, as a rule, invent more than they discover, followed him as they do every noticeable man, and took notes of his errors and failings, for he lived in a harassing state of publicity. But, however, these inquisitors could not discover that he was a drunkard or immoral, and according to the evidence of those who knew him, he did not, even in a gambling age, especially in the latter part of his life, waste much money in play. The great charge against him was, that he did not pay his debts. He was not like another Irishman, Sheridan, who said "that he did not care to fritter away his money in paying his debts," for Goldsmith paid other people's debts, and too often forgot his own. When Goldsmith died, half the unpaid bill he owed to Filby, his tailor, amounting in all to £79, was for clothes supplied to his scapegrace nephew Hodgson. In one of his last letters there is a record of his having at various times, not long before his death, advanced to this same nephew considerable sums of money. A great many of his debts were supposed to be due to the booksellers, who no doubt had made large profits out of him. During his last illness the staircase of his chambers in Brick Court was filled, not by clamorous creditors, but by sobbing women, and the lamentations of the old and infirm, who were the recipients of his charity, to whom he never turned a deaf ear, even when struggling himself with poverty. Worn out with fatigue and worry, Goldsmith passed away at the early age of forty-five. The news of his death came as a great shock to his friends. A great gloom came over Johnson.

Reynolds left off painting for the day, and Burke burst into tears. Can we have any better testimonials to his lovable character than these?

In concluding this imperfect notice of Goldsmith's correspondence we might remark that one of his last most humorous epistles is an answer to an invitation to spend Christmas with Mrs. Bunbury at Barton among his choicest friends. It is written in prose and verse, with a quaint texture of humour and fancy, and it is as good a specimen as can be found in our language of off-hand impromptu writing. Goldsmith's poetical epistle, "The Haunch of Venison," addressed to Lord Clare, is a perfect specimen of a letter written in rhyme.

We do not know why our author so often receives the appellation of Poor Goldsmith, for he had more resources of enjoyment in him than perhaps any of his literary contemporaries. We think that he spent a far happier life on the whole than his large-hearted, noble friend Dr. Johnson, who constantly lived in the shadow of the black fear of death, while Goldsmith was of a light, buoyant spirit, which outward circumstances could hardly depress, and he never was so poor as to be unable to assist some one poorer than himself. He had faith in human nature; and although he had a hoard of cynical maxims always at hand, yet he heartily believed and taught that there is a great deal of goodness in this wicked world. Like the good Vicar, "he was by nature an admirer of happy faces," and we do not know of a better antidote against the unhealthy pessimism of the present day than the teachings of 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' It has been said that

this story read once a year in any household would make that home a better one.

In 1830 Goethe wrote to Zelter :

“It is not to be described the effect which Goldsmith’s ‘Vicar’ had upon me just at the critical moment of mental development. The lofty and benevolent irony, that fair and indulgent view of all infirmities and faults, that meekness under all calamities, that equanimity under all changes and chances, and the whole train of kindred virtues, whatever names they bear, proved my best education ; and in the end, these are the thoughts and feelings which have reclaimed us from all the errors of life.”

Sir Walter Scott wrote :

“We read the ‘Vicar of Wakefield’ in youth and in age we return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature.”

We think that Dr. Johnson, who knew Goldsmith better than any of his contemporaries, was just in the estimate of his character when he said “Let not his frailties be remembered ; he was a great man.” And we might say, in the noble words of Martial, *Si non errasset fecerat ille minus*—“Had he not erred, his merits had been less.”

ROMEO AND JULIET BEFORE AND IN SHAKSPERE'S TIME.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON, LL.D., F.R.S.L.

[Read March 22nd, 1905.]

THE plot of "Romeo and Juliet" was not invented by Shakspeare, who, in this play, as in others, took the material ready to his hand, but gave it the lasting impression of his own genius, so that his predecessors are now chiefly valued for the sake of that which they may have suggested to him. In the case of "Romeo and Juliet" it is not desirable to be dogmatic as to the sources, for there is at least one incident of the play anticipated in a work that Shakspeare can never have seen, and the exact extent of his indebtedness in other cases may be a matter of controversy. This much is certain, the story of "Romeo and Juliet" exists in Italian literature in several forms, it is to be found in the dramatic literature of Spain and France, and there was both a poem and a play on the subject in English before the theme was adopted by Shakspeare. And, most curious of all, the incident of the supposed death and entombment of the heroine is found in a Greek romance of the second century—a romance which remained in MS. until Shakspeare had been dead more than a hundred years. This may serve

as a general warning not to regard coincidence as an absolute proof of imitation.

The fatal love of Romeo and Juliet is probably historical. Dante mentions the feud between the Montagues and Capulets, and Girolamo Corte, in his history of Verona, assigns the incident to the year 1303. When Breval visited Verona the guide called his attention to an old building, a nunnery, which had been converted into an orphanage in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. When the alteration was being made "the workmen happened to break down an old tomb, in which there were found two coffins, which, by the inscription yet legible upon the stone, appeared to contain the bodies of a young couple that had come by their death in a very tragical manner about three centuries before." He then gives an outline of the story of Romeo and Juliet as told him by the guide, and mentions that he had looked the matter up in Girolamo Corte's 'History.' Breval very judiciously contrasts Shakspeare's treatment of the theme with the odd travesty perpetrated by no less a person than Thomas Otway in his 'Caius Marius.'*

The first hint of the story in literature is due to an Italian novelist of the fifteenth century. The "Novellino de Masuccio Salernitano" is a folio of seventy-two leaves, which was printed at Venice in July, 1492. It is illustrated with numerous woodcuts, often interesting, but not always so explanatory of the text as might be desired. The early Italian novelists had an obliging habit of placing before their stories an "argument," or brief epitome. The

* 'Breval's Travels.' London, 1726, vol. ii, p. 103.

argument of Masuccio's thirty-second novel states that Mariotto, who is in love with Ganozza, having killed a man, escapes to Alexandria. Ganozza pretends to be dead, is taken from the tomb, and goes in quest of her lover. He, however, hearing of her death, in order to die also, returns to Siena, where he is recognised, arrested, and beheaded. The lady, not finding him in Alexandria, returns to Siena, where she finds the dead body of her lover, and dies of grief upon his corpse. With the exception of the names, this looks like a brief abstract and chronicle of Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet." The argument omits to say that Mariotto and Ganozza were secretly married by an Augustinian friar, who afterwards prepares the sleeping draught which helps the heroine to feign death. And the text varies from the argument, for Ganozza, instead of dying on the corpse of her lover, ends her days in a convent, lamenting the evil fate that has blighted her young life.

We come close to Shakspeare in the "*Hystoria nouellamente Ritronata di due nobili Amanti: Con la loro Pietosa Morte. Interuenuta gia nella Città di Uerona. Nel tempo del Signor Bartholomeo dalla Scalla.*" This is a small octavo of thirty-two leaves. The colophon reads:—

Qui Finisse lo infelice Innamoramento di Romeo Montecchi et de Giulietta Capelletti. Stampato in la inclita citta di Venetia per Benedetto de Bondoni.

There is no date, but the bibliographers assign the book to the year 1530, and that year may be fairly accepted as the birth-year of the story of

“Romeo and Juliet.” Luigi da Porto’s novel has often been reprinted. The John Rylands Library not only possesses the very rare original edition, but also the one printed at Milan in 1819. This is a bibliographical rarity of the first order. Only six copies were printed, and these were all on vellum. The edition was prepared to give scope to the talents of Gianbatista Gigola as an illuminator and miniaturist. There are seven drawings by this artist, who has surrounded each of his paintings with an emblematical border. The subjects include the marriage, the duel, the trance, and the death of Romeo. The last shows the dead lovers lying side by side on a bier. This remarkable volume is in one of C. Lewis’s bindings.

Luigi da Porto professes to tell the story as he heard it from the lips of an archer named Peregrino. This man came from Verona, and his tale was intended to wile away the weariness of a journey, as well as to dissuade Luigi from “staying long in the prison of Love.” Whether that would be a probable effect may be doubted.

Amongst the Italian novelists a place of honour is due to Baudello for variety of invention and narrative skill. When his stories were republished he added to each a preface addressed to some friend or patron in which he gives an account of the circumstances under which he became acquainted with the tale. The first edition appeared in 1554. The ninth novel of the second part is thus dedicated to Fracastorius, celebrated in his day both as poet and physician. Baudello says that he heard this account of “the unfortunate death of two unhappy

lovers, of whom one perished by poison and the other died of sorrow," from the lips of Captain Alessandro Peregrino. It is curious to note that the archer to whom da Porto alleges he owed the story was also named Peregrino. Then follows the story of Romeo and Juliet in all its main incidents as it is found in da Porto and in Shakspeare.

In 1553 there appeared "*L'infelice amore di due fedelissimi amanti Giulia e Romeo, scritto in ottava rima da Clitia nobile Veronese ad Ardeo suo. In Vinegia, appresso Gabriel Giolito de' Ferrari et Fratelli.*" This is reproduced in Alessandro Torri's "*Giulietta e Romeo*" (Pisa, 1831). This is the only instance in which a lady has undertaken the task of narrating the misfortunes of the Veronese lovers.

The Italian dramatist, Luigi Groto, "*Cicco d'Adria*," as he called himself in allusion to his blindness, has, in "*La Adriana*," placed the scene of the tragedy in ancient Adria. Latinus is Romeo and Adriana is Juliet. The heroine is a princess, and her father and the father of Latinus are at war. The boy and girl first see each other when she is watching the advance of the hostile army to besiege her father's city. Love at first sight follows, and the death of her brother in single combat with Latinus does not quench her flame. Adriana is intended by her father to become the wife of the King of the Sabines, but she persuades a magician to give her a sleeping draught, and her body is entombed in the royal sepulchre. Latinus hears of her supposed death before there has been time to make him acquainted with the truth. He takes poison and comes to die at Adriana's tomb. She awakens, and,

after a pathetic conversation between the lovers, Latinus dies in the arms of Adriana, who then stabs herself. There are some remarkable passages in this play that remind one of Shakspeare. The character of the nurse is an Italian counterpart of the garrulous, weak, and kindhearted old woman of the English dramatist. The play may be assigned to the year 1578, as the dedication is dated on the 29th of November of that year. The "blind man of Adria" draws from his tragedy the moral that fathers should not keep their daughters long unmarried, but as soon as possible settle them in the best way they can. This may be good advice, but as Adriana and Juliet were but fourteen there does not appear to the modern mind to have been any undue delay in the matrimonial arrangements attempted for them. Some of the parallels between Shakspeare and Groto are very striking.*

The perturbed life of Lope de Vega Carpio stretched from 1562 to 1635. His career and character present the most violent contrasts. Soldier, sailor,—he was in the "Invincible Armada"—poet, dramatist, and priest; he was a man of violent passions, sinning and repenting and sinning again, his stormy life had many unedifying episodes, and his illicit love affairs were a scandal to the priestly garb that he adopted in later life. He ended in great austerity, seeking to atone for past sins of the flesh by severe self-flagellation. He died at seventy-three in a melancholy that has been called hypochondria, and left behind him a reputation for

* See Walker's 'Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy,' and Pace-Sanfelice's English Translation of da Porto.

unparalleled dramatic fertility.* His plays are said to have numbered 1500. Most of these are lost, but there remain 430 plays and some fifty autos. He is the greatest of all the mere playwrights. Incident succeeds incident in quick succession, the dialogue is vivacious, the plot intricate, and the secret of the ending is reserved from the spectator as long as possible. He lacks, however, the creative power that belongs to the great dramatists. The same characters reappear although their names may be changed, and we look in vain for the haunting individuality with which Shakspeare invests so many even of the minor personages whom he places on the stage.

Amongst the plays of Lope that have happily survived is one about the two lovers of Verona. "Castelvines y Monteses" is a tragi-comedy which follows closely the story as we know it, but, in obedience to the popular desire for a happy ending, substitutes, at the last moment, comedy for tragedy. Romeo becomes Roselo, and most of the other names are changed, but Julia and Count Paris are in the list of characters. The "scene is in Verona, Ferrara, and other parts." A good English translation of the play was made by the late Mr. F. W. Cossens, and it would be an interesting experiment to have it placed on the stage. The Elizabethan Society would do a service by producing it.

Lope's departure from the traditional form of the story of Romeo and Juliet is remarkable. Antonio,

* The latest and fullest account of the famous Spaniard is 'The life of Lope de Vega,' by Hugo Albert Rennert (Philadelphia, 1904). See also 'Lope de Vega and the Spanish Drama,' by James Fitzmaurice-Kelly (Glasgow, 1902).

Julia's father, supposing her to be dead, decides to obtain a papal dispensation in order to marry his niece Dorotea, for he has "great possessions," and desires a child to inherit and retain them in the family. Roselo, having recovered Julia from the tomb, they go, disguised as villagers, to a farm where Antonio awaits his intended bride. The voice, as he supposes, of his dead daughter speaks to him, and, after telling him of her marriage with Roselo, bids him "farewell." Immediately after Roselo is brought in a prisoner by Antonio's brother Teobaldo, who proposes to consider to what death he shall be put. Antonio, under the influence, as he thinks, of the recent communication from the spirit world, suggests that his son Roselo shall be united to the niece whom he had himself intended to marry. As Teobaldo agrees to this Julia enters, and, after further explanations Dorotea, whose consent to these various marriages is assumed without discussion, is provided with a congenial husband in the lover whom she has selected for herself.

There are many good passages in the play, and even phrases that have a Shakspearean flavour. A comic situation occurs in the second scene, where Julia is seated between her two lovers. She gives her hand to Roselo, but turns her face to Otavio, and each of the young men naturally supposes that her words are meant for him alone. As a specimen of Lope's play the latter part of the episode of the tomb may be cited. Roselo and his servant Marin go to rescue the heroine. She has awakened, and hardly knows whether she is dead or alive.

ACT III.—SCENE IV.

Sepulchral Vault beneath the Church of Verona.

Julia. Oh ! where hath frowning Fortune led me ?
If I be dead, how sense of thought remain ?
So chill, so black, all murky night around ;
No door, no air. Heaven denies me sight
Of his bright, pure, and glorious light.
Can I be sleeping 'mid the mighty dead,
And feel the chill of fading life upon my brain,
While yet stern will remains ? I know no pain.
Have I not flesh to feel, tongue, lips, and voice ?
What place is this, so dark, so foul,
So chill, so dank ? My very flesh doth creep.
Who, then, inhabit its dread silence ? Sin-
Sickening corpses seem to hem me in.
O heaven ! how I love sweet life ! Who, then,
Hath placed me living 'mid the dead, and when ?
Why gape these murky caves to gulf my soul ?
Stay ; mem'ry dawns ! the deadly draught
Aurelio sent hath work'd this chill, how then
Hold I still mysterious mortal ken,
How move, and feel, and think, and touch ?
Why shudder thus at chill of death ?
Yonder's the flicker of a flame, there yawns
The dark abyss, where mortal souls do mourn
Life's chances lost, that sad unfathomed bourn.
Hath Lethe's stream been bridged, and do I know
The pinching penalty of love and woe ?
The light approaches : if I be not lifeless now
I die of fear.

Enter ROSELO with a lantern, MARIN following.

JULIA retires.

Marin. Pray leave me here, 'tis more discreet,
I'll guard the door that's nearest to the street.

Roselo. Anselmo's there ; he will do all need.
Come thou with me. Why stand aghast, and look
So pale and tremble ?

Marin. 'Twere better that the Bishop and his train
Should come with holy water first.

Roselo. Ascend this step with care.

Marin. This step ! oh, dear !——

Roselo. Dost fear the silent air will eat thee ?

Marin. Ah ! I feel a touch upon mine arm !

(Overturns the lantern, and extinguishes the light.)

Roselo. Accursed be thy clumsy hand and foot !

Marin. Assist me, Holy Mother, all the saints give aid.
I feel I'm dead and buried, with mouldy corpses laid.

Roselo. Silence ! some one speaks.

Marin. Oh ! did you hear a corpse's voice ?

Julia (aside). No doubt Anselio's potion did contain
Some sweet confection wooing without pain,
Death's counterfeit, soft slumber.
And in this house of death they've laid me.

Roselo. Again the whisper of a human voice.

Marin. Oh, good San Pablo and San Lucas,
Et ne nos inducas.

Roselo. Here, trembling fool, this lantern take,
And in the chapel of the church above
Thou'lt find a light.

Marin. What say you, noble sir ?

Roselo. That thou hast heard me say.

Marin. How can I venture there alone, for note you not
How unmerved I am. I feel both cold and hot.

Roselo. Cease thy coward words, and go at once.

Marin. Good gracious ! who again hath touch'd mine
arm ?

Roselo. Stay thou here ; I'll go alone.

Marin. What ! I stay here alone. Oh, no !

Roselo. What folly's this ? alone I go.

(Here some lines are wanting.)

Julia (aside). Methought that where I saw the dancing light,

I hear the sound of voices murmur near.

What ! do the dead speak, and do I living hear ?

Roselo. Hush ! hear you not a voice again ?

Marin. They say the blood doth course toward the heart ;
Mine through the girdle, seems ready to depart.

Roselo. The voice doth issue from that corner vault.

Marin. Think you that chattering bony jaws can speak
Fair words ? No mouldy corpse would suffer such, I
trow.

Roselo. What can be done ?

Marin. How should I know ?

Roselo. Canst touch the wall ?

Marin. Ugh ! In the nape of the neck I've touch'd
A cold and clammy corpse, oh dear !
San Blas, Antonio, all the saints, oh, hear !

Roselo. How now ?

Marin. Ugh ! I touched it now ; so fat and soft,
A friar's paunch, I'll swear. Ah, here's a skull !
It seems an ass's, 'tis so big : I feel
As if his teeth were fix'd upon my heel.

Roselo. What !—teeth ?

Marin. I tremble, know not what I say or fear ;
I put my finger 'tween the stones all broken here,
And thought 'twas something gnawing at my flesh—
Who touches me again—oh, dear !

Roselo. Where have they laid Otavio's lifeless corpse ?

Marin. Why speak of that now, good sir ? Oh, help !

Roselo. What now ?

Marin. Oh, mercy, why did I omit to bring
The indulgence singly in my pouch ?

Roselo. For what ?

Marin. Did I not eat the missing trout, and all
The pears that lay in sugar, and swear I did not ?

Roselo. Have done thy senseless chatter.

Julia (aside). Alas ! alas ! no hiding-place I see ;

They come, alas ! and whither shall I go ?

Gentlemen, pray, say are ye alive or no ?

[ROSELO and MARIN *fall down*.

Marin. I'm not alive ; in fact, I'm sure I'm dead.

Roselo. Who speaks of death with such melodious voice ?

Marin. Indeed I'm dead. Let me 'scape this once,
And ne'er again will I come groping in
Cold, dank, and deathly vaults, on such fool's errand
As this same.

Roselo. Sweet Love, illumine with thy magic fire !

Marin. I wish Love would ; these dead men here
Like droning bees go buzzing by your ear,
First right, then left, but give no light to cheer.

Roselo. Courage, we'll shout. Sweet Julia, love.

Marin. We'll suppose Otavio hears you call
He'll wake the drowsy dead both great and small.

Roselo. My Julia, sweetest love and wife ?

Julia (*aside*). That voice !—it brings assurance to my
heart ;

But if it be Otavio's voice, I'll call,

And solve all doubt. Otavio, speak.

Marin. They call Otavio, and we're dead men now.

Roselo. I'm not Otavio, nor his shadow'd self.

Julia. Who then art thou ?

Roselo. Roselo Montes.

Julia. Roselo.

Roselo. Dost doubt ?

Julia. Some token give in proof.

Roselo. Anselmo did advise me that, with cunning skill,
Anrelio had prepared some drink,
Which being drunken simulates still death.
He sends me thus to rescue thee,
That all being blinded by thy seeming death,
I may in silence bear thee from this vault.

Julia. What gave I on the night we parted ?

Roselo. A precious relic, love and wife !

Julia. And thou to me ?

Roselo. Two stones, in shape like hearts, and clasp'd
Tightly 'tween golden links.

Julia. And on the morrow ?

Roselo. The diamond jewel which doth clasp my
plume.

Julia. These tokens are most certain ; still
In my first letter what wrote I ?

Marin. More questions in this murky, musty place !

Roselo. To the husband of my soul !

Marin. Oh, handsome Doña Nuña, say
Whether she be dead or may ;
For 'mid the dead I'm often told,
Dwell neutrals, neither young nor old,
Who neither flesh nor bone doth hold.

Roselo. Leave us, Marin.

Marin. What presses now, my noble lord ?

Julia. Approach, dear husband of my soul !

Roselo. Thy voice within my heart doth fading hope
revive.

Marin. All is accomplish'd ; now let grief
Again resume her sway, for as I'm dead as thief,
'Tis somewhat late to speak.

Roselo. Out, blockhead ! Thinkest thou that I
Am quite as brainless as thyself ?

Marin. Come, let us away, lest morning's dawn
Doth change to murky night.

Roselo. Go whither ? Say, sweet wife.

Julia. It will be wise we still go well disguised ;
So long as these sad ills pursue,
At the farm which my dear father owns,
Two labourers' dresses will be good masquerade.

Roselo. Thy beauty will peep out, and give the lie
To that coarse dress which may enshroud thy charms.

Julia. What, when all do think me dead ?

Roselo. Let us forth, sweet Julia.

Marin. Wait !

Roselo. For what ?

Marin. I care not to go last—I'll lead the file.

Roselo. O fortune fair, upon our true love smile.

[*Exeunt.*

Lope de Vega, although the greatest, was not the only author who made the Spanish public familiar with the story. A translation from Bandello appeared in 1589. "Aurelio y Alexandra," in the 'Novelas Morales,' printed at Madrid in 1620, is also a version of the Romeo and Juliet tradition. There is also a drama by Francisco de Roxas, whose plays were published in 1640 and 1645.

Doubtless Shakspeare's main source was "The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Julieit, written first in Italian by Bandell, and nowe in English by Ar. Br." This was printed by Tottell in 1562. It is much more than a mere translation. Arthur Broke was drowned at sea in 1563, whilst on his way to service in the English army abroad. His version is not made direct from Bandello, but from the French translation of Pierre Boaistuau Launay and François de Belle-forest, whose "Histoires Tragiques" appeared in 1559. Broke, in his poem, has heightened the picture of the nurse, and in the changes he has made is followed by Shakspeare. From an important passage of his we learn that Romeo and Juliet had already been acted on the stage with great applause. From this it may be concluded that a generation before Shakspeare some now unknown English dramatist had occupied himself with the sorrows of the two lovers of Verona.

Bandello's story was again offered to the English public in William Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," of which the first part appeared in 1566. This book,

whose not altogether exemplary author died in 1593, became a mine from which dramatists of the time dug some of their gold. Shakspeare, Peele, Webster, Jursar, Beaumont, Fletcher, Marston, and Massinger are all indebted to Painter. He has no claim to originality, but takes his material from Herodotus, Plutarch, Cinthio, Straparola, and many others. No less than twenty-six of his stories are taken from Bandello, but, like Broke, he is thought to have used the French translation.

The story was known in France before the appearance of the "*Histoires Tragiques*," as it is told by Adrien Sevin in the introduction to a translation of Boccaccio's "*Filocolo*," which appeared in 1542.*

Shakspeare's "*Romeo and Juliet*" appeared in quarto in 1597, and was reprinted in 1599, and a third in 1609. These are without the author's name. The play is one of those named by Francis Meres in "*Palladis Tamia*," issued in 1598. The nurse's remark, "'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years," has been interpreted as a reference to the earthquake of 1580, and would place the writing or first appearance of the play in 1591.

"*Romeo and Juliet*" is the tragedy of youth and passion. In less than a week there is the birth of love, the fluctuations of hope and despair, the fierce burning of the mutual affection of youth and maiden, and the final destruction of the young lives that should have been saved to brighter ends.

The fragment of a Latin play in the British Museum has not, it is thought, been printed before. The transcript has been a matter of some difficulty,

* See Dunlop's '*History of Fiction*.' New Edition, ii, 180.

owing to the crabbed handwriting, and the numerous alterations made by the author in his text. It is an interesting fragment, and is given in the appendix. Mr. Augustus Hughes-Hughes, who has examined it for me, states that between ff. 248b and 251 there are inserted, in the same handwriting, portions of three poems, all of which occur in a complete form in MS. Add. 23723 (ff. 8b—14 passim). The first of these is: "A grave Poeme as it was presented by certaine Divines in way of an Enterlude before his Majestie in Cambridge done into English with some liberall aduantage to be sung to the tune of 'Bonney Nell.'" A contemporary note in MS. Add. 23723 gives the date 1614, which, as it refers to March, means 1615 in our modern reckoning. This "Grave Poem" was written by Richard Corbet, who, in 1614, became Bishop of Oxford. It is printed in Nichol's 'Progresses.' As the Sloane MS. does not appear to be in Corbet's handwriting and has no corrections, it is probably a transcript.

Thomas Milles, one of our early writers on economics, finds a place for the story of Romeo and Juliet in the second part of his "Treasurie of Auncient and Modern Times" (London, 1613—1619).

We have thus seen how Shakspeare and his contemporaries knew, or may have known, the story of "Romeo and Juliet." There remains for examination an ancient romance unknown in Shakspeare's days, but which has a bearing upon the history of the play, and anticipates the tomb scene. The Greek Juliet is Anthia, the heroine of the "Ephesiaca" of Xenophon of Ephesus, an author of whom

we know little. He had no high esteem among the ancients, and he has not attracted the attention of the moderns to any great extent. Photius does not name him, and Suidas says that his romance is in ten books whereas it has only five. According to this authority Xenophon wrote, in addition to his "Ephesiaca," a treatise on the city of Ephesus, and some other works. There is said to have been a Xenophon of Cyprus, who wrote the "Cypriaca," and a Xenophon of Antioch, who wrote the "Babylonica." Paciaudi has suggested that Xenophon is a mere pseudonym of each of the three romancers, adopted as a means of profiting by the fame of the historian. Even the age in which the "Ephesiaca" was written appears to be doubtful. As the author speaks of the Prefect of Egypt it is thought that the date cannot be earlier than B.C. 31. The mention of a Prefect of the Peace in Cilicia is supposed to mean the Irenarch, an office instituted between A.D. 117 and 138.

On the other hand the romancer uses geographical names, such as Perinthe for Heraclea, and Mazaca for Caesarea, in Cappadocia, whilst Byzantium is never styled Constantinople. Again, the hero is in danger of crucifixion—a punishment abolished by Constantine. The oracle of Apollo, at Claros, is not mentioned after the third century. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, which was burned and pillaged in A.D. 262 is described by Xenophon as still in its glory. These indications are mainly those of Casperius, and Parisot adds that if we add fifty years to the institution of the Irenarch which Xenophon treats as an established institution we reach the year A.D. 167. Xenophon would thus be a contemporary of Marcus Aurelius.

and Commodius. The last-named was slain A.D. 192, and a period of anarchy followed. It seems probable that if Xenophon was later than this period his hero and heroine would, in their many troubles, have had a share in this time of disaster. Byzantium is represented as free, rich, flourishing, and governed by its own magistrates. From all these circumstances it is thought that the composition of the "Ephesiaca" may be placed between the years 167 to 192. Although a MS. of the "Ephesiaca" was seen in the fifteenth century by Politian, who made an extract from it, the text of the romance was not printed until 1726, when it was issued by Cocchi, three years after the appearance of an Italian translation by Salvini.

The Greek Juliet is the heroine of a story entirely Pagan in its sentiments and incidents. In the city of Ephesus there is a boy of remarkable beauty who, in his youthful arrogance, is very disdainful and especially of love. Therefore the God of Love resolves to punish him. At the great festival of Diana—and "great is Diana of the Ephesians"—all the youths and maidens of the city are assembled to take part in the sacrifices to the goddess. Amongst these is Anthia, the most beautiful damsel of the city. The handsome boy and the fair girl, who, like Juliet, is fourteen years old, fall in love with each other. When their parents discover this, recourse is had to the oracle of Apollo at Colophon, the response indicates that they are to be married, and then, wandering by land and sea, they are to seek to appease the offended gods. Shortly after the marriage the young couple set out upon their voyage of

exile; they stop at Rhodes, where their beauty causes a sensation, but when they set sail the ship is captured by Phœnician pirates, who take them to the neighbourhood of Tyre, where Apsirte, the chief of the corsairs, lives. There Apsirte's daughter falls in love with Abrocomos, who, remaining faithful to Anthia, is thrown into prison on a charge brought forward by the revengeful beauty whose offers he has refused. She is soon after married to a Syrian merchant who takes his bride home, and with her Anthia as a slave. Her mistress, Manto, hates her, and gives her in marriage to a goatherd, who, however, on hearing her story, takes pity upon her, and respects her love for Abrocomos. A new danger threatens, for Manto's husband conceives a passion for Anthia, and his wife bribes the goatherd to murder her innocent rival, but, instead of doing so, he sells her to some merchants who are voyaging to Cilicia. The vessel is wrecked, and they are cast ashore, where they fall into the hands of brigands, who decide to offer Anthia as a sacrifice to Mars. For this purpose she is about to be fastened to a tree when the troops of Perilas, the Prefect of the Peace in Cilicia, comes to the rescue, and the brigands are defeated with great slaughter. But Perilas now seeks Anthia in marriage, and, after some refusals, she sees no better way of delaying matters than feigning consent, and putting off the marriage as long as possible. Perilas at last fixes the day and, whilst the preparations are going forward, a physician from Ephesus is brought to see Anthia with the idea that a person from her native city might cure her sadness. To this physician Anthia offers a costly bribe for a

dose of poison, by which she may escape from her sorrows and rejoin Abrocomos, whom she regards as certainly dead, in Elysium. He takes the bribe, but, instead of poison, gives her a powerful opiate and escapes. When Perilas enters the nuptial chamber he finds his bride lying, to all appearance, dead upon the floor. She is placed in a tomb, in her rich garments, and with her costly adornments. The fame of the fatal marriage of the Irenarch is noised abroad and the tomb is broken open by robbers, who take Anthia, now restored to consciousness, and she is again sold into slavery.*

Her further adventures are many and marvellous, and not less so are those of Abrocomos, who, released from durance, seeks for his wife with a persistence that is at last rewarded. The wedded lovers meet before the Temple of Isis at Rhodes, whence they return to Ephesus, where the rest of their days are passed in the joy of reunion.

The incidents of the sleeping-draught and the entombment of Anthia are strikingly paralleled in Shakspeare's drama. This fact is the more curious since no one will suppose that Shakspeare had read this Greek MS., which was not printed until a century after his death. The story of Anthia and Abrocomos has other claims to consideration. It throws light—not always pleasant—upon the manners of a remote period. It is one of the few novels and begins with marriage, and it maintains throughout a lofty ideal of conjugal fidelity. But its surest

* It is worth noting that the hero and heroine of the 'Babylonica' of Jamblichus pass a night in a tomb, and that a sleeping draught also plays a part in that fantastic story. Neither incident, however, can be cited as a Shakspearean parallel.

claim to remembrance is that it furnishes a Shaksperian parallel.

Notwithstanding all the originals and analogues that have been produced "Romeo and Juliet" now belongs to Shakspeare alone.

APPENDIX.

"ROMEUS ET JULIETTA" FRAGMENT.

This fragment of a Latin play on the subject of Romeo and Juliet is printed from Sloane MS. 1775, f. 242, British Museum. The same MS. contains, apparently in transcript, the "Grave Poem," written by Richard Corbet about the visit of James I to Cambridge University in 1615. The handwriting is crabbed and difficult, and the many alterations made by the author render it very difficult to ascertain the true text. Hence many passages are queried. The author's marginal additions and alternative readings are printed within thick brackets. The proof has been kindly read with the original by Mr. Augustus Hughes-Hughes, of the British Museum.

Servus: Deos deasq[ue] omnes supremos cælites
 Precor anspicatos vt darent thalami toros
 Juveni tenello dum petit sociam sibi
 Fæliciores et exitu[m], qui si excidat.
 Dolor gravatur (*sic*) noster, et timor meus,
 At si propitia numina (*for* numina) inveniatur deu[m]
 (? = deorum)
 Sacris colemus prosperu[m] tande[m] die[m] **[miser**
 an beatus audia[m].]

CHORUS :

Quam serio solet iocari in serijs
 Fortuna stulta, quæna[m] amoris exitu[m]
 Sperare liceat, hostis in sævi domo.
 Crudelis hostis et tamen domu[m] pe[?]t it
 Florens inuentus, festa celebrantur sacra
 Palatijs, quæ Romeo insidias struant.
 Graviora damna timeo, ne pereat malis
 Jam iam futuris : facile dij fallant metu[m].
 Videre virgines licebit nobiles.
 Quæ spes amanti fuerit inimici in domo ?
 Medijsq[ue] in hostibus visv . . . (? = visum) odiu[m]
 permanens.
 Odiu[m] parentu[m] gentis et familie.
 At du[m] choreas ducere (*sic*) licet
 Dum vacat amor et lusibus, vos parcite
 Parcite furori : sponsa du[m] quæritur (*sic*) sacra
 Dum festa celebrant, letus atq[ue] abeat dies.

[With two pages.]

Philophile (*sic*): Effare inuenis m[u] data est animo quies
 An expetita forma (?) visa oculis tuis
 Placentne festa temporis solamina
 Vtina[m] expetita[m] diceres reperi mea[m]
 Etate forma genere mente nobile[m].
 Tot inter illustrissimas formas tibi
 Pudico amore quæ foret reciproca

Romeus: Vidi placetq[ue] mi pereo visu meo
 Philophile vidi, cui vieta cadat Venus.
 Fovitq[ue] coniux et ferox armis dea.
 Mori inuabit, si excida[m] votis meis
 Talemq[ue] nasci fata noluerint mihi [meet . . . (?)
 with her eyes].

Sperare possu[m] multa, amata[m] nescio.
 Tantu[m] locutus su[m], supercillijs (*sic*) notis
 Respondit invice[m] supercilijs notis
 Copia videndi dabitur exenitibus.
 Sed ecce properat diva. Quæ [?] cupio loquar.
 [Tentemus igitur sors dabit nobis locu[m].]

Comes: Aggredere fortes feminæ viros amant
 Intredida (? *for* Intrepida) constant verba, ne timide
 roges.

Romeus: Regina, salve.

Comes: Tacitus est animus pavet.

Julietta: [Beatus adsis]

Quæ tam bearunt me propitia numina
 Ut te viderem: O prosperu[m] tande[m] die[m].

Romeus: Felix ad aures vox venit subito meas.
 Mortaliu[m] sim (? *for* sum) facile fælicissimus
 Si gratus adsim, si (*sic*) prosperus foret (?) dies
 Cu[m] me videres; fata si favent mihi
 Habeo propitios attamen lentos deos.
 Et expetito (*sic*) littori imprimo pede[m]
 Pretio potitus instar orbis si tibi
 Prestare gratu[m] poterat adventus meus
 Istudq[ue] superis præmiu[m] laboribus
 Æquale nostris si dies tandem foret (?)
 Quo me sacrare[m], tempus et sancta[m] fidem
 [Propone flam[m]as vulnera et diros mali
 Doloris artes, et fama[m] et sæv[am] solum (?).]
 Vita[m]q[ue] honoremq[ue] omnia arbitrio tuo
 Si tu inberes omne servitiu[m] fera[m].
 Tuiq[ue] titulo coniugis lætus fruor.

Julietta: Tempus mora[m]que non licet verbis dare

Vtina[m] liceret verba (?) . . . spirent tua (*sic*)
 Padicu[m] amore[m], si fidem pectus pin[m].
 Tua[m] vocabis me fidele[m] coniuge[m].

[Descriptio Romei, pag. 172, Juliett private.]*

CHORUS :

Fortuna multis invida
 Fortuna paucis obvia
 Concessit ecce amantibus
 Quod sapinus negaverit
 Uterque amantis abstulit
 Uterque amanti reddidit
 Cor invice[m] fidissimu[m].
 Gratissimo com[m]ercio
 Fœlix amoris est status
 Fœlix amantis vita (?) sit
 Fœliciorq[ue] cæteris
 Mamora (?) for majora) quamvis possident
 Quam regna magna Cæsaris.
 Si detur hoc solatiu[m].
 Respondeant vt in (*sic*) invice[m].
 Fidelitate et amoribus
 Amore casto æqualibus
 Pro corde cor si redditur.
 Quod Romeo ia[m] contigit
 Suæq[ue] amicae candidæ.
 Dij prosperu[m] dent exitu[m]
 Adsit Cupido et maxima (?)
 Venus deorum, et omine
 Vtru[m]q[ue] lato succinant

Romeus cum assecla.

Domina[m] reliqui (*sic*).

Romeus : I quare prospere virginis nomen refer, ^{[m}
 Laevare cordis natæ ærummas graves. _{pater]}

* This reference is not to Broke or Painter.

Puer.: Jussa hand morabor, virginis nomen scies, [nomen
edica[m] ocus.]

Romeus: Omen sinistru[m] prohibeant dij, horreo.

Puer.: Magnanime Romee, virgini sacrae datur

Julietta nomen cui pater clarus fuit

Capilettus heros generis exosor tui.

Romeus: Miseranda fata iniqua saeva et horrida,

Vistutis (? for virtutis) istud praemiu[m] miseris
premit

Dolor perennis, vita dependet mea

Ab hoste praeco (?) cu[m] mihi fine[m] male (? =
mali)

Sperare[m] adesse, mihi inimica nimia

Mors, vita nostra est hostis vnius [in ?] manu,

Crudelis hostis, si patre[m] sequitur suu[m].

Crudelis hostis ni patre[m] oderit suu[m].

At illa mitis, meq[ue] amabit invice[m].

Non illa fallax, forma p[rae] se fert fide[m].

Si fata fine[m] tande[m] amoris denegent

Nostri miserijs servia[m] aeternu[m] miser.

Amore potiar, amore fraudatus meo

Fortuna nobis Tantalii sorte[m] dedit

Avido fugaces ore captantis cibos.

Medijs in undis sitio, sed peius siti

Arente in vins (?) aliquis, et peius fame

Hiante semper accidit nostris in (?) alios.

Julietta: Quid hoc amoris sentio vulnus grave

Ignara quis sit que[m] coniuge[m] cupere[m]
meu[m].

Quo patre natus: sequere nutrix quaeritio (*sic*)

Recede nutrix cernis incessu gravi

Heroas istos nobiles palatio

Exire, velle[m] scire prosapia[m], genus

Nomen parentes amplius si quid potes.

Nutrix: Hoc fabor ipsa, generis inimici (?) tui

Hi sunt Alumna, dura progenies nimis

Ille a sinistrà nominatur Romeus

Magnanimus heros absit invidia
 Sed Montagoru[m] stirpe (?) prognatus truci
 Quoru[m] furore vestra delapsa est domus.
 Sævaeq[ue] lites concitatæ sæpius
 Utrasque (?) partes mille volveru[n]t malis.

Julietta: Hoste[m] pateru[m] quod meu[m] infor-
 tunu[m] est

Amare, vel quæ maior infelicitas,
 Excogitari poterit vt Montagnus
 Ex mille solus vnicus placeat mihi.
 Quem sors negavit, arma negarunt mihi.
 Amor iste nostru[m] pectus vt peteret, locum
 Vt ratio nullu[m] inueniat infelix sibi.
 Dolosa lingua forsân edocta est satis
 Simulare in herbis anguis horribilis latet.
 Sermone forsân perfidus blando obsidet
 Pectus fidele, sic venerata latet
 Hamus sub esca capitur et piscis dolo
 Sub veritatis vero aperta est falsitas
 Animusq[ue] simplex sæpe nocuit credulis.
 Regina Dido Troien[u]m sensit doli[m].
 Deserta Phyllis queritur, at nullus iunat.
 Medea doceat et merita referat sua.
 Obliterantur, vulnere patet locus
 Nullus medeæ, crimen ob tale improbe,
 Dannare, Theseu; facere quod vi non potest
 Perficere querit fraude[m] vindicta[m] vt ferat
 Mea ruina et prostituto corpore
 Fiam eruentis hostibus ludibrio.
 At ista fingo iniuriosa pectori
 Casto fideli Romeo solu[m] meo.
 Temere profabar quæ prius dixi, scelus
 Forma sub ista non potest tantu[m] tegi.
 Sermone mente[m] facile cognovi, men[m]
 Meu[m] futuru[m] Romanu[m] scio (*sic*)
 Rubore pulso pallidas vidi genas.
 Rubore easde[m] sæpe perfusas genas

Oculosq[ue] nostris obvius sensi illius
 Lingua (?) hæsitavit muta, at (?) obstinat (?) dolens
 Tremor per artus singulos fugit gravis
 Et vix labante sustinet collo caput.
 Nulla ars amoris signa p[re]bebat mihi
 Natura docuit fraude sublata impia
 Honore salvo casta coniux Romæi
 Semper vocabor, nec suu[m] pectus reor
 Fore vt recuset, ac meos spernat toros.

Romeus et Julietta.

Romeus : Vtru[m]ne visus vota decipiunt meos,
 An horto in isto grato vt amplexu fruar (?)
 Dabitur, adesse video, m fallant metus.

Julietta : Tuæ videris prodigus vitæ nimis,
 Generose iuvenis, petere qui sic audeas
 Domos (?) paternas, et tibi i[n]imicos lares.
[Ira[m] tuo crutare satiarent sua[m],]
 Ruerent nefandas in tuas cædes pater
 Fratresq[ue] nostri, sicq[ue] finire[m] gravi
 Vita[m] dolore, orbata solatio.
 Nec salvo honore, quod mihi est charissimu[m].

Romeus : Absit, virago & orbis vnicu[m] decus.
**[Splendidu[m] mu[n]di vicere nostra ia[m] metus
 omnes mala.]**

Parcis statutu[m] est me semel tantu[m] mori,
 Si fata iubeant, semp[er] in votis mori est.
 Si fata nolint, quis scelus tantu[m] aggredi
 Auderet; istud forsitan penas haur.
 Sed nec videtur spiritus tanti mens
 Quin me sacrare[m] mille mortibus hosti[am]
 Si te iuuaret, cœlites testor deos;
 Protrahere vita[m] cupio non vita[m] petens,
 Documenta veru[m] veri amoris exhibens.

Julietta : Solamen vnicu[m] Doloribus, cave!
 Jam parce verbis, auribus parcas tuis.

Animosq[ue] minne ; tempori aptari decet.
 Et me doloris ipse particeps[m] puta.
 Orbata te * miserijs ego obruta
 Errabo misera ; luce non grata fruar.
 Quae, dum pudens ambitus fiet tuis
 Petita casta ; pura pietas et fides
[Du[m] te reflectat (?) coniugii nomen sacrum
Pietate salva, facere q[uo]d possu[m] pie.]
 Adsint petitis, et licitos toros petas ;
 Tua sum fidelis socia mente et sanguine ;
 Fratre ac parente charior tu mihi.
 Tu frater ipse, tu parens superes mihi.
 Quod si libido turpis instiget nefas,
 Si venere tantu[m] quæris illicita toru[m],
 Secede properè, dedecus nostræ domus.
 Odisse crimen liceat, et sceleris duce[m].

Romeus : Quam casta vota votis succedant meis !

Dii castitatis conscij nost[r?]æ pii
 Testes amoris exitu[m] dent prosperu[m].
 Iræq[ue] pœnas perfidus instas tua[m].
 Sollemne animor[um?] pignus hoc fidei cape
 Et cœpta nostra dirigat summus pater.

Julietta : At cœpta nostra co[n]sili experti (a ?) uigent.

Romeus : Superest amicus consilii particeps (*sic*) mei
 Qui mihi maloru[m] remediū[m] sape extitit.
 Ad solis hortu[m] crastinu[m] senis domu[m]
 Adibo, ut ille tuta nobis consulat (*sic*).

Julietta : Procede felix omine, ut reru[m] statu[m]
 Dubiu[m] et labante[m] inueta consilia explicent.

CHORUS :

Jam jam sacros celebremus deos
 Felici omne ut dirigant gressus.
 Dum consilium senioris petit.
 Si potiatur coniuge chara,

* The word "Romeo" is crossed out.

[Rom. malus genius] Nuptiis lætis Julietta pia,
 Solamen dabit ille sacerdos
 Non vt vulgus, rudis, at doctus
 Theologus gravis, ordine sacro
 Franciscanus, pandere novit
 Qui naturæ arcana reclusæ.
 Abdita penetrat sacra magoru[m].
 Artisq[ue] potens abstrusissima.
 Produxit res sæpe stupendas.
 Nam misteria scire profunda
 Artis magicæ nullu[m] est dedecus
 Si pr[e]stigie decent improbæ.
 Namque scientia (?) quævis licita est
 Laudemque sua[m] vendicat (?) optima[m]
 Artes illicitus tollit abusus :
 Vsu firmantur licito soli[m].
 Explicat isti vulnus Romeus
 Huic cella[m ?] petit Romeus
 Secretu[m] illi narrat amico (?)
 Penitus recondit consiliu[m] animi.
 Vt superabat qui scientia
 Levamen (?) tuo (?) oneri ex cogit^t (*sic*)
 Et felice[m] ducat ad exitu[m].
 Faveant vtina[m] superi nuptiis ;
 Votis iuvenis nobilis annuant.
 Votis castæ virginis annuant.
 Casta sacerdos perficiat pius.
 Redeat felix fortuna domu[m],
 Redcant vultus ad læta domi (?),
 Celebrare die[m] festu[m] vt liceat.

Romeus. Sacerdos.

Romeus (i.e. Sacerdos) : Quæ causa cogit Romenu[m] nostros
 lares

Videre : [*Romeus*] Sacerdos sancte, consilio tuo

In rebus arduis labante[m] me adiuves.

Secreta mentis aperia[m] soli tibi.

Sacerdos : Effare, fido pectore arcana conda[m ?].

Miserisq[ue] rebns dulce solamen fera[m].

Romeus : Julietta nota est tibi, pnta Capilettia,

Hanc destinavi coniugem sola[m] mihi,

Me destinavit *. . . ngne[m] (*sic*) soln[m] sibi.

Suis vterq[ue] fieret hymeneis potens.

Si nota virtus et fides adsit tua.

Sacerdos : Hostis paterni est filia ; hand speres tibi.

Romeus : Att (?) sic parentu[m] cesset invidius furor.

Sacerdos : Recedat a te, temere ne credas, amor.

Romeus : Promissa pietas vincit, et fides vetat.

Sacerdos : Tutu[m] petas ; da tempus ac spatium tibi.

Romeus : Tempus dolori illi mederi non potest.

Sacerdos : Quod ratio nequit, sepe medicata est mora.

Romeus : Ratio valebit, si ratio petat moras.

Sacerdos : Obsequere amico consulenti quod convenit.

Romeus : Negare durnu[m] est, ia[m] fidem adversa
exigunt.

Sacerdos : Desiste tande[m]. *Romeus* : Vota moraris mea.

Sacerdos : Curas resolvit animus, et repetit metus.

Romeus : Depone curas, et vacet pectus metu.

Sacerdos : Parebo victus est amor nefas abest

Quesn destinabis (*sic*) thalamis die[m].

Romeus : Nimis morari crastinu[m] modo ocyus.

[*Sacerdos*] : Deliberandu[m] est ; nempe sunt haec seria.

Excogitanda causa virgini sacru[m]

Templu[m] petendi. *Romeus* : Optime ! causa[m] doce.

Sacerdos : Delicta quaedam confitenda permanent.

Habeo, peractu[m] est. Ipso ego pius.

Julietta. Nutrix.

Julietta : Altrix per omne coelitu[m] nunnen precor.

Per hunc timore[m], quicquid arcami apparo.

Penitus recondas, et fide tacite premas.

Nutrix : Quid istud est q[uo]d esse secretu[m] iubes.

Julietta : Q[uo]d nec parentes scire charos convenit.

* (& for conjugem.)

[? *Nutrix*]: Præstare nosti posse me tacita[m] fide[m].

Nutrix (*sic*): Si scelere careat, quod tibi invisum[m] reor.

Julietta: Quæro fidele pectus et constantia[m].

Cœla (*sic*) parentes, hoc scelus est maximum[m].

Servare vita[m] sola tu potes mihi

Misera[m] haud potes facere, felice[m] potes.

Nutrix: At tui (?) parentes, chara, anima[m] leve[m]

Fessamque[m] senio iam mihi eripient mea[m].

Nil temere statue, alumna, clam parentibus.

Julietta: Semel statutum[m] est, coniuge[m] elegi meum[m]

Decus inuentæ Romen[m] clarissimum.

Nutrix: Hostis paterni filium[m]. *Julietta* (?): At amicum[m]

meum[m]

Nutrix: Compesce amore[m] perfidum[m]: nosti genus
domini[m]

Speras future Romen[m] fidum[m] tibi.

Julietta: Dum terra cœlum[m] media libratur[m] feret (?),

Numerusque[m] arenis decrit, et sole[m] dies

Nocte[m] sequentur astra, dum[m], siccæ polus

Versabit aretos, flumina in pontum[m] cadent.

Novi futurum[m] Romen[m] fidum[m] mihi.

Nutrix: Decepta Dido Fæminas monet doli. [Cavere Dido
credulas nimis docet.]

Julietta: Si Romens Troianus Aeneas foret.

Nutrix: Cur blandiendo dulces nutries malum[m].

Julietta: Falleris, amando dulces consequar bonum[m].

Nutrix: Per has senectæ splendoras supplex comas.

Memor parentum[m] metue Romæ toros.

Julietta: Promissa cognit sancta perpetua[m] fide[m].

Nutrix: Prohibere nulla ratio si ceptis queat,

Solamen annis vivum[m] fessis, hera,

[Non te] Num qua[m] senectus nostra viva[m] deseret.

Ardua inbebis, ocius inssa exequar.

Arcana tacito pectore obtega[m] tua.

[*Julietta* ?]: I, quæro Romen[m] in Sacerdotis domo

[Interferendus sermo, si opus]

Dicat statutum[m] [Et constitutum[m]] nuptiis nostris (?)
die[m].

Nutrix. Romens.

Romens: Quid huc seniles fessa moliris gradus,
 O fida nutrix, sospes est certe mea
 Julietta vita, pellit[ur?] ex animo metus.

Nutrix: Generose Junonis, sospes est, sed latior
 Si te careret. Nuptiis dicas die[m].
 Non hic manendu[m] est; quid fera[m] respo[n]si
 heræ.

Romens: Si templa supplex crastino petet die
 Julietta: crimen aliquod ut purget leve
 Confessione, sponsa, quæ venit virgo prius
 Domu[m] redibit; nonne pretextus pins?

Nutrix: Caput facetu[m]. Prosperu[m] dent exitu[m]
 Superi; quis unqua[m] posset inventu[m] peius (?)
 Callidius? omnis nota fraus amantibus (?).
 Excogitare tale, pretextu pio [amantes callidi].
 Pietatis umbra facile nostis provida[m]
 Fallere parente[m] suspicante[m] nil minus.
 Si mata* placeat, reliqua com[m]ittas mihi.
 Ut Venia detur, ipsa com[m]entu[m] dabo.
 Quod aureas reliquit incomptas comas.
 Lasciva vel quod somniavit somniu[m].
 Vel temere amoribus otu[m] sumpsit suu[m].

[Vel q^d amore tenere conceptus stetit.]

Ad templa mater facilis accessu[m] dabit.
 Die statuto: chara . . . (?) semper fuit.
 O qua[m] inuaret illud ætatis meæ ævo (*sic*)
 Meminisse tempus, quo mea infans vbera
 Tenella suxit; murmure (?) audivvi brevi
 Lallare lingua[m] sæpe ventiliquos sonos.
 Quoties tenella posteras partes manu
 Irata tetigi, et occisu[m] tactis dedi
 Lætata potius qua[m] ore lascivi senis.

Romens: Sat est, revertas, et parentur omnia
 Levidense munus cape laboris p[re]miu[m].

* (*for* matri?).

Grates reverendo refera[m], et artes, dolos
Opem, laborem, corpus, atq[ue] animu[m] meu[m]
Revocabo amoris ferre suppetias tuo.

Servus: Lassata lingua iam tacet vetulae; meas
Implevit anres garrula ingrato sono
Ut surdus inde fia[m] inanis tædio
Sermonis huius. Scilicet nox et dies
Negabu[n]t Mundo vicibus aeternis sequi.
Si detur otin[m], prinsqua[m] desinant
Conterere tempus fabulis, et anilibus,
Com[m]enta veris saepe placida interserunt.
Sed nec licebit arguere mendacij
Reas aperti, lingua ne exuperet domu[m],
Et maior ope (fiat) (*sic*) tumeat in[m]ensis sonis.

Julietta.

Nutrix.

Julietta: Altrix, profare quid feras; quona[m] in loco est.

Nutrix: Beata vivas! Coniuge[m] tale[m] tibi
Non ipsa sospes Troia, non Priamus daret.
Virtute claru[m] genere nobile[m] sno.
Amplu[m] merentur candidi mores decus.

Julietta: Nota hæc! statutu[m] nuptiis tempus refer.

[Tam placida frons est tanta maestas viro.]

Nutrix: Subitu[m] doloris gaudiu[m] causa est, novi.

Julietta: Omitte ngas; perage mandatu[m] cito.

Nutrix: Constituit ille crastinu[m]; placet tibi?

Julietta: Cur non placeret? in horas noctis querar

Nimis esse longas gaudio invidæ (*sic*) meo.

Jactura nulla gravior est qua[m] temporis.

Tam pænitenda nulla, en[m] subeat mihi

Vita anteacta, visa su[m] non vivere.

Hoc, hoc dolore[m] pectoris gravat mei **[cordis ex-
agerat mei]**

Cum lustra vitæ plena complexesse[m] (*sic*) tria

Tæda ingali innecta (?) coniungi meo

Læto fruebar gaudio primu[m] tori.

Matura pride[m] tempus amissu[m] fleo

Vnius an[n]i perdere ali digna e[t] bona
 Quæ se coerceat, et voluptate[m] fugit.
 Astute frnere potius amoru[m] memor,
 Effluere prohibeto optimos vitæ dies. **[Cur pateris.]**

CHORUS.

Quicunq[ue] amoris premitur imperio fero. **[gravi]**
 Pecuniarum[m] prodigus ;
 Pauper et avarus pariter exclusi iacent
 Vterq[ue] manent pariter ingratus foras (?).
 Intrabit aurum[m] ferreas turres ; fame
 Rutilantis auri sceptrâ tollas principum[m].
 Perrupit aurum[m] claustra regalis domus.
 Cœlestis ictu fulminis potentius.
 Jovi (?) patebat aureo in Danaes tornum[m]
 Inclusæ ahenea Domo ideo (?) Iter petitorum[m] (*sic*).^{*}
 Non supplicare Veneri amator aurens
 Curabit, ille victoriis (*or* victimis) poterit feris
 (*or* suis)
 Animos monebit ; sæpe parva munuscula?[†]era
 Maiora veris Merita fecerunt data.
 Auratus hamus plurimos pisces capit.
 Nutrix amilis illa, quæ ut vigil canis
 Ne in[t]eriret hostis cogit excubias prius
 Nuperq[ue] hera[m] deterruit cœptis suis
 Facienda suadet cœpta iam[m] ut peragat sua.
 Julietta nostra, fida cui Nutrix comes
 Delubra et aras petere constituit sacras.
 Materq[ue] votis annuit specie pijs natæ
 Adest petitus precibus et votis dies
 Ignara quem non senserat penitus doli.
 Et jam Sacerdos nuptiis celebrat die[m]
 Spo[n]sæ maritio (*sic*) nobili dignæ suo.
[Intra recessus abdito (?) templi sacri]
 Fœlix uterq[ue] redeat, et iuvenis ferox
 Audaxq[ue] virgo et lætus Hymenæus mens (?)
 Impellat aures celebret et festum[m] die[m].

[†] For petitorumiter (?), which seems to be required by the metre,

Romei servus : Nutrix.

Servus: Bene est, peractu[m] est, clarior lucet dies.

Tande[m] et potitur Romens sponsa pia sua

Fortuna cuius prospera exhilarat mea[m].

Hero propitios et mihi inveni deos.

Cubile gratu[m] per fenestra[m] ascendere

Hac nocte statuit conjugis, munus mihi

Parare scala[m] fune contexta[m] datu[m] est.

Peraga[m] imperata ; ia[m], si adesset garrula

Nutrix, parata est ; lenta compotrix sedet

Aliqua in popina vix memor negotij.

Sed adesse cerno querer[em ?] ac tarda[m] minis

Ferrere (*for* terrere) posse[m], sed tacere tutius

Natura telo linguæ inexpugnabili

Armavit, ira pectus instruxit truci.

Aggrediar ipse mollibus verbis anu[m].

O fida nutrix, gratus adventus tuus.

Nutrix: Ingratus at erit noster adventus tibi

Ni iussa fidus Romei peregeris.

Thalamos petitios (*sic*) sole vt occidno petat.

Excelsa vestrae tecta conscendet domus.】

Servus: Minatur altrix turbida (*sic*) fronte[m] gerens

At ecce signu[m] : sume funale[m] tibi

Scala[m] ; haud morabar Romei iussa exequi.

Violentu[m] amore[m] sensera[m], moras pati

Qu[i] nescit vllas ; gaudiu[m] aut spes Romei

Non differentur ; arce domibietur sua.

Nutrix: Video animu[m] fidele[m] felici omine

Venus et Cupido nuptijs adsi[n]t pijs.

Faciant marito coniuge[m] laeta[m] suo.

Pericla nulla misceantur gaudijs

Procella nulla ; ia[m] placidu[m] mare

Portu qu[i] escat : antequa[m] navis diu ratis

Na[u]fraga petito, mundus impendat die[m]

Dum sponsa sponsi fruitur amplexu pio

Tardusq[ue] Eos Phœbus effulgens mari

Mersu[m] retineat iussus oceano jubar.

Noctiq[ue] rursus inngat Alemanæ diem.

Servus : Sed quid moramur ? forsan expectat tuu[m]

Reditu[m] Marita nobilis, referas heræ (?)

Ja[m] ia[m] affuturu[m] ; dirigat gressus deus

Tande[m] et reversu[m] mittat incolume[m] domu[m]

Jam perge, quæso, perge ; properato e[st] opus.

Philophilus. Romeus.

Romeus : Philophile, salve, pande quid portas novi. ✕

Te nostra ab aula querimur absente[m] diu.

Philophilus : Tande[m] reviso, iam querelara[m] desine.

【You are merrie (?) what's the cause secret ? I
am inamoured (?).】

Quæ causa frontis hilaris, infestas tibi

Curas repellis ? nosse nimia[m] expeto.

Romeus : Fortuna vultus sapius mutat vices

Favet, minatur, ardet (?) affligit, iuvat (?)

Quoties ruebat in meas pœnas furor,

At ia[m] propitia[m] sed tamen lenta[m] dea[m]

Experior ; illa cuncta promittit mihi.

Tu fidi amoris conscius fies mei.

Julietta nostra est, non iaceo viduo toro.

Philophilus : Gratari amico liceat in tantis bonis.

O qua[m] innabit ruere in amplexus tuos.

O placida tande[m] numina, O festu[m] die[m]

Quo nuptiali Romeus potitur toro.

Romeus : Philophile, tacita nuptias premas fide.

Philophilus : Jubes tacere ? cur mea[m] vanas (?) fidem ?

Vtina[m] liceret pectoris nostri tuo

Dividere gladio mediu[m] ; amore[m] cerneres

Vera[m]q[ue] tabulae cordis insculpta[m] fide[m].

Palnam parasti ? Victor et comes tuus.

Si tu doleres, gandinu[m] exigenu[m] men[u]m.

Romeus : Restabit animo ; debitas Gratias ago.

Vicemq[ue] meritis

Sed ecce vastos (?) nuntius movens gradus.

Manifesta properat signa tristicie gerens.

Nuntius: Adest profecto rebus extremis (?) dies,
 Nihil tu miserius mitior nostris venis.

Romeus: Effare quid sit. [*Nuntius*]: Bellicus muros fragor
 Circumsonat, pax rupta, turbata omnia.
 Tuos ruina saeva cognatos premit.
 Sceler[is]bus ingens scelere geminavit nefas.
 Hostes paterniq[ue] ac tui Capiletij.
 Mersisse feru[m] sanguine inocuo inuat
 Et signa caedis veste maculata gerunt
 Jacet peremptus alter, alterque sancius
 Furor præceps agitur in caede[m] ferus
 Tybaltus hostis sanguine[m] sitiens tuu[m].
 Caputq[ue] belli, quidquid inane aut impiu[m]
 Cuiqua[m] videri potuit, hoc armis facit.
 Succurre fortis rebus afflictis tuis;
 Iratus ensis noxia[m] affligat domu[m].

Romeus: Refers acerba, sed morari non licet;
 Mutare coepit dubia sors vices suas.

[*Romeus. Tybaltus.*]

Romeus: Quis arma concitavit inanis furor?
 Tumido gerentes impetus animo feros.
 Sociemus animos. Cæde cur terra[m] dira (*sic*)
 Polluitis alma[m]; bella iam cessent fera
 Fluatq[ue] nulli flebilis matri cruor.

Tybalt: Stringantur enses nec sit irarum modus;
 Effusus hostiu[m] irriget terram cruor.
 Inimica ab imo tota concidat domus.
 Dabit hæc cruenta[m] nigra vindicta[m] dies.
 Cruore terra[m] saevus asperga[m] tuo.
 Ictu[m]q[ue] gladij sensies fortis manu.

Romeus: Ingrate nimiu[m], sæve, crudelis, rapax.
 Deponere arma, inire sancta fœdera
 Precabar ipse, nec timor suasit levis
 Sed alma pietas, ius, fides, patriæ salus.

Tybalt: Ignave, inersq[ue] ; non datur verbis locus
 Hunc ense[m] in imo (?) pectore infestu[m] cape
[pate].

Romeus: Referre novit gratias gladius meus,
 Retribuet ensis iste pœnarum[m] satis
 Reijcis amore[m] ; pignus irarum[m] cape.
 Anthore[m] in ipsu[m] scelera redeant (?) sua
[Ego adsu[m] et armis obvium[m] oppono caput.
 Pati favetur: petere qui adversu[m] volet
 Petat ille ferro Romeum qui sit pius
 Rogante ponat arma me qui est impius
 Incipiat a me teste me nullu[m] nefas.
 Fiet Tybalte i[ni]uste (?) complexus prior.]

Tybalt: Perij! per artus ensis exactus meos
 Penetravit altu[m] vulnus intelligens mihi.
 Hen (?) morte dignus morior hostili manu
 Graves furores et mei pœnas dabo
 Merui cruenta morte puniri, furens
 Qui concitavi[?] bella pacemq[ue] operni (?)
 Cum invenis ille, cuius invida manu
 Jaceo peremptus, obtulit pacem mihi.
 Valete, amici; finis (?) extremus datur.
 Nil querimur ultra; decuit hunc fine[m] dari.

Capiletij duo. Montagij duo. Princeps.

Capilet. 1: Si sit querela iusta, Princeps optime,
 Vindicta iustæ, nec error pereat tuo
[We thirst not after blood]

Inultus ore iudicis sancti, tua[m]
 Tristes precamur rebus afflictis ope[m].

Capilet. 2: Negare tantu[m] iustitia pietas vetant
 Hoc postulabit capitis amissi decus.
 Et fortitudo summa[m]a virtus et fides.
 Vindicta iusta petitur in tantu[m] nefas
 Cruore sanguis fusus expiandus est **[error pari].**
 Iustitia sceptrâ principu[m]a firmat potens.
[Ut ille penas capite persolvat suo]

Cædes nefanda Romei abscissu[m] caput,
Lex si valebit vlla, vindicat sibi.

Pater Tybalti: Meis querelis tempus æternu[m] manet.

O dira fata nimium (?) O sævus furor!

Sic ad parentes gratus ex voto redit

Quem (*sic*) putare[m] vota sperarent mea [occidat ille]

Solamen annis vnien[m] nostris fore.

O triste fractis orbitas annis malu[m]!

Miserande fili! cur pius nimium (?) invoco

Super reliquias corporis chari tui.

Hæc-ne illa facies igne sydereo nitens?

Hæc ora et humeri? forma cecidit et decor.

At, chare princeps, placidus exandi, precor.

Confugimus ad te, sævus vt læti artifex,

Manes perempti (?) capite placaret suo.

Mucrone pectus occidat insto nocens!

Cruorq[ue] mortuo solvat inferias viro.

Montag. I: Sanguinea corda sanguine[m] spirant feru[m]

Diudicare (?) novit princeps optimus.

Sævo peremptus ense Tybaltus iacet.

At ipse cædis author extabat suæ

Quale[m] leone[m] videris sibi (*sic*)

Quærente[m] in arvis obvias feras omnes

Vorare, talis ille in adversos gradu

Ruebat hostes sævo amicus nemini

[Furoris ore signa lymphati gere[n]s

Quem du[m] nefanda cæde mitis Romens

Revocare tentat, fædus et patris sacru[m]]

Inire suadet voce lacunda, furens

Tybaltus ense pectus innocens petit

Orare nec ia[m] tempus

Et vix tuetur alter ubi leges solent:

Salus petenda est, vita tutanda est sua

Discrimen vtru[m] occidat ipse, aut occidat.

Pereat suo qui crimine, et culpa perit.

Luatq[ue] pœnas qui sibi pœnas petit.

At innocentes lex mori quævis vetat.

Montag. 2: Si te parentis verba lamenta (?) et preces
Movere possunt, ecce supplius manns
Ad genna tendens voce miseranda rogo.

Vt ipse veri rector et æqui arbiter
Digneris esse; debitas pœnas hiant
Secleris nocentes, repetat autore[m] (?) seclus.
Quod si vacabu[ut] crimine in[n]ocuae manns
Nati coactus hostis in eadem ruis? .

[No favor, but justice]

Ne se perire sineret y[n ?] gratus sibi.
Vt confitetur quisquis astabat—mori,
Syncere princeps, pectus oppressu[m] veta.
Justitia causa[m] filij potens agat.
Veniam[m] rogabit ille eni venia est opus.

Prin[ceps]: Concepta rabies sæpè per ingens nefas
Rueret solebat vestra, præcipites sua
Temere in furore[m] egit ira pertinax.
Sed temeritate rapta tanta audacia
Quæ capere nescit principis elementia[m]
Malis domanda est, et gravi semper ingo
Premenda, ne quid simile, tentare audeat.
Tybaltus hostis ense prostratus iacet.
Sed concitavit bella et oblata[m] sibi
Pace[m] negavit—morte suppliciu[m] luit;
Volvente fato, triste; decreto meo
Concessa vita est Romeo, at exul sua
Patria carebit post dies septem miser.
Rediturus an[n]o septimo post tertiu[m]
Judicio eodem iustus et clemens ero.
Servare cives est patris patriæ; reos
Punire secleris; in meo vultu sedent
Favor furor q[ue]; gratus in[n]ocuo favor,
Furor in nocentes; tutus in solio suo
Princeps residat semper, et vacuus metu.

CHORUS.

Occidit Phœbus tenebræq[ue] noctis
 Lumen ingratis pepulere terris
 Ventris adversis agitât procellis
 Gaudia iniquus.
 Crastinu[m] nemo sibi polliceri
 Posset, incertis vicibus rotatur
 Quicquid humanu[m] est, nihil remanetq[ue]
 Ordine certo
 Iliu[m] fœlix Priamusq[ue] felix.
 Proximo Phœbo cecidere vtriq[ue] (?)
 Iliu[m] infelix Priamusq[ue], vtriq[ue]
 Stare negantur
 Romeus fœlix satis expetitis
 Nuptiis sponsæ (?) miser ecce terra
 Pulsus ingrata; nova sic carebit
 Nupta marito
 Læta præsentî Julietta sponso
 Læta [h]ilaranti Julietta amico
 Læta lætanti Julietta sponso
 Vivît amore
 Mæsta deserto Julietta sponso
 Mæsta deiecto Julietta amico
 Mæsta mærenti Julietta sponso
 Languet amore
 Invice[m] cedunt dolor et voluptas
 Sæd dolor longus, brevior voluptas.
 Sors vices reru[m] vario maligna
 Turbine versat.
 Blanda quos cæli super astra (*sic*)
 Nuper evexit duplici dolore
 Sæpe detrudit miseros ad orcu[m]
 Improba eosdem.

Julietta. Nutrix.

Levamen vnde dabitur æru[m]nis meis

Vt semper aliud surgat ex alio malum[m]
 Nullusq[ue] detur finis aut vitæ aut malis
 Reperire potuit cædis authore[m] sibi
 Nullum[m] Tybaltus ense qui forte[m] (?) viro
 Eriperet perimeret anima[m]. Solus occurrit truci
 Homicida vultu Romens coniux meus
 Quod si sitiret sanguine[m] Capilettum[m]
 Cruore nostri generis vt terræ vagæ
 Rigaret ora, Cur mihi toties toro
 Inunctæ pepercit, visa sed nimium[m] levis
 Vindicta talis, fœmina[m] leve est nefas
 Occidere cæde nobilis dira ducis (?)
 Crudelis animus victima voluit pia
 Placari amore[m] prodit infidus mihi
 Odio meorum[m], valeat æternum[m] miser,
 Ingratus abeat criminis factus reus.
 Deffende nobis semper infelix iacens
 Tybalte clare sanguine et virtutibus
 Quæ spes salutis est post tantum[m] nefas mihi.

Scelestâ lingua laudibus tanti viri
 Detrahare poteras, pectoris læsi minas (?)
 Depone tumidas: Romei in[im]icenas manus
 Constat; Tibaltum[m] cædis authore[m] suæ.
 Vultu sub illo non latet tantus dolus.
 Nec vlla dira sanguinis nostri (?) sitis.
 Ego (?) parricida potius! insciam (?) mali [d]ira suppliis
 ingere . . .].

Furibunda sponte (?) lingua damnaret fide[m].
 In[im]grata nimium[m] sponsa coniugii meo.
 Ingrata quonia[m] morte p[re]verta[m] nefas
 Anima[m]que nostra[m] victima[m] dabo Romeo.
Nut[r]itur: Volui perire, debitum[m] tandem[m] exige (?).
 Nunc filio pœnas, nunc tibi, infernas dabo.
 Quis iste fletus, quis dolor et lachrymæ? metus
 Domina[m] perire docuit infelix mea[m].
 Alimna, surge, fata ne abrumbes (*sic*) tua.
 Dolore misero te mea exorant mala;

[Vita[m] tibi ipse si negas multis negas]

Orant parentes, Romens petit tuus.

Julietta : Crudelis altrix, fata ne extenda[m] mea.

Crudelis est quicumq[ue] dissuadet mori.

Est nulla causa vitæ, mortis plurimæ.

Perijt Tybaltus Romei infelix manu.

Quis liberabit morte Roman[m] men[m].

Nutrix : Meliora mente concipe atq[ue] animu[m] excita.

Revocare speras morte cognatu[m] tuu[m] ?

Charu[m] Tybaltu[m] crimine occidit suo.

Cædis temeritas causa crudelis fuit

Furorq[ue] proprius ; facile nec reprimi potest

Stricti ensis ira. Romens sibi carens

Infligit hosti vulnus infelix suo,

Sed provocatus : quid duos manus potes **[videre
salvu[m] redire]**

Rogare viro qua[m] potiri Romeo ?

Respicere[re] ? gaudet melior afflicta[m] deus ?

Fortuna votis iam satis favit tuis ;

Forsan Tibaltu[m] illa abstulit ; quid si lares,

Patria[m], parentes ; una res superest tibi

Patria ac parente clarior, regno ac lare.

Quod si dolore[m] siteres questûs gravis

Et te quieti forte felici dares !

Celeriter ipsa ire[m] sacerdotis domu[m],

[Et refera[m] nuntium (?)]

Senioris ipsa limen, ubi coniux latet

Petere[m], sacerdos referat vt sanctus tibi

Felix salutis nuntiu[m]. Solatin[m]

Dabit ille solus, misera consilia adiuvans.

Julietta : Gratu[m] est, et illud voce iam supplicii
expeto.

Me cras revisat ; rumpe iam segnes moras.

Romens. Sacerdos.

Sacerdos : Mortis timore[m] principis sententia

Expulsit omne[m] ; recipe letitia[m], precor.

Concessa vita est ; exul at patria tua

Carebis ; annos post dece[m] læto domn[m]
Licet redire ; casus hic fortes decet.

Romeus : O spes inanes miseriis diris meis !

[Cur anima[m] in ista luce detinea[m] amplius]

Solamen istud pectori exanimi datur—

Concessa vita est, exul at viva[m] miser.

Dira[m ?] videtur, peius exiliu[m] nece.

Patria carebo ; que[m] locu[m] profugus peta[m]

Vbi me reconda[m], quave tellure obrua[m] ?

Sortitus vnqua[m] est fata quis (?) ta[m] tristia ?

Sine crimine exul ; causa si ferri prior (?)

Fuisse[m], inique quereretur ; at deponere

Ego arma suasi, ia[m]q[ue] me profugu[m] solo

Patrio penates regis externi tegent.

Viva[m] remotus hospes alieni laris,

Externa consequutus, expulsis meis.

[Ingrata tellus ! nullus in miseri mei auxilia venit.]

Julietta te, te cuius aspectu[m] deos

Semper rogavi, desero æternu[m] miser,

Et istud angit : sanguis infestus mihi

Semper Tybalti est, percat (?) exiliu[m] grave.

Vindicta talis sola debetur tibi.

Vtina[m] antequa[m] me mater in luce[m] edidit

Aluitq[ue], sævæ nostra lacerassent fere

Viscera ; sine vlla caede periisse[m] innocens.

Fortuna toties spolia de nobis feret

Finemq[ue] nullu[m] morte vel victoria

Dabit invenire ; moriar invitus licet.

[No[n] sic querelas verbaque incassu[m] seris.]

Sacerdos : Nondu[m] tumultu pectus attonitu[m] caret,

Generose surge invenis ; adversa (*sic*) impetu

Perstringe solito ; tempori (?) aptari decet.

Sic tu dolores ferre didicisti graves.

Lachrymosa verba fœminas potius decent.

Vbi fortitudo pristina apparet tua ?

Invictus animus nesciusq[ue] deiici

Levibus periculis ; tunc consilii impotens,

Qui consulebas rebus afflictis bene ?

SOME CONTRIBUTORS TO 'TOTTTEL'S MISCELLANY.'

BY THE REV. F. ST. JOHN CORBETT, M.A. (DUB.), F.R.S.L.,
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[Read April 26th, 1905].

BETWEEN the years 1557 and 1600 A.D., a literary constellation threw its light upon the world of thought. Its components were called Poetical Miscellanies, and were for the most part issued under quaint and inviting titles. Amongst them we may mention 'Songes and Sonnettes,' now known as 'Tottel's Miscellany,' 'A Myrrour for Magistrates,' 'The Paradise of Dainty Devices,' 'A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions,' 'A Handefull of Pleasant Delites,' 'The Phoenix Nest,' 'England's Helicon,' and 'A Poetical Rhapsody.'

Of these 'Tottel's Miscellany' is certainly the most important, not merely because it inaugurated this long series of poetical anthologies, but because all the others were modelled on it, more or less directly.

The age of Elizabeth was an epoch of poetical effusion. The enormous amount of English verse that was written between the years 1530 and 1600 is probably beyond the conception of most students of our literature. That which found its way into print,

as being in no sense an Elizabethan work, though some of its contributors survived and continued to write verse in the reign of Elizabeth. Yet it has been aptly described as "a kind of Golden Treasury on which all the Elizabethan Poets were brought up."

We are indebted to Mr. Edward Arber for a reprint of the work which appeared first in 1870. Malone's copy of the first edition, in the Bodleian Library, is the only one known to be extant. A reprint, limited to sixty copies, was edited by John Payne Collier in 1867, in his 'Seven English Poetical Miscellanies.' The second edition made its appearance on July 31st, 1557. This was minus thirty of Grimald's poems, but thirty-nine new pieces by uncertain authors made their first appearance. Thus, instead of the original 271 poems, the total was raised to 280. Two copies of this edition exist, one in the Grenville Collection in the British Museum and the other in the Capel Collection at Trinity College, Cambridge. Of the third edition, issued by Tottel in 1558, only one copy, and that an imperfect one, is extant. It is in the British Museum. A copy of the fourth edition is in the Bodleian. It was produced in 1565. A fifth edition appeared in 1567, and a copy may be seen in the John Rylands Library, Manchester. A sixth was issued in 1574. All these were produced by Tottel. In 1588 Windet issued a seventh, and in 1589 Robinson produced the eighth and last edition, with the exception of an imperfect reprint edited by Sewall in 1717.

Of the contributors to 'Tottel's Miscellany,' only six have been identified. Sir Thomas Wyatt supplied ninety-six poems, the Earl of Surrey forty,

Nicholas Grimald forty, Lord Vaux two, John Heywood one, and Edward Somerset one.

Of these by far the most important names in the history of British poetry are Wyatt and Surrey, who must be accounted, in a far truer sense than Lydgate and Hoccleve, the immediate successors of Chaucer, owing something to the example of the Father of English Poetry, and not a little to the Italian influences to which he himself was in so large a measure indebted.

The fact that Surrey's name is on the title page is doubtless due to his superior rank. For some reasons, however, Sir Thomas Wyatt must be accounted the most important contributor. Though we shall see later that Surrey was his friend's superior in some of the niceties of composition, yet Wyatt was the elder poet. He contributed by far the largest number of poems, and exerted a greater literary influence than any of the other contributors.

Thomas Wyatt was descended from an ancient and illustrious family, being the son of Sir Henry Wyatt, who was a favourite of King Henry VII. He was born at his father's castle at Allington, in Kent, in the year 1503. At the early age of twelve he entered St. John's College, Cambridge. In 1520, when as yet only seventeen years old, he took his Master's degree, and married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Brooke, Lord Cobham. He soon obtained a place at Court, where his noble person, and his feats in arms, soon enabled him to rise to a high position, and obtained for him the favour of King Henry VIII. His poetical powers early developed themselves, his odes and sonnets being frequently

addressed to Court beauties, especially the unfortunate Anne Boleyn. He is further said to have been largely instrumental in furthering the Reformation by his private influence on the mind of the King. His Court dignities were in some instances similar to those of Chancer. He is said to have begun as an esquire of the body to the King, a dignity to which Chaucer only attained after certain preliminary offices had been filled. In 1527 he became attached to the suite of Sir John Russell, and accompanied him in a mission to Italy, in the course of which he visited Venice, Ferrara, Bologna, Florence, and Rome. In 1529 and 1530 he was High Marshal at Calais. In 1533 he played the part of ewerer at the marriage of Anne Boleyn, with whom he was supposed to have been in love. In May, 1536, his sister waited on the Queen at her execution, and Wyatt was sent to the Tower on account of his suspected sympathy with the victim. During the next year he was engaged in fighting against the rebels in Lincolnshire, and in 1537 he received the honour of knighthood, and was sent, much against his inclination, on an embassy to the Emperor Charles V., an enterprise which engaged him until his release in April, 1539. Soon after this he was despatched on another mission to the Emperor. On his return from this expedition he was embroiled in further political troubles. In July, 1540, Thomas Cromwell, the Protestant leader, was executed, and Wyatt, being a member of the obnoxious party, was charged with misbehaviour during his Spanish embassy, and was once more sent to the Tower. He was subsequently acquitted, but

in October, 1542, he caught a chill while escorting a Spanish ambassador to London, and succumbed to fever at Sherbourne.

Perhaps the largest of Wyatt's laurels consists in the fact that he introduced the sonnet into the English language. The names of Wyatt and Surrey are inseparable in our literary annals, and possibly this fact may account for the confusion of thought which leads some historians to give the credit for its introduction to Surrey. In criticising the work of Wyatt we must not lose sight of the fact that he had very considerable difficulties to contend with. The printed editions of Chaucer were so corrupt as to obscure his melody, and Wyatt was not likely to be sufficiently versed in the Italian of Petrarch to catch the inner spirit of his method. His ten imitations of the great Italian poet are certainly not without conspicuous if not glaring faults, chiefly in the matter of pronunciation. His first sonnet in the *Miscellany* has frequently been singled out as an example of his worst defects. He did not follow Petrarch correctly. It has been pointed out more than once that he "did not hit on the modification of three quatrains and a couplet, invented by Surrey, and so gloriously handled by Shakespeare, and that his more formal verse is frequently slow of movement and sometimes impossible to scan."

The first sonnet, aforementioned, is entitled :

"THE LOVER FOR SHAMEFASTNESSE HIDETH HIS DESIRE WITHIN
HIS FAITHFULL HART.

"The longe love, that in my thought I harbor,
And in my hart doth kepe his residence,
Into my face preaseth with bold pretence,

And there campeth, displaying his banner.
 She that me learns to love, and to suffer,
 And willes that my trust, and lustes negligence
 Be reined by reason, shame, and reverence,
 With his hardinesse takes displeasure.
 Wherewith love to the hartes forest he fleeth,
 Leaving his enterprise with paine and crye,
 And there him hideth and not appeareth.
 What may I do? when my maister feareth,
 But in the field with him to live and dye,
 For good is the life, ending faithfully."

This may be taken as a fair sample of the style and sentiment of the poems contributed by this author. The universal theme is Love and the Lover. Varying moods, whims, and fancies, rash resolves, reasonings and repentances, are made to pass in panorama before us. In the first edition of the Miscellany love was Wyatt's one subject, saved from becoming monotonous by the ever-varying light and shade, the almost endless tints of colouring into which the poet dips his pen. In the second sonnet the lover waxeth wiser than in the first, and will not die for affection. Anon he sees his folly, and intendeth to trust no more. In a while he makes a retrograde move, and describeth his being stricken with sight of his love:

"The lively sparkes, that issue from those eyes,
 Against the which there vailleth no defence,
 Have perst my hart, and done it none offence,
 With quakyng pleasure, more than once or twice.
 Was never man could anything devise,
 Sunne beames to turn with so great vehemence
 To dase man's sight, as by their bright presence
 Dased am I, much like unto the gise

Of one striken with dint of lightenyng,
 Blind with the stroke, and erring here and there.
 So call I for helpe, I not when, nor where,
 The payne of my fall patiently learnyng.
 For straight after the blase (as is no wonder)
 Of deadly noise heare I the fearfull thunder."

The rhythm, if not the rhyme, has distinctly improved, and we approach nearer to the possibility of scansion.

A page or two, and the lover indulges in superstition. He is still unhappy, but he biddeth happy lovers rejoice in May, while he waileth that month to him most unlucky.

"Arise I say, do May some observance :
 Let me in bed lye, dreamyng of mischance.
 Let me remember my mishappes unhappy
 That me betide in May most commonly :
 As one whom love list little to advance."

Later he becomes almost desperate, and importunate. He must know his fate at once. And so he writes peremptory and persuasive words to a ladie to answer directly with yea or nay :

"Madame, withouten many wordes :
 Once I am sure, you will, or no.
 And if you will : then leave your boordes,
 And use your wit, and show it so :
 For with a beek you shall me call.
 And if of one, that burns alway,
 You have pity or ruth at all :
 Answer hym fayer with yea, or nay.
 If it be yea : I shall be saine.
 Yf it be nay : frendes, as before.
 You shall another man obtain :
 And I mine owne, and yours no more."

But enough of love for the present. His last wail on this perennial subject written, the poet turns to moralising on other and more mundane topics. He inveighs against hoarders of money and dissemblers of words; passes a remark or two on the courtier's life, and is gruesome as he tells in a few lines of "the mother that eat her childe at the siege of Jerusalem."

The four last selections of this author are lengthy compared with the majority of the poems in the book. They are: (1) "Of the Meane and Sure Estate," written to John Poins; (2) "Of the Courtier's Life," written to John Poins; (3) "How to Use the Court and Him Selfe Therein," written to Sir Frances Bryan, and (4) "The Song of Iopas Unfinished." Of these we may quote a few of the opening lines of the third mentioned, as not only easy-flowing verse, but very passable philosophy:

"A spending hand that alway poureth out
 Had need to have a bringer in as fast.
 And on the stone that styll doth turne about,
 There groweth no mosse. These proverbs yet do last:
 Reason hath set them in so sure a place:
 That length of yeares their force can never waste.
 When I remember this, and eke the case,
 Wherein thou standst: I thought forthwith to write
 (Brian) to thee? who know how great a grace
 In wrytyng is to counsaile man the right.
 To thee therefore that trottes still up and downe:
 And never restes, but runnyng day and night,
 From realme to realme, from citey strete, and towne.
 Why dost thou weare thy body to the bones?
 And mightest at home slepe in thy bedde of downe:
 And drink good ale so noppie for the nones:
 Fede thy selfe fatte, and heap up pounce by pounce.

Likest thou not this? No. Why? For swine so groines
 In sty, and chaw dung moulded on the ground,
 And drivele on pearles with head still in the manger,
 So of the harpe the ass doth heare the sound.
 So sakes of dirt be filde. The neat courtier
 So serves for lesse, then do these fatted swine.
 Though I seme leane and drye, withouten moysture :
 Yet I will serve my prince, my lord and thine.
 And let them live to fede the pannch that lyst :
 So I may live to fede both me and myne."

Amongst the English poets of the sixteenth century the name of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, a son of the third Duke of Norfolk, holds a high and honourable place. Besides being a poet whose works, though few, had a notable influence on the intellectual character of the age, Surrey was a soldier of conspicuous bravery, and a nobleman of many accomplishments. His early history is enveloped in obscurity, but it is known that he was educated at Cambridge, and eventually rose to be High Steward of that ancient seat of learning. He is also said to have been for a while at Oxford. He was married, at the early age of sixteen, to the Lady Frances Vere, daughter of John, Earl of Oxford. In the year of his marriage he was chosen to accompany King Henry VIII. when that monarch paid a visit to the King of France at Boulogne. At the coronation of Anne Boleyn he carried the fourth sword, upright, before the King, as the representative of his father-in-law, who held the position of Lord High Chamberlain. Some of the happiest days of his life were spent at Windsor, in the company of the Duke of Richmond, Henry's natural son, who was betrothed to Lady Mary Howard, the poet's only

sister. Though the Queen was his kinswoman and friend, he was obliged to appear at her trial, as representative of the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England. At the funeral of Queen Jane he was a chief mourner, and at the marriage of Anne of Cleves he was a defendant in the jousts. When his popularity was at its height his Sovereign made him a Knight of the Garter, but a challenge to John à Leigh, with whom he had a private quarrel, brought about his downfall, and he was imprisoned. After serving his term in gaol, he went with his father to the war then raging in Scotland, and was present at the burning of Kersal. He was subsequently arraigned before the Council on two charges. One was for eating meat in Lent; the other for making night hideous in London by breaking windows with a cross-bow. In extenuation of the former he pleaded a licence, but admitted that he had exercised his privilege too publicly. He sought to excuse himself for the latter misdemeanour by pointing out that by alarming the citizens he was giving them an example of the suddenness of God's judgments, and giving them a call to repentance for their licentiousness. In this freak of fanaticism, as it has been called, Wyatt was his accomplice, and they both were sent to the Fleet as a punishment.

Surrey is next found at the siege of Landrecy. Bonner had invited Hadrian Junius to England, but when the illustrious scholar reached our shores Bonner was not in a position to help him, and Surrey appointed him physician to his household, giving him "a pension of fifty angels." He gave additional proof of his patronage of letters by re-

ceiving Churchyard, then a promising boy, into his service. As marshal of the army he conducted the siege of Montreuil in 1544, and commanded at Guisnes and Boulogne. From the last-mentioned position he was removed in 1546, through the jealousy of Lord Hertford. In no measured terms he gave expression to his feelings on this treatment, and, in consequence, was imprisoned in Windsor Castle. He was set free later in the same year, but was sent to the Tower before its close on a false charge of high treason, together with his father, who was also arrested on a like charge. On December 2nd Surrey was tried before the Privy Council. It was stated that he had used the arms of Edward the Confessor, and thereby made pretensions to the crown. In vain did he point out that his family had a right to these arms, and that he had long worn them even in the King's presence. He was condemned by a packed jury on January 13th, 1547, and, on the 19th, "his bright hair, all dabbled in blood, swept the dust of the scaffold." One of the saddest features of this mock trial lay in the fact that his only sister, who was the widow of his dearest friend, came forward as a voluntary witness, to swear away the lives of her father and brother.

As Wyatt was the first to introduce the sonnet into the English language, so Surrey was the introducer of blank verse into our literature, a fact which in itself would serve to keep his memory green and honoured in the annals of our verse.

In 1537, at Windsor, Surrey wrote one of the best of his sonnets, which will furnish us with an example of his "modification of three quatrains and

a couplet," not used by Wyatt, but imitated by Shakespeare. It is a "Description and Praise of his love Geraldine," the nine-year-old daughter of the Earl of Kildare, who had died a prisoner at the Tower in 1534. The little maid was now a pet at the English Court. The sonnet is as follows:

"From Tuskane came my ladie's worthy race :
 Fair Florence was sometyne her ancient seate :
 The Western Yle, whose pleasaunt shore doth face
 Wilde Camber's cliffs, did geve her lively heate :
 Fostered she was with milk of Irish brest :
 Her sire an Erle : her dame of prince's blood.
 From tender yeres in Britain she doth rest,
 With kinges child, where she tasteth costly food.
 Housdon did first present her to mine eyne :
 Bright in her hewe, and Geraldine she hight.
 Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine :
 And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight.
 Her beauty of kind, her vertues from above—
 Happy is he that can obtain her love."

With Surrey, as with Wyatt, and indeed all the contributors to the Miscellany, it is quite evident that love was the greatest thing in the world. Towards the end of his forty poems he touches another note or two. We find a sonnet in "Praise of certain Psalms of David, translated by Sir T. W. the elder," and some lines on the death of the same Sir T. W. Later, he moralises as he ponders, "How no age is content with his own estate, and how the age of children is the happiest, if they had skill to understand it."

"Layd in my quiet bed, in study as I were,
 I saw within my troubled head, a heape of thoughtes
 appear :

And every thought did show so lively in myne eyes,
That now I sighed, and then I smilde, as cause of thought
doth ryse.

I saw the lytle boy in thought, how oft that he
Did wish of god, to scape the rod, a tall youngman to be.
The youngman eke that feles, his bones with paines opprest,
How he would be a rich olde man, to lyve, and lyve at rest.
The riche olde man that sees his end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy agayn, to live so much the more.
Whereat full oft I smilde, to se, how all these three,
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and
change.

And musing thus I thynk, the case is very strange.
That man from welth, to live in wo, doth ever seke to
change."

In drawing a comparison between Wyatt and Surrey the scale must turn in favour of the latter, and younger, poet. Wyatt's verse is not so smooth as Surrey's, or so finished. In the form of his sonnets he was indeed more "correct," for he followed more closely the Italian form laid down by Petrarch, which is that maintained by experts to be the only *genuine* or *pure* form. But Surrey, if original, and therefore, in the judgment of the *cognoscenti*, unorthodox, is at least to be congratulated on the ease and grace with which he handles his three quatrains and a couplet, a form which has steadily gained in popular favour ever since, and which is certainly easier to write than the genuine article.

Of Surrey's blank verse there is no example in 'Tottel's Miscellany.' It was not until after his death, in 1557, that his translation of the second and fourth books of Virgil's 'Aeneid' was published. It

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would therefore be out of place to give an extract from it here. But we have the fruits of his great invention in the works of the long line of writers who adopted that form of versification, from Milton to Goldsmith.

Next in importance to these two remarkable writers comes Nicholas Grimald. The number of his contributions was equal to that of Surrey—forty in all. In the minds of some authorities there is an idea that it is just possible he may have been responsible for the first conception of the work, as well as for “its chief editing and supervision through the press.” It is known that he was in business relations with the printer. Tottiel had published, in 1556, Grimald’s translation of Cicero’s ‘*De Officiis*,’ which was dedicated to Thomas Thirleby, Roman Catholic Bishop of Ely, whose chaplain Grimald was. It is accounted probable, also, that the words *Cum Privilegio*, which appear on the title page, were due to the position which Grimald held, at a time when “the martyr’s fires were luridly lighting up England.” It is to be noted, too, that the only poems suppressed in the revision of the book were thirty of Grimald’s own. From this it may be concluded that Grimald was, if not its originator, at all events its editor. A further fact which may be accounted significant is the substitution of the initials “N. G.” instead of the name of Grimald on the ten poems of his retained in the second edition.

Grimald was born in Huntingdonshire in 1519. He was probably the son of Giovanni Baptiste Grimaldi, a clerk in the service of Empson and Dudley under Henry VIII. One of the finest of his

poems is dedicated to the memory of his mother, who was named Annes. He was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1539 to 1540. He afterwards went to Oxford, where he was elected a Fellow of Merton in 1541, graduating M.A., by incorporation, in 1544. His biography does not furnish the historian with many points of interest such as are to be found in those of Surrey and Wyatt. In the beautiful 'Funeral Song' upon the decease of his mother he has given the world the story of his childhood:

"Then, when firm pace I fixed on the ground :
 When tongg can cease to break the lispyng sound :
 You mee streightway did too the Muses send,
 Ne suffered long a loytering lyfe to spend,
 What gayn the wooll, what gayn the wed had brought,
 It was his meed, that me there daily taught.
 When with Minerva I had acquaintance woon :
 And Phoebus seemd to love mee, as his soon :
 Browns hold I bad, at parents hest, farewell :
 And gladly here in schools I gan to dwell :
 Where Granta gives the ladies nyme such place
 That they reioyse to see theyr blissful case.

* * * * *

Now linnen clothes, wrought with those fingers fyne,
 Now other thynges of yours dyd you make myne :
 Tyll your last thredes gan Clotho to untwyne,
 And of your dayes the date extreme assygne."

Thus, in smooth hexameters, the poem pays tribute to the memory of the dear departed, blending the note of love with that of faith when, near its close, the filial poet sings:

“ But now, my sacred parent, fare you well :
 God shall cause us agayn together dwell.
 What time this uniuersall globe shall hear
 Of the last troomp the rynging voyce : great fear
 To soom, to such as you a heavenly cheer.”

Nor is this his only dirge. He sings twice, in tearful numbers, of the death of Lord Montravers ; and of the demise of Zoroas, an Egyptian Astronomer, in first fight that Alexander had with the Persians ; and, twice again, of the death of Marcus Tullius Cicero. But he can sing also of other things, as Mirth, and Virtue, and Law, and Friendship, and the Garden. His description of Virtue gives us pause for close examination and analysis :

“ What one art thou, thus in torn weed yclad ?
 Virtue, in price whom annceint sages had.
 Why, poorly rayd ? For fadying goods past care.
 Why double faced ? I marke eche fortunes fare.
 This bridle, what ? Mindes rages to restrain.
 Tooles why beare you : I love to take great pain.
 Why, winges ? I teach above the starres to flye.
 Why tread you death ? I only cannot dye.”

There is no gem in the entire setting that scintillates more brightly than this.

The identity of this writer has not yet been established with absolute certainty. Since Strype's time, Grimald, the chaplain of Thomas Thirleby, Roman Catholic Bishop of Ely, has been confounded with Grymbold, a chaplain of Bishop Ridley. A signed article in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' states that "Professor Arber's argument that the poet is distinct from Ridley's chaplain is contro-

verted by the references in Foxe and in Ridley's correspondence." But, indeed, "all existing statements respecting these six ascertained authors seem to require a severe testing; and many new facts respecting them would no doubt reward a further lengthened enquiry."

The discussion was opened by Mrs. Stopes, who pointed out that it must be remembered that the sonnet was originally intended to be *sung*, and that in singing sometimes the long vowels made up the difference in accent, which was at that time frequently different from what it is now. She also suggested that Shakespeare's sonnet-form followed Wyatt's, rather than Surrey's, if judged by terminal rhymes. In regard to the claim made for this miscellany as being the first of its kind, she said that there is contemporary testimony to the existence of another, much earlier in the century, called 'The Court of Venus,' much reprobated by theologians; and that there was also a modified rescension of this, entitled 'The New Court of Venus,' of which fragments have been preserved.

(Mrs. Stopes contributed two papers on the subject to the 'Athenæum' some years ago.)

EL INGENIOSO HIDALGO ‘DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA’: THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

BY PHILIP H. NEWMAN, R.B.A., F.S.A., F.R.S.L.

[Read June 14th, 1905.]

It is especially fitting that there should be a cordial response in this country to the invitation of Spain to the rest of Europe to join with her in celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the publication of ‘Don Quixote.’

Indeed, it would be remarkable if the response did not leap to meet the invitation to do honour to the book and its author, seeing that the popularity of the work here has rivalled that of the country of its birthplace; and although the purpose of the work, that of checking an undue romanticism, spiced with eccentric vagaries of chivalry, might have been of indirect or less application here than in Spain, we have yet shown our appreciation of the genius and philosophy in ‘Don Quixote’ in many ways, besides that of deriving from its pages colloquialisms and idiomatic expressions. It is also obviously appropriate that the Royal Society of Literature should be among the first to take the opportunity offered of doing honour to the memory of Cervantes,

inasmuch as, from our charter, we are necessarily the trustees of traditions of British scholarship not the least of which are, not only that the first translation of 'Don Quixote' was an English one—that made by Thomas Shelton, 1612–20—but also that the first really adequate edition in Spanish is that published by Tonson, 1738, under the auspices of Lord Carteret, Minister to George II, when it was once for all elevated from its place as a merely amusing book to its true position as a classic. Future reference will be made to these important editions, but before proceeding further I must here refer to and acknowledge gratefully my indebtedness to the Council and members of this Society for the honour of being entrusted to be its humble mouthpiece on this occasion, and may, perhaps, be allowed to modestly screen my insufficiency for the important office by the best words that I can find, viz. those of Cervantes himself, in the preface to the first part of his immortal book, where he says: "You may depend upon my bare word, reader, without any farther security, that I could wish this offspring of my brain were as ingenious, sprightly, and accomplished as yourself could desire, but the mischief on't is Nature will have its course." I should further add that whatever of ingenuity or sprightliness there may be in the present paper it is, in the aforesaid course of Nature, largely dependent, for its facts at least, upon that immense bibliography in which the genius of Cervantes is enshrined, or entrenched, brought up to date from Nicola Antonio, Mayans y Siscar, Sarmiento, Pellicer, Los Rios, Navarette, and Aribau in the admirable digests of Ticknor, Fitzmaurice

Kelly, and Henry Edward Watts, to whose labours in the Cervantean field literature is generally indebted, and myself in particular. Nor must I omit to mention that remarkable ‘Iconography’ of Don Quixote by the late H. S. Ashbee, the enumeration of whose Quixote collection, bequeathed to individuals and the nation, constitutes alone a chapter in Cervantean literature. I may say that without the ‘Iconography’ or its author’s excellent lecture delivered before the Royal Society of British Artists, April 28th, 1900, on this subject, and entitled “Don Quixote and British Art,” any examination of the subject of illustration of ‘Don Quixote’ would have been laborious, if not impossible, for the purposes of this paper.*

To deal with the bibliography, or, as I have said, literature, is quite impossible. Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly mentions as many as seventy-one editions of English translations, besides nine abridgments, to swell the list of the editions of Spain herself and other countries. Mr. Henry Edward Watts confines himself, on the subject of English translations, to mentioning eight only, which he deems of literary or biographical value. I cannot, I think, do better than follow his example, and give them in an appendix to this paper, which, moreover, will include a list of the most notable Spanish editions. I may observe here that Mr. Calvert, in his bright little book containing, besides the “Life of Cervantes,” the reputed

* In reference to this Cervantean tercentenary and the general interest occasioned it is gratifying to note the excellent lecture recently given on Cervantes by M. Montepie at University College and the brilliant paper read by Mr. J. Fitzmaurice Kelly before the British Academy in January last.

portraits, as well as other illustrations and interesting title-pages of Cervantes' works, gives a very full bibliography, and also what he terms a "*repertoire* of documents" relating to our author which are of the highest importance and interest.

As I propose, as indicated above, to touch on the question of the graphic arts in connection with my subject, I may be permitted to allude to the inspiration, also derived from Cervantes, by musical composers, and to call attention to the valuable list communicated in an interesting but brief article* by Mr. J. S. Shedlock. Besides calling attention to some operas founded on the subject of 'Don Quixote' (English and foreign), the symphonic poem of Richard Strauss is alluded to, and also Mendelssohn's youthful work, "The Wedding of Canacho," which the composer wrote at the age of 15, referring to it amusingly, however, in after years, as one of his old sins. It would be well if such a reliable chronicler as the writer of this article would complete the list of Cervantean musical inspirations from the 'Novelas,' etc.

The fact that the author of 'Don Quixote,' son of Roderigo de Cervantes and his wife, Leonor de Cortinas, was baptised on the 9th day of October, 1547, and christened Miguel, has led to the supposition that he was born on the Michaelmas day immediately preceding, the custom moreover being that infants in Spain should bear the name of the saint of the day of their nativity. The baptismal ceremony took place in the Church of Santa Maria la Mayor in the ancient town Alcalá de Henares, in New

* See 'Monthly Musical Record,' June, 1905.

Castile, where his parents resided at the time this youngest of their four children (two sons and two daughters) was born. The name of Saavedra was not assumed until after his captivity in Algiers and return to Spain in 1580. He derived this surname from his great-grandmother, daughter of Don Juan Ceras of Saavedra, who became the mother of Juan de Cervantes, the corregidor of Osuna.

Although Madrid and other cities of Spain have contended for the honour of being the birthplace of its great writer, and the existence of another Miguel de Cervantes, also called Saavedra, tended to increase the doubt of identification, all uncertainty was set at rest by the discovery of a manuscript of the Royal Library, dated 1581,* which gives the names of certain captives returned from Algiers in the preceding year, and amongst these our author “Miguel de Cervantes, a native of Alcalà de Henares,” whose reputed age, thirty years, is in harmony with the baptismal register. The name Cervantes, possibly derived from Galicia, said to be the haunt of stags, is genealogically associated with the Gothic kings of Leon in the eleventh century. But however noble the descent, according to Mendez de Silva and others, Miguel was the son of persons in humble circumstances, his father Roderigo, though ranking amongst the *hidalgos*, being dependent on the profession of a surgeon-apothecary, and that certainly itinerant, for the means of bringing up his children.

* The document was found by Don Juan Iriarte, the King's librarian at Madrid, and its connection with the author of ‘Don Quixote’ shown by the learned Benedictine Fra Martin Sarmiento: confirmation came in 1804 by the discovery of Cean Bermudez.

Miguel had little regular education,* and it is interesting to gather from his own writing—the prologue, in fact, of the ‘Comedies and Farces,’ published in 1615—how a desultory education was supplemented and a literary taste, encouraged by his attendance at performances of strolling players, under the guidance of Lope de Rueda. It is impossible, and I do not propose, to give more than the briefest summary here of the life of Cervantes; but his reflections, illuminating as they do these early efforts of the Spanish drama, may not be altogether omitted. The account of Lope de Rueda himself, the stage of “four benches arranged in a square, with five or six planks on the top of them, raised but four hands’ breadth from the ground, the four white sheep-skin dresses, trimmed with gilt leather, and four beards, wigs, and crooks, more or less,” and the “old blanket drawn aside by two ropes, which made what they call the green room, behind which were the musicians singing some old ballad without a guitar,” constitute the elements of a picture of that time which impresses us now, not only for its own sake, but because the account surely indicates that the boy, while absorbing and struggling to rightly estimate the worth of Rueda’s verses—as he himself admits—possessed that practical accompaniment of genius which grasps and retains all essential surrounding details.”

These autobiographic relations of youthful episodes and recollections are distinctly fortunate for

* The tradition that he was a student at the University of Salamanca is apparently based on insufficient evidence. See Ed. Watts’ ‘Life’ and that of Fitzmaurice Kelly.

us in a contemplation of the Author and his work in ‘Don Quixote,’ as they enable us the more readily to anticipate the growth of the mind and to follow its development in the vicissitudes of a life which, though crowned with unlooked-for success, was, in its various phases, chequered with disaster and disappointment. We witness the germ of this growth in the schoolroom of the poet Lopez de Hoyas at Madrid, we see it in the emulation that dictated the contribution of poems, at the age of twenty-one, and in the name of Hoyas’ seminary, to the elegies offered at the tomb of the beautiful Isabel of Valois, third wife of Philip II, a contribution we hear from Cervantes himself, though deprecatingly, in the ‘Viage del Parnaso.’ We anticipate his mental development from his association with the youthful Nuncio and Legate of Pope Pius V, Julio Aquaviva, who, treated with scant courtesy by Philip, carried away in his train the young Cervantes as *camarero*, page, or chamberlain, a position from which, besides the opportunity of seeing the world, afforded to such a temperament a promising vista. It gives us no surprise to find chamberlainship, even to an exalted ecclesiastic, soon, however, exchanged, in an adventurous spirit, for military service—whether in the contingent of Philip, or the Pope, is as uncertain as it is unimportant—when the world was ringing with the clash of arms, and the Holy League was rekindling the fire of Christendom to check once for all the pretensions of Islam. We obtain the first insight into that invincible and dogged character which ever held purpose superior to circumstance, in Cervantes, at Lepanto.

In the great naval battle which practically turned back the tide of Islam on the sea, as Charles Martel had turned back the Arabian flood of invaders on land, a well-attested account of Cervantes' behaviour on this occasion places him at once in the highest ranks of the brave, among the heroes who fought that day, be they Spaniards under Don Juan of Austria, or Venetians and Genoese under Doria, or Agostino Barbarigo. Though ill on board the *Marquesa*, and entreated by his captain to remain below, the simple soldier of Moncada begged to be allowed to be in the post of danger, and with a chosen few upon the quarter-deck of the galley withstood the hottest fire of arquebusiers and archers. Foremost among the boarders of the galley of the Pasha of Alexandria, who with five hundred men was himself slain, Cervantes shared in the victory, which secured, besides the Egyptian ship, the capture of the Royal Standard; and though paying dearly in his own person, having two gunshot wounds in the breast, and suffering the loss of the use of his left hand for ever, he treasured these injuries, in after life, as the most glorious of his honours, obtained, as he himself remarks, on "the greatest occasion that past or present ages have witnessed, or that the future can hope to witness." There is no need to dwell upon the indomitable spirit of the man, the persistence in military service in the regiment of Figueroa after much suffering in hospital, nor to follow him afloat and ashore at Tunis and elsewhere in this career; suffice that in 1575, being then at Naples, he obtained leave to visit Spain after nearly six years' absence, and Don Juan gave *Soldado Arentajado*, of the renowned

Tercio de Figueroa, letters strongly recommending him to the notice of the King as “a man of valour, of merit, and of many signal services.” But this Renaissance Ulysses we find bearing other and many forms of trial before he reached his native land. Almost in sight of Spain the ‘*El Sol*,’ the ship Cervantes was on board of was captured, after a desperate fight with Algerine Corsairs, and the letters of Don Juan, found upon our author, only served to insure to him severe treatment to stimulate an early and important ransom. In his own comedy “*El Trato de Argel*” much of the life at Algiers may be derived, and Navarrette, in his ‘*Vida de Cervantes*,’ confirms and amplifies this on the authority of the papers discovered in 1808 by Cean Bermudez, in the Indian Archives at Seville, and now at Simanca. These documents refer to a petition to the King, and a consequent examination of Cervantes as to his behaviour in captivity. From this we gather a more enduring and a greater heroism than that at Lepanto, combining with constant efforts for his own and companions’ escape, an amount of discretion and self-sacrifice that deserved a better fate than to be thwarted by the treachery of the Dominican monk Blanco de Paz, whose bitter and persistent animosity pursued Cervantes to the end. The end of exile, however, came, but not from the royal gratitude to redeem a worthy soldier.

The liberation was effected, but not by Philip II. The burden fell upon Cervantes’ mother and widowed sister, Leonor de Cortinas, and Andrea de Cervantes; a sum of 300 ducats raised by these two women was added to a moiety obtained principally on loan and conveyed by Father Juan Gil of the Holy Order of the Redemptories to Algiers.

This excellent man appears, however, to have raised a further sum of 500 Spanish *escudos*, from local merchants and others, to satisfy Hassan Pasha, Cervantes' tyrannical master.

The enmity of Blanco de Paz—whether dictated by the Holy Office or not is uncertain—has been the means, at any rate, through the petition and inquiry referred to, of showing the character of Cervantes to be equal to those heroes of chivalry whose noblest attributes he would have been the last to deery, as in 'Don Quixote' he is the first to rend the tissue of extravagance in which their deeds are enveloped.

The return to Spain, however joyful, after ten years' absence, found him without the position and reward he anticipated as his due; and we see him again taking military service, in despair, in his old regiment, fighting on one of Santa Cruz flagships with the old bravery, and ending his soldier life only after the return of the fleet from the Azores to Cadiz, 1585. He appears, after some uncertain appointment of a diplomatic character to Spanish Barbary, to have resumed his early literary tendencies and written the pastoral poem "Galatea."

It is necessary, however, to return for a while to Portugal, for the conquest of which the Figueroa regiment had been very much at Lisbon. Besides dealing finally with Don Antonio and Philip's allied enemies at sea, Roderigo Cervantes is said to have distinguished himself greatly at Terceira, though whether the brothers were fighting side by side here is doubtful. In Portugal, on Miguel's part at least, war seems to have been fairly balanced by love; and his admiration of the country and its fairer inhabit-

ants is recorded years afterwards in glowing terms in his “*Persiles and Sigismunda*,” published by his widow after his death. The widow, however, was not the Portuguese lady who bore him a daughter who lived under his roof until the day of his death.

The marriage of Miguel de Cervantes did not take place until December 12th, 1584, a few days before the “*Galatea*” was published. Little is known of Cervantes’ wife, Donna Catalina de Palacios de Salazar, although some interesting items in relation to the dowry Cervantes settled upon her—100 ducats, or a tenth of his fortune—are mentioned by Pellicer, and a curious list of the lady’s own effects which affords some elements of a striking domestic picture. Thus were secured to her “several plantations of young vines in the district of Esquivias; six *fanegas* of meal, and one of wheat at eight *reals*; various articles of household furniture—two linen sheets, three of cotton, a cushion stuffed with wool, two pillows of the same, one good blanket, and one worn; tables, chairs, pots, and pans; a brasier, a grater, several jars; sacred images in alabaster and silver gilt, a crucifix, two little images of the Baby Jesus, with His little garments and body linen; four beehives, and forty-five hens and pullets, with one cock.”

This inventory is not mentioned here with any idea of supporting the notion of the gossips of Donna Catalina at Esquivias, that in “marrying the maimed old soldier,” as Mr. Watts says, “she threw herself away,” but with the view of indicating the background and environment from which the portrait of the author of ‘*Don Quixote*’ is relieved, and to

supply in effect the touch of nature which pathetically brings his nearer to our own.

Catalina brought Cervantes, however, no children. She was nineteen and he thirty-seven years old at the time of their wedding. Whatever reliance may be placed upon the tradition that his future wife was made to figure as the peerless *Galatea*, and that Cervantes himself masquerades as her lover, the Shepherd *Ellicio*, she was a veritable Dulcinea to him, and it is not without pathos that we see the chivalrous loyalty of the buffeted soldier so heavily handicapped by fortune in their married life. How far distance of time allows us to lift the veil and make the private life of public men public property is not to be discussed here. We know at least that in all its vicissitudes Cervantes' home, which included his wife, his natural daughter Isabel, his widowed sister Andrea and her daughter Costanza, provided elements enough to disturb the domestic peace of any hearth; yet, although the household was poor, and Cervantes no more careful perhaps than men of supposed genius usually are—yet, if Catalina was a much-enduring woman, she endured with so good a grace that at her death, ten years after that of her husband, she desired no other resting-place than by his side.*

At Esquivias, at Madrid, or at Valladolid the condition of the household remained much the same.

The unfortunate episode at the latter place, how-

* Dona Catalina died at Madrid October 31st, 1626, and was buried in the Convent of the Trinitarian Nuns in her husband's grave, of which the site is now forgotten.—*Watts' 'Life.'*

ever, when the whole family were thrown into gaol pending an inquiry as to the death of one of the Court gallants, Don Gaspar de Espeleta, whom they had succoured when wounded, shows the addition of a servant Maria and Dona Magdalena de Sotomayor, called Cervantes' sister, but who was probably a cousin. That all these people were dependent on Cervantes, with the exception of the trifling contributions obtained by needlework and the produce of Catalina's plantations of young vines, is evident. It is no source of wonder, then, that the pen of the ready writer of poems, pastorals, plays, and romances was intermitted with the profession of tax-collector, which begged and beggarly appointment he obtained with difficulty from the Royal Purveyor-General of Fleets and Armaments of the Indies, and became one of the four Commissaries who purchased stores for the "Invincible Armada." Anything more uncongenial than such a post to such a man it is difficult to conceive; the very excellence of his character and qualifications told against his success in dealing with officials in Spain at such a period, while the careless side of the nature of the soldier, evidenced in much of his literary work, was disastrous to an official career where exactness was a necessity. He seems to have been often in trouble, once for trusting 7,400 *reals* to a defaulting agent, and at another time spending three months in the prison of Castro del Rio for over-zeal in levying taxes on the Church in obtaining stores for the "Invincible Armada." He keeps his poetical pen constantly in the ink, however, now winning spoons for a prize quatrain in praise of a new saint, now

writing a satirical ode on Medina Sidonia, or, as when Philip died, in 1598, composing a sonnet in mockery of his all too sumptuous obsequies.

Lope de Rueda, who is supposed to have served, though a younger man, in the same regiment as Cervantes, had completely beaten his comrade out of the field as a playwright. Madrid audiences evidently could take quantity without being over nice as to quality; and although we have the generous recognition by Cervantes of the excellence of his friend's and rival's comedies as "suitable, felicitous, and well-worded," yet of the eighteen hundred plays attributed to Lope de Rueda in the leisure of his priestly avocations, few remain that are at all well known. None bear comparison as works of art with Cervantes' "La Numancia" or "El trato de Argel." The "Numancia" may not, as has been said, be a play in the modern sense, but the fire of criticism with which it has been assailed and illuminated has only served to mark the more distinctly its glowing patriotism and fervid eloquence, and to emphasise the pathos of a monumental story of love and sacrifice. The "Numancia" having been played, perhaps for the last time, when the French were thundering at the gates of Zaragoza, and with the inspiring effect of stimulating the vigour of the defence, has invested this drama with a halo of romance and sentiment which has rendered it almost sacred.

While the "Numancia" commands our interest as a work of art by its intensity, "El trato de Argel" survives probably as much from the reflection it gives of the author's life in Algiers as from any intrinsic merit.

It is impossible to do more here than mention another of many plays—"The Perplexed Lady." This, however, an example of the cloak and sword style, has the *cachet* of the author's own good opinion, if it has little more. Neither can we dwell on the long list of titles, comprising the 'Novelas Exemplares,' short stories published with much success in 1613; they are vivid with the Cervantean spirit and redolent of the Spanish life of the period, though remarkably free from impure ideas or coarseness. The influence these tales have exercised upon subsequent literature is certainly immense, and is recognisable in the novel of to-day as importantly as in the writings of Fielding, Scott, or Dickens.* But these comedies, novels, and poems, published while the second part of 'Don Quixote' was getting ready for the press, or subsequently to the completion of the great work of Cervantes' life, wrought no improvement in his worldly position, and this though his works met with high approbation. So high, indeed, were these opinions, that one of Cervantes' admirers was heard to remark, "If it is necessity compels him to write may God grant he may never have abundance, so that, poor himself, he may make the whole world rich." Interest has centred round the question of how much Cervantes knew of European literature, and that especially of his contemporaries. Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly is of opinion that he might have

* I feel that in connection with these novels the name of Norman Maccoll, the late and able editor of the 'Athenaeum,' should be mentioned, who devoted many years to the production of a new and excellent translation, and who would have taken a conspicuous part in Cervantean celebrations this year had it not been for his lamentably sudden and untimely death.

known something of Rabelais, but is in doubt whether he had any knowledge of Jean de Meung, Villon, Morot, Rousard, Scaliger, Casaubon, and Montaigne. Much less, however, did he know of his contemporaries Sidney Spenser, Marlow, Raleigh, Bacon, and Shakespeare.

Though Shakespeare might have read ‘Don Quixote,’ it remains doubtful if he could have known much of Cervantes’ writings. His attention, however, must have been directed seriously to Spain, for, if I remember rightly, Dr. Garnett points out the derivation of much of the “Tempest” from the ‘Primero Noche de Invierno.’ Fletcher doubtless derived his “Knight of the Burning Pestle” from ‘Don Quixote.’ He need not have known Spanish, as he could have seen Shelton’s translation. But it would take too long to recapitulate what is generally so well known, *i. e.* the long list of admirers whose regard took the sincerest form of flattery, besides those whose mere notes of admiration increase our own by their happy expression. A few must suffice. Dr. Johnson, according to Mrs. Piozzi, considered ‘Don Quixote’ second only to the ‘Iliad’—a trifle extravagant, perhaps, as when Byron overshoots the mark in “Cervantes smiled Spain’s chivalry away.” Heine mistakes him when he qualifies his admiration by calling him a mocker of enthusiasm, but is justified in comparing him with Shakespeare, when he says, “Both poets were not only flowers of their time, but they were also the germs of the future.” Then, while Sismondi calls ‘Don Quixote’ the most melancholy of books, Carlyle calls it the joyfullest. Molière complimented by copying him, Montesquieu

by offending all other Spanish writers: *Le seul de leur livres qui soit bon est celui qui a fait voir la ridicule de tons les autres* (‘Lettres Personnel’). The author of the ‘Nouvelle Heloise,’ if reluctant, is honest: “Il faut ecrire comme Cervantes pour faire lire six volumes de visions.” The remark of St. Evremond, when he says, “‘Don Quichotte que je puis lire toute ma vie sans en etre dégoûté un seul moment,’” is balanced by Macaulay’s forcible phrase, “The best novel in the world.” Victor Hugo, Merimée, and Viardot all agree in praise or imitation, and the commentary may well be closed by Saint-Beuve’s “Cette imagination que n’était que hors de propos,” and Schlegel’s surpassing criticism of ‘Don Quixote’: “The more it is imitated the more it becomes imitable.”

Cervantes reached his greatest success through avenues of misfortune. Dramatic writing might not, if prosecuted, have been comparable with ‘Don Quixote,’ or even the subsequent ‘Novelas Exemplares,’ but unquestionably the stoppage of all theatrical performance in Spain at one period by its gloomy monarch, besides the redundancy of Lope de Vega, acted as deterrents to Cervantes’ play-writing. Again, his spontaneity in writing satirical sonnets and lampoons would be a considerable factor in the gentle art of making enemies. Some form of this accomplishment led to the avenue of trouble, ending in the Casa de Mediano, in the cellar of which house, in the town of Argamasilla, Cervantes was locked up, as tradition reports, and where, on no better authority, ‘Don Quixote’ took form in a satire intended to travesty the figure and mental

condition of Roderigo de Pachero, a cousin of Catalina Palacio's, and a strong opponent to her marriage with our author. The most important support of this legend is derived from the hidalgo's portrait of quixotic appearance in a votive picture in the church; an inscription sets forth how the said hidalgo had called upon the Virgin in his affliction and promised her a silver lamp in return for relief of the great pain he had suffered in his brain through a chillness or dumbness, which had "curdled it within." It was about this time, however, whether at Argamasilla de Alba or elsewhere, in, to us, the obscurest period of his life, that Cervantes wrote 'Don Quixote,' *i. e. circa* 1600. Internal evidence shows that it was not the product of a brief period, or that its motive and intention was of mere caprice, spite, or revenge. The accident of a fancied resemblance to the knight of La Mancha in the portrait of the votive picture is unimportant, except that it might have suggested, quite innocently, the adoption of a type, in like manner as Cervantes' comings and goings in La Mancha and other parts of Spain filled the storehouse of an artistic memory with inexhaustible *dramatis personae* and *mise en scène*.

The innumerable suggestions that have been made in tracing the original of Cervantes' gaunt hero need not occupy us greatly. A fancied resemblance to Titian's portrait of Charles V, a less probable idea that Philip was intended to be travestied, may be dismissed without argument. The likeness to Loyola suggested by el Reverendo Don Juan Bowle, our own countryman, has the feeble support of possibility in the fact of Quixote's Biscayan adversary coming from

the same village as the saintly Jesuit, but none of these contentions can be reasonably maintained now.

The dog's-cared and bethumbed MSS., we find, waited long for both patron and publisher. Perhaps the Duke of Béjar's sympathy for books of chivalry was the reason, after all, that he should appreciate in the fullest degree the chapter Cervantes read to him, and that he should accept the Dedication although he had previously rejected it. But I think here we may allow something for humour in the valiant old soldier, who must have been hugely tickled by that first chapter of ‘Don Quixote,’ which parodies one of the silliest romances, and which the author, Feliciano de Silva, had dedicated to the Duke of Béjar's own grandfather.* Cervantes, in a well-known passage in ‘Don Quixote,’ † refers to “a grave ecclesiastic, one of those who regulate noblemen's houses, one of those who, not being nobly born themselves, never succeed in teaching noble conduct to those who are so born, one of those who seek to level the nobility of the great to the pettiness of their own minds, one of those who, striving to teach economy, impart meanness to those under them.” This passage is supposed to have been levelled against the Duke's chaplain, and probably indicates some fears of heterodoxy. There must have been public reading of the MSS. in other places, as six months previous to the publication ‘Don Quixote’ is mentioned in verse by the Dominican Andrés Pérez (?). (See Fitzmaurice Kelly's ‘Life of Cer-

* The third part of ‘Don Florizel de Niquea’ was dedicated to a former Duke de Béjar. See ‘Salva's Cataloga,’ vol. ii, p. 14.

† D 2, Part II, chap. 31.

vantes,' ch. vi, p. 212.) The lines are from the *Picara Justina*':

“Soy la Reyn de Picardi
 Mas que la Rud conoci,
 Mas famo que doña Oli,
 Que Don Quixo y Lazari,
 Que alfarache y Celesti,
 Sino me conoces cue ;
 Yoy so due
 Que todas las aguas be.”

The *privilegio* of the ‘*Picara Justina*’ is dated August 22nd, 1604; ‘*Don Quixote*’ did not appear until December, 1604, or January, 1605. Lope de Vega had heard of the coming book, but was not generous enough, in this period of his own great success, to welcome that of his rival. Friederich von Schack mentions, in his ‘*Dramatic Literature and Art in Spain*’ (Frankfort-on-the-Main, 1854), p. 33, Lope speaking of the book thus: “I speak not of poets; many of them are in blossom for the coming year, but none of them is as bad as Cervantes—none of them so foolish as to praise ‘*Don Quixote*.’”

The copyright of the MSS. was at last sold to the King’s printer, Francisco Robles, for ten years. The *privilegio* was signed on September 26th, and the *Tasa* on December 20th, 1604, and it was printed by Juan de la Cuesta, in Madrid, and published by him in 316 folios in January, 1605.

The first impressions of the book were discreditably full of typographical blunders, which should have been revised if the printing itself was equal to that which was usual at the time. The dawn of Cervantes’

immortality was autumnal; he was 58 when he was correcting the 'Don Quixote' proofs. Ticknor, in his 'History of Spanish Literature,' dwells amusingly on some of these blunders, notably that of "saying seven times that Sancho was on his ass after Gines de Passemonte had stolen it"; also that Cervantes "took pains in the only edition of the first part that he ever revised to correct two of his blunders, heedlessly overlooking the rest, and when he published the second part laughed heartily at the whole, the errors and the corrections and all, as things of little consequence to himself or anyone else." But Ticknor goes on generously to add that "it was written in his old age, at the conclusion of a life every step of which had been marked by disappointed expectations, disheartening struggles, and sore calamities, that he began it in a prison, and that it was finished when he found the hand of death pressing heavily upon his heart, that if we remember this as we read, we may feel, as we ought to feel, what admiration and reverence are due, not only to the living power of Don Quixote, but to the character and genius of Cervantes; if it be forgotten or underrated, we shall fail in regard to both." To this carelessness must be attributed, however, to some extent the vexation that Cervantes experienced by being forestalled in the second part of 'Don Quixote.' Besides that, the pirates and the wreckers were busy, as Mr. Watts says, upon 'Don Quixote' from its very earliest appearance. Worse was to come, however, for Cervantes was completing his fifty-ninth chapter of the second part when he learned of Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda's publication of a spurious edition at Tarragona. Argu-

ment has played round a possible excuse for this in the unfortunate quotation or misquotation from the “*Orlando Furioso*”—

“*Forse altri cantera con miglior plettro*”—

leaving it doubtful, as Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly says, whether the writer seriously intended to complete the work himself, though it is no new thing in the history of Spanish literature that a work by one hand should be completed by another, and he instances ‘*Diana of Montemayor*,’ continued both by Alonzo Pérez and Gil Polo; yet, as he adds, “the most shameless of these self-nominated assistants had generally thought it necessary to allude to the original writer in terms of civility, or at least to abstain from coarse invective and indecent obloquy.” The insolent Avellaneda, scurrilous as malignant, does not even hesitate to comment on Cervantes thus: “The tongue of the world-worn veteran wags more freely than his hand” (injured at Lepanto).

The false ‘*Don Quixote*’ possessed merits enough, however, to give Le Sage an opportunity for approving it, and for Pope to mistake the translation of Avellaneda for ‘Cervantes’.

The mask of Avellaneda has never been penetrated, and has covered many supposed personalities in its time—the Inquisitor-General, Blanco de Paz, the Dominican of Algiers, Andrés Pérez of the pomographic ‘*Picara Justina*’ and others; but it must at least be believed, if not proven, that, as D Raimón León Mainez has pointed out, “if the hand is the hand of Avellaneda, the voice is the voice of Lope de Vega.”* He gives himself away in his

* See ‘*Life of Cervantes*’ (Fitzmaurice Kelly), p. 263.

resentment at the gentle criticism evidently aimed at him in the forty-eighth chapter of ‘Don Quixote.’ But we will not pursue the disagreeable subject further. If, as has been suggested, there is in that voluminous Vega and Sessa correspondence, of which Schak only saw a part, but which is still in the Biblioteca Nacional, a single sentence that will tend to clear up this mystery, for the sake of literature, for the sake of Spain, it ought to be published.

Spain has indeed shown a regrettable want of interest in the past in her splendid son the author of ‘Don Quixote.’ Independently of the doubt which for years veiled his birthplace, and that it was due to a foreign country that the doubt was solved, due also to England the first translation, and much more the first adequate edition, of his book in his native tongue—the edition published by Tonson and illustrated by Vanderbusch—it is a reproach to Cervantes’ countrymen that they have not been able to discover his authentic portrait, although two at least must have been made during his lifetime. He mentions one himself, and describes his own personal appearance in the Preface to the ‘*Novelas Exemplares*’—truthful, doubtless, as it is not touched up by any personal vanity: “An oval visage, chestnut hair, smooth, open forehead, lively eyes, a hooked but well-proportioned nose, a silvery beard, that twenty years ago was golden, large moustaches, a small mouth, teeth not much to speak of, six in bad condition and worse placed, no two of them corresponding to each other, a figure midway between the two extremes, neither tall nor short, a vivid complexion, rather fair than

dark, somewhat stooped in the shoulders, and not very light-footed." It was upon this description William Kent founded his design for the portrait engraved by George Vertue for Tonson's edition previously referred to, which was produced at the expense of Lord Carteret, the minister who told Queen Caroline "the most agreeable and witty book ever written in the world" was lacking in her library. (See the Prologue to the 'Pastor de Filida' [Valencia, 1792] written by Mayans y Siscar, the editor of the 'Don Quixote' thus added to Queen Caroline's library.) The indifferent or inadequate Spanish editions are too numerous to mention. By far the most important, however, are those of Clemencin (Madrid, 1833-39), and that with its valuable commentaries by our own countryman John Bowle, the accomplished scholar and vicar of Idmestone, Wilts. This edition of el Reverendo Don Juan Bowle (six vols. in 3 roy. 4to) was for the most part printed at Salisbury, but the first volume in London, 1781, precedes Clemencin's and also the critical and analytical edition of Pellicer (Madrid, 1797-98), who derived many of his notes directly from Bowle, it is said, without adequate acknowledgment. Of all the French translations of 'Don Quixote,' Viardot's, 1836, with Tony Johannot's illustrations, is the best, Mr. Watts says, in spite of the trenchant attack that was made upon it by Biedermann in 'Don Quichotte et la tâche de ses traducteurs' (Paris, 1837).

Excepting that he left Valladolid soon after the Madrilenos had persuaded Philip III to make their town the capital (1606) we know little of Cervantes till the second edition of the first part of 'Don

Quixote’ was brought out at Madrid in 1608; he had probably been at Seville in some of the intervening period, but at any rate the crest of the wave of success at this time had brought him within the scope of important and most influential persons who gave him their friendship. Archbishop Bernardo Sandoval y Rojas, one of the most liberal-minded men who ever ruled the Inquisition, was probably instrumental in delaying the expurgation of the offending passage on works of charity which the Duchess tells Sancho if “performed coldly and feebly have no merit nor avail anything.” Sandoval, Bishop of Toledo, died 1619, until which time the Holy Office took no notice of ‘Don Quixote.’*

His other important friend was the Viceroy of Naples, the Conde de Lemos, nephew and son-in-law of the Duke de Lerma. Lemos outlived Cervantes, and remained his friend to the last. It was fortunate that it was so, for although honour and success had stimulated the pen that was only laid down with the life, there was no golden sunset to this brilliant day, and the dark clouds of illness and poverty were relieved by the alms of his noble patron. Cervantes’ acknowledgments of these are as excessive as usual when thanking or praising his friends and contemporaries, as in the “Canto de Calliope” in the ‘Galatea,’ etc. Like many another writer or man of genius, he was not a good man of business to

* The inefficiency of works without charity seems to have been a stumbling-block to the Inquisition, as we find Archbishop Carranza, whose orthodoxy might have been taken as unquestionable, suffering sixteen years’ imprisonment for an indiscretion. No wonder Cervantes said: “Had it not been for the Inquisition I should have made my book much more entertaining.”

make the best of his wares. Speaking of a sale of comedies in MSS., he naïvely says: "I made the venture. I sold them to a bookseller, who sent them to the Press; he paid me a reasonable sum for them. I took my money meekly," etc.

After the plays and the 'Novelàs,' which in their rich variety and strength have been such a source of inspiration to later writers, the satirical poem 'Viage del Parnaso' must be mentioned. The indefatigable author had this published through the widow of Alonzo Martin at Madrid in 1614. It imitates in a degree the 'Viaggio di Parnaso' by the Perugian Cesare Caporali (Il Stemporato), 1582. Anything satirical in it is, however, relieved by Cervantes' indulgent and good-natured mention of his friends and poetasters of his time. Ticknor's judgment of the work as being of "little merit" may, as Mr. Watts says, be too severe, but undoubtedly Cervantes' poetry was not equal to his prose, and that does not reach, even in the 'Novelàs,' the level of 'Don Quixote.' Indeed, after the second part was published (November, 1615, by the same printer Juan de la Cuesta, and the same publisher Francesco Robles, as for the first part), and which *pace* Charles Lamb* is generally deemed better than the first, there could have been very little more literary work. In his dedication of the second part to the Count de Lemos, Cervantes announced the appearance of 'Persiles and Sigismunda' in four

* See Lamb's letter to Southey (August 9th, 1825): "Marry, when somebody persuaded Cervantes that he meant only fun and put him upon writing that unfortunate second part, with the confederacies of that unworthy Duke and contemptible Duchess, Cervantes sacrificed his instinct."

months; he had previously spoken of it, and ‘Las Semanas del Jardin’ as forthcoming; the latter was never carried out. The pathetic incident of the journey from Esquivias and the parting with the student at the bridge of Toledo, mentioned in the Prologue of ‘Persiles,’ is the last story told, and that concerns himself, and ends in thanking his companion for his kind advice on his ailment (dropsy) with these words: “My life is slipping away, and by the diary my pulse is keeping, which at the latest will end its reckoning this coming Sunday, I have to close my life’s account. Your worship has come to know me in a rude moment, since there is no time for me to show my gratitude for the goodwill you have shown me. By this time we reached the bridge of Toledo, whither I betook myself, he turning aside to take that of Segovia.”

Three weeks before his death he was received into the third order of St. Francis, whose habit he had assumed in 1613, an evidence rather of poverty perhaps than piety, and, as Mr. Watts says, it was not possible for a man to die decently, or at least be sure of decent burial, unless he was enrolled in one of the religious orders. At this time, at the height of his fame, the fortunes of Cervantes were probably at the lowest. A letter extant to the Archbishop of Toledo, in which he is thanked for his bounty, and wherein also Cervantes kisses his hands as the executor of saintly deeds, is evidence, not only of his poverty, but also of the terms he was on with the dignitaries of the Church.

Four days before the end came he writes the pathetic Dedication of ‘Persiles’ to the Conde de

Lemos, and says: "Yesterday they gave me Extreme Unction, and to-day I am writing. The time is short, my agonies increase, my hopes diminish." He enlarges gratefully on the Count's bounty; his mind is still busy with literature and the works he will accomplish—the 'Weeks of the Garden' and the 'Bernardo' and also a sequel to the 'Galatea,' alas! too well accomplished though unwritten. And yet, with all this, the old humour brims up an eternal fountain. He quotes the words of an old poem, and turns them to fit his own case, an echo, perhaps, of the old days at Alcala de Henares: "With one foot in the stirrup waiting the call of death." How fearless! Is this the spirit and the smile of the Gothic kings of Leon, or the merely ordinary greeting of the inevitable by a poor hidalgo? He died, as he said he should, on Sunday, April 23rd, 1616. Nominally Shakespeare died on the same day,²³ but our calendar was then unreformed.

They have put up a tardy bust in the façade of the Trinitarian Convent in the Calle de Cantaranas—like and as unlike Cervantes as Kent's portrait; for hereabouts Cervantes' bones must have been cast after their removal with the sisters from the Convent of the Calle del Humilladero, in whose graveyard he had been buried. Long uncertain as to his birthplace, knowing only what manner of man he was from his own verbal description, Spain is yet as ignorant of the resting-place of her greatest son as of him who was buried in the Valley of Moab—"no man knoweth of his sepulchre to this day."

The personal character of Cervantes, and his religion or irreligion, have been very much discussed. Individually, the text “By their fruits ye shall know them” is enough for me. We may hope that it may answer greater purposes. I have nothing to say, therefore, on the subject, but I may without offence make one or two extracts from Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly’s admirable ‘Life,’ which has served to strengthen my own views. Mr. Kelly says, p. 299 :

“On almost all topics Cervantes was a man of his own age; his opinions, his prejudices, his tendencies, his virtues, and his vices, are all essentially those of his own cycle. Take, for example, his view with regard to the Moors. Their expulsion from Spain, involving as it did an unexampled breach of public faith, seemed to him an excellent achievement, a holy work. His prejudice against the Jews was at least as strong, and the language which he allowed himself to use with regard to his Algerine captors would bring a blush to the cheek of a Dragoon—would have made a whole mess-room turn pale. . . . The writer, however, was well content to satisfy two debts at one stroke—his hatred of his captors and his contempt for ecclesiastical parasites—both abiding passions with him. But the license of language in the seventeenth century was so unbounded that we need not be surprised that the gross vituperation of these passages should have been passed by the official censor of literature, who, himself a minister of unimpeachable orthodoxy, confined his attention, as a rule, to such sentiments as seemed directed against the religion of the State.

“It is to be regretted that the most splendid precept of Christianity [Mr. Kelly is here alluding to the conversation on charity between the Duchess and Sancho] should have been, even in these ages of faith, a dead letter.

“Attempts have been made, vainly enough, to show that

Cervantes was a very liberal-minded man in religious matters, and hero-worshippers, with a singular latitudinarian idea of hero-worship, have gone farther in their endeavour to honour his memory by declaring that he was not a Catholic. The question is neither uninteresting nor unimportant, for the point involves the hypothesis that Cervantes was among the basest of living men. It is certain that he himself would have been even more astounded than indignant at his orthodoxy being questioned. So far as external conformity went, a man who was never weary of celebrating his share in the last crusade, a man who was the favourite of a cardinal, who was a member of at least one religious confraternity, who wrote canticles in praise of newly canonised saints, who received Extreme Unction on his deathbed—such a man might fairly be held to have satisfied the severest canon."

I will not follow Mr. Kelly farther, but refer the unconvinced at once to his book, and proceed to the consideration of the general aspect of the question in its literary bearing—an aspect, it may be allowed, that is of far greater interest and importance than the purely individual one. This is opportunely brought to our notice in a most effective way by the recent publication of the 'Life and Letters of J. H. Shorthouse,' the author of 'John Inglesant,' a review of which appears in the 'Athenaeum' of June 3rd.

The reviewer gives this extract :

"Cervantes and Jean Paul Richter have come nearest to the conception of humour. But the one positive exception to the neglect of the Divine principle is Cervantes in 'Don Quixote.' This, as it seems to me, masterpiece of philosophic humour is, as I understand it, nothing but a representation of the struggle of the Divine principle to enter into the everyday details of human life, and the masterwork of it appears in this, that the Divine in it is

represented to be under no clumsy *machina* . . . but the reader himself is made to enter into the struggle and in most cases sides, as he does in life, with the commonplace and the material against the enthusiastic and Divine; and so unfaltering is the genius of Cervantes, that this is carried to the grave itself, before which, talked down by commonplaces, and crushed by worldly good sense, Quixote acknowledges his madness and confesses his life to have been a mistake; this is unspeakably sad, but it is true.”

This is subtle analysis, but it is very clear, and might be held to justify much besides tilting at windmills. At any rate, if it be accepted, it proves beyond question, if proof were wanting, not only that Cervantes recognised to the full the Divine influence, but that his artistic power was even greater than has been generally allowed, in that side by side with the eternal truth he recognised the eternal compromise expediency.

The reviewer’s truism, that “the Divine does not always fail, nor is its votary always reckoned mad,” does not seem to me, in presence of the story and its purpose, to convey the reproach to Cervantes intended to be implied.

In reference to the popularity of ‘Don Quixote’ in England, there remains the question, after all, how far it is genuine, and in what it consists, and we have our suspicions, nay, our certainties, that all is not as true lovers of Cervantes and his work would fain have it. Suspicion of genuineness in so far as admiration for the work is the correct attitude towards it, whether the admirer has read it or not; certainty that many of its admirers have not read it at all, or only partially, skimming the surface, taking

a bird's-eye view, which saw no deeper than the reflection of the stars that have shimmered in their own brilliancy upon Cervantes' humour-rippled ocean of philosophy—stars of another art, his numerous illustrators, who for the most part, while dazzling a wondering world, have not revealed to it the inner light of the work they intended to adorn or in any way tended to make manifest the real work of the Spaniard's masterpiece. It may be urged that this is a hard thing to say, but it must be allowed that it applies fairly equally in this connection in art and literature generally, and the failure in this respect to point the moral besides adorning the tale seems to be of the nature of things. Most authors are injured to an extent by their illustrators. No critics are so severe upon their works, because no critic is so convinced of the correctness of his own point of view, his vision of the intention of the writer, as the artist who designs his blocks (at the risk of being deemed facetious, should we not the rather say sometimes blocks the author's design?) and this the more assuredly when, as in the case of 'Don Quixote,' the illustrations are posthumous. A time-worn question is necessarily involved here, and if I dwell upon it, it is not unduly to its pertinence to the book we are considering. But the question is not limited to the illustration of books and the purport of their authors by art. The musical interpretation of the composer's intention, even in works written for the very instrument that they may be rendered upon, may reflect more of the idiosyncrasy of the executant, be he ever so conscientious, than the original spirit or individuality of the creator of

the sonata. It needs not to allude to mistranslation, or the impossibility of rendering the genius of one language by the scope of another, to raise a vision of an army of martyrs, ghosts of an intellectual past, whose eternal punishment would seem to be that of witnessing their offspring constantly maltreated by a perverse, blind, and irresponsible posterity, precept, poem, or play, at a period as remote from their origin as it is foreign to their evolution alike suffering from the rationalising of the conceived improbable or the Bowdlerising of the deemed improper. If this is to be regretted as a variable but constant percentage of loss to the present and to the future on all books of the past, how acute that regret becomes in relation to works of genius which are epoch-making in human thought, such as the book we are considering. In ‘Don Quixote,’ as I have endeavoured to show, it is not, as with many other books, that it suffers from adaptation to an unimaginative period, or that it had to be made palatable to a passing taste, but that in too many instances its illustrations were drawn to make it *go down*, as a publisher might say, with the public, seizing what a commercial view might see as its salient points, and sacrificing everything to the ridiculous—to make it go down, indeed, by roaring away every scintilla of deeper thought or philosophy in inextinguishable laughter. The failure to illustrate ‘Don Quixote’ adequately is not the reproach of the artists, but due to the nature of the work itself. Cervantes used the subjects illustrated as a means to an end, and if that end was as dependent upon the psychological and the introspective elements of the book as it was upon the physical

and incidental, the latter at least were susceptible of the more striking, if not picturesque, treatment by art, and the publishers, if not the artists, would consequently adopt them.

Having adopted them, it must be admitted that the merit of the illustrations varies very much, and I concur generally in the criticisms Mr. Ashbee made in his notable lecture. Our own Smirke and Westall, of course, with Stodhardt, have their especial charm. It is much to be regretted that only one of Hogarth's illustrations appears in Tonson's edition, and that unsigned, his other designs being rejected for those of Vanderbusch. But whatever excellences or shortcomings the illustrations may include from Solomon Savoy to Gustave Doré, the fact remains that they have assisted materially in giving a false impression of the scope of Cervantes' great work.

This is not a case covered by the most recent writer on the subject (one, I may say, who likes a joke, and can either draw it or write it), and whose *dictum* is that "pictures and the text, being inseparable, should be seen together." Nor is the case quite covered by Sir Walter Scott's opinion in his letter to Ellis, 1804, concerning the proposed illustrations to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," viz. :

"After all, perhaps nothing is more difficult than for a painter to adopt the author's ideas of an imaginary character, especially when it is founded on traditions to which the artist is a stranger. I should like at least to be at his elbow when at work."

Mr. Ashbee, in the excellent lecture I have men-

tioned, relies too much on this pronouncement of Scott; he is much nearer the mark, and indeed hits, I think, the right nail on the head when he himself says: “ ‘Don Quixote’ has been treated generally as a book for children, and depicted accordingly; here lies the error: it is, in fact, a work of profound philosophy.” As a painter, let me add one word more to this by no means new subject. I would ask, is it not rather that we take a wrong position in regard to illustrations generally? Should we not look upon these prints and pictures, etc., frankly as illustrations of the artists, and not of the books, admitting art as possible embellishment where we can? I must not allow myself to speak of paintings or the suitability of Coypel’s designs for decorative purposes. I conclude this branch of my subject with a tribute to one masterpiece of the English school, Leslie’s “Sancho Panza and the Duchess.”

There are myriads of people in England who if asked suddenly for their opinion of this work of Cervantes would answer in all good faith that it was an extravagant jest at the best, and if there was some idea at the bottom aimed at chivalry, it would have to be dug out of a heap of absurdity, and when found would be worth neither the time nor trouble expended. Now I am quite aware that it may be fairly argued here that Cervantes courted this kind of popularity by the treatment of his subject. Undoubtedly he did so. When you can only get a small audience in the stalls, you must play to the gallery; but as civilisation and culture advances the stalls increase and you have to play to them, knowing that the gallery at such a time is able to take very

good care of itself. At the time ‘Don Quixote’ was written the gallery was everything to Cervantes; the stalls looked rather askance; they were shocked. Independently of the attack on the chevalesque order of which they were, don and hidalgo, lineal descendants, and whose characteristic attributes and traditions they all, as proud inheritors, were bound to uphold and maintain, this huge joke of rough-and-tumble no amount of underlying philosophy could make them comfortably swallow. The gallery, the people whose literary pabulum had been for years extravagant stories, of which ‘Amadis of Gaul’ was the highest type, were not unprepared for another extravagance, where the wonder and the interest—with laughter moreover—went the other way. A crowd is fickle, often for sympathy, always for mirth: for generations the people had wondered and sympathised with Amadis, but on the instant that ‘Quixote’ appeared the other and his following were cast to the winds in a great shout of laughter. No book was ever so popular, no book ever had such an instant success. Some seven or eight editions were printed in the first year, six remaining extant. The genius that had lain fallow for twenty years—Cervantes had written nothing since the ‘Galatea’—flowered again to some purpose. The pen that had lain idle so long was dipped in the ink of gentle and mirth-provoking humour, and pricked the overgrown, if rainbow-tinted, bubble of knight-errantry, to collapse for ever.

We have used the term “playing to the gallery,” but let us not understand by this that Cervantes was appealing to the lowest instincts; indeed, it is matter

for some surprise that, in this late Renaissance period in Spain, his book is so pure as it is. The spirit of the ‘Decameron’ was about, and pervaded the innumerable stories whose origin we trace to Boccaccio; Brantome was still alive and telling merry tales in France, and the daughters of dames of *pour le monde* but of untainted reputation were yet to sit out unblushingly the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher and Philip Massinger. At any rate, let the state of manners and morals of the bulk of the people in Spain and Europe generally have been what they might, there is no intentional sop to licentiousness throughout the book, and it needed comparatively very little editing for the young person by Don Gregorio Mayans y Sisear at a later epoch. The transition had come for many things: if the drama and popular prints were not immaculate, blasphemy and bestiality no longer parodied pagan saturnalia before Christian altars: the people had been scandalised as well as the Church. The writings of Cervantes at least, whether in plays and poems, ‘Novelas Exemplares’ or ‘Don Quixote,’ were exemplary. Sir William Temple, when speaking of works of satire and rebuking Rabelais for his indecency and profaneness, says the matchless writer of ‘Don Quixote’ is much more to be admired for having made up so excellent a composition of satire or ridicule without those ingredients, and seems to be the highest strain that ever has been, or will be, reached in that vein (‘Works,’ London, 1814, 8vo, vol. iii, p. 436). It has been said that in writing ‘Don Quixote’ Cervantes, like all great authors, “builded better than he knew.” His critics have

also pretended to see beyond his own expressed intention in the book all kinds of ideas and references to the political condition of Spain, writing in which is concealed subtle references to the ruling powers, from the King to the Grand Inquisitor, or a warning to popery and antichrist, while others see in the book only the vulgar jest of an illiterate at the expense of an institution he was incapable of comprehending; a few recognise a nobler and loftier aim, and affect to see symbolised the eternal conflict of the spirit in a sphere bounded by the common-places of humanity. In this connection it is of the greater interest when we remember that at the time 'Don Quixote' was being printed in Spain, "Hamlet" was being perfected in England.

It has been remarked that what Dryden said of Shakespeare's characters is of equal application to those of Cervantes: "He drew them not laboriously but luckily." There are no lay figures in his picture, the figures are all touched from the life, nothing redundant, not a touch too much, and all coming on the scene without effort, but with natural effect; neither the style nor the pace is forced, but one event leads to another with that inevitableness that, while it partakes of nature, is one of the characteristics of all great art. The Don and Sancho, the Housekeeper and Niece, the Priest and the Barber, the Innkeepers and the Picaroons and Freebooters, the Duke and Duchess, Dorothea, Dulcinea, Sancho's wife, and even Maritornes, all live to us as we mention them, distinct, crisp, and statuesque, but as mobile in the book as they are characteristic. They are familiar to us as household words, and have

become prototypes of a legion of personifications which have delighted us in modern fiction. Whether as conjured in emulation by the ‘Wizard of the North’ (Scott admitted his inspiration by Cervantes), or in the pages of Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens, and others, sometimes in caricature as in *Hudibras*, sometimes in humour and pathos as in *Sterne’s Uncle Toby*, and sometimes in the chivalric tenderness of a Dobbin or a Colonel Newcome, modern literature owes an everlasting debt to Spain, not only for the ‘*Novelàs*,’ but for that which has abundantly served as a model in character-drawing, and for the searchings of heart of introspection—‘*Don Quixote*.’

I have said that the book marked a transition; it was abrupt; “the old order changeth”; the old, extravagant, and fictitious chivalry of Amadis and his followers was gone for ever as utterly as Thor and Wodin.

But they have left their rainbow bridge; and that symbol of hope shall light those toilers in the garden of fiction who distil from flowers of their own planting the perfume of another world co-mixed with the sweetness of their own souls. Fable might have been feeble without its Arthur, its Lancelot, and its Parsifal. History would have been dark without its Black Princes, its Bayards, its du Guesclins, but modern life would have been dull indeed in its science and its method without its manly Scott, its gentle Goldsmith, its humanising Thackeray and Dickens.

A new knight-errantry leaps into the saddle henceforth.

“To ride abroad redressing human wrong,
To break the heathen, and uphold the Christ,”

is the devoir of warriors armed with the pen—the pen of the cultured and conscientious journalist, the honest critic, and the clean playwright; by these, at least, true chivalry shall never be disgraced.

I have little more to add but to echo the great chorus of the admirers of Cervantes at this our festival in his honour; they are cosmopolitan and their name is legion. If there yet be detractors, I would urge to such that this illiterate person, this “mere uncultured evil,” “this *ingenio lego*,” but “latinless author,” who nevertheless is an integral part of the bed-rock of modern literature, this Cervantes of so little academical learning, was a graduate and a fellow in that wider scholarship whose library is the universe and whose books are mankind.

APPENDIX.

‘DON QUIXOTE’ IN THE ORIGINAL.

Part I, 1st Edition.

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha, compuesto por Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, etc., 1605. Madrid: Juan de la Cuesta.

Vendese en casa de Francisco de Robles librere del Rey, Nuestro senor.

Part I, 2nd Edition.

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha Em Lisboa, Impresso con licença do Santo officio por George Rodriguez, 1605.

Part I, 2nd Edition.

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Con Privilegio de Castilla Aragon, y Portugal. Madrid: Juan la Cuesta, 1605.

Part I.

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Impresa con licencia en casade Pedro Patricio Mey, 1605.

Part I.

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. En Brusselas por Roger Velpins, 1607 (piratical?)

Part I (the true 2nd Edition).

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Madrid: Juan de la Cuesta, 1608.

An edition supervised and corrected by the author, it is the basis of the editions of the Spanish Academy.

Part II.

Segunda parte del ingenioso Cavallero Don Quixote de la Mancha, etc. Madrid: Juan de la Cuesta, 1615.

This is the first edition of Cervantes' second part, in quarto of 584 pages. Similar in form and execution to Cuesta's first part, with the same devices, etc., on title-page.

THE COMPLETE ‘DON QUIXOTE.’

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. (Ambas Partes). À Costa de Juan Simon. Barcelona: 1617, 2 vols. 8vo.

The two parts are not printed uniformly.

Primera y segunda parte del ingenioso hidalgo, etc. Madrid: Francesco Martinez, 2 vols., 4to, 1637.

This, according to Navarette, is the first complete edition.

Vida y Heckos del ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote,

etc. En Bruselas por Juan de Monmarte, 1662, 2 vols., 8vo.

This edition was the first in which the title was altered, and is also the first embellished with plates.

Vida y Hechos del ingenioso hidalgo, etc. Londres, J. and R. Tonson, 4 vols. large 4to., 1738, with copperplates designed by Vanderbusch, and engraved by Vertue and Vandergucht.

This is the edition brought out under the auspices of Lord Carteret for Queen Caroline's library, edited by Mayans y Siscar, the portrait of Cervantes made up from description by William Kent.

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Madrid: 4 vols. imp. 4to, 1780.

Academy edition, with corrections and emendations adopted from Mayans y Siscar.

La historia del famoso Cavallero Don Quixote, etc. Con anotaciones indices y varias lecciones par el reverendo Don Juan Bowle, 6 vols. in 3 roy. 4to. (The first volume printed in London, the rest at Salisbury.) 1781.

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Nueva edicione corregida de nuevo, con nuevas notas, con nuevas estampas, con nueva analisis y con la vida nuevamente; comentado por Don Juan Antonio Pellicer. Madrid: Sancha, 1797-98, 5 vols., 8vo.

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Madrid: 1819, 4 vols., 8vo.

This is the fourth and latest edition of the Academy.

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Commentado por Don Diego Clemencin. Madrid: 1833-39, 6 vols., 4to.

"This is the famous edition of Clemencin," etc.

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Edicion corregida con especial studio de la primera, por Don Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch, Argamasilla de Alba. Rivadeneyra: 4 vols., 12mo., 1863. Printed at Argamasilla in beautiful style with excellent type, paper, and print.

There have been several other Spanish editions since,

and one of the first part only, with conjectural emendations of no value. (Aguerrebarano—see Watts' 'Life of Cervantes,' p. 271.)

Translations are innumerable and in many languages; the most important only of England and France are given in this Bibliography.

English Translations.

The eight English translations of 'Don Quixote' that Mr. Watts deems of literary or biographical value :

1.

The history of the valorous and wittie knight errant Don Quixote of the Mancha. Printed for Ed. Blonnt and W. Barret. 2 vols., small 4to, 1612-20.

This is Shelton's translation and dedicated to Lord Walden. Who Thomas Shelton was has not been discovered.

2.

The history of the most renowned Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Now made English according to the humour of our modern language. Folio, London, 1687.

This was the translation by John Milton's nephew. Mr. Watts characterises it as "a poor ribald piece of work," etc.

3.

The history of the renowned Don Quixote. Translated from the original by several hands, and published by Peter Mottenx. 4 vols., 12mo. London, 1710.

Mottenx's version rated too highly by Lockhart.

4.

The life and exploits of the ingenious gentleman Don Quixote of la Mancha. Translated by Charles Jarvis. 2 vols., 4to. London, 1742.

“This was a posthumous work of Charles Jarvis’s, the painter, the friend of Pope,” etc.

5.

The history and adventures of Don Quixote. Translated from the Spanish by Charles T. Smollett. 2 vols., 4to. London, 1755.

“Smollett knew nothing of Spanish, and seems to have used a French original. This was evidently an enterprise started by booksellers in opposition to Jarvis.”

6.

The history of Don Quixote. Illustrated by engravings after R. Smirke, R.A. 4 vols., 8vo. London, 1818.

“A translation made by the artist’s sister, who seems to have had no more Spanish than her predecessors. The plates are strikingly unlike anything in the text.”

7.

The ingenious Knight Don Quixote of La Mancha. A new translation by A. J. Duffield. 3 vols., 8vo. London, 1851.

“With all the poetry, as appears from a recent publication of it done by Mr. J. Y. Gibson.”

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The ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha. By John Ormsby. 4 vols., 8vo. London, 1885.

French Translations.

Le valeureux Don Quixote de la Mancha, etc. Traduit fidelement par Cesar Oudin. 8vo. Paris, 1616.

The first translation of the first part only.

Historie de l’admirable Don Quixote de la Mancha. 4 vols., 12mo. Paris, 1677–78.

“This is by Filleau de St. Martin, and, like nearly all the French versions, very unfaithful.”

L’Ingenieux hidalgo Don Quichottes. Traduit et annoté par Louis Viardot. 2 vols., 8vo. Paris, 1836.

“First published with the woodcuts of Torry Johannot, which are very spirited but very un-Spanish. M. Viardot’s is by far the best of the French translations.”

The translation by Florian of ‘Don Quixote,’ published in 1799, which Mr. Watts characterises as a mere abridgement, but with certain graces of style, though as unlike the original grace of Cervantes as possible.

Besides the authorities I have quoted in this paper, my grateful acknowledgments are due for kind assistance to Henry Jenner, Esq., F.S.A., etc., A. G. Browning, Esq., F.S.A., J. S. Shedlock, Esq., R.A.M., etc., and Dr. Percy W. Ames, F.S.A.

THE RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY OF THOMAS CARLYLE.*

BY THE VEN. HENRY E. J. BEVAN, M.A., F.R.S.L.,
ARCHDEACON OF MIDDLESEX.

[Read November 22nd, 1905.]

It is, no doubt, in due keeping with the natural order of things that the Rector of Chelsea should discourse on the Sage of Chelsea; nevertheless, in trying so to do, one is painfully reminded of the saying of Hegel that "a great man condemns the world to the task of explaining him," also of the retort made by the same great German thinker when a clever French writer airily challenged him to sum up his teaching in a few sentences: "It is not easy—especially in French."

If I am condemned to the task of attempting to explain Thomas Carlyle, it is because of my own presumption in rashly yielding to the invitation of the Council of this Institution; for ever since I promised this paper, on the strength of local associations (for Carlyle used to write in my garden, smoke in my study, and keep his horse in my stables), I have been haunted by the answer to a

* This paper cannot lay claim to much originality. I am chiefly indebted to the ideas of some seven or eight writers, three of whom are mentioned by name.

similar plea, put forward under graver circumstances: "We did eat and drink in Thy presence, and Thou didst teach in our streets."

And now for my task.

It has been said that you cannot reduce Carlyle to a system, and that is true. His teaching is usually antithetical. At one moment he argues violently for black, at another for white, and he leaves you to reconcile the two positions as best you may.

The British temperament has always been proud of an ingredient which our American brethren have named "cussedness"; and there was certainly in Carlyle a deep-rooted and unconquerable vein of this national quality, which objected on principle to agreeing, or seeming to agree, with any single human being or with any commonly received opinion of human society. In this respect we may compare him with Dr. Samuel Johnson, to whom the devout assent of Boswell to any proposition that had fallen from his lips was never allowed to pass uncontradicted. Inconsistency was a prerogative with Carlyle, the exercise of which he would permit to no one else. "Intolerant of system at all times," writes one of his biographers, "he praised German literature on the ground that it was devoid of particular theories, that there was seldom anything definite or precise about its doctrines." He shared the opinion of the late Professor Jowett, expressed in my hearing to an ultra-orthodox clergyman who had enthusiastically praised the views of a well-known theologian on the ground that they were "so delightfully clear and definite." "Surely," retorted Jowett, "there is

nothing that is absolutely untrue but that which is clear and definite ! ”

When Carlyle was first recognised in London as a rising author, we find that the literary public were unable to label or understand him. Was he a Scotch peasant or a German philosopher ? Was he a Chartist at heart or an Absolutist ? a Calvinist like Knox or a Deist like Hume ? a Feudalist with Scott or a Democrat with Burns ?

He claimed to have a mission ; but it was less to formulate any new creed than to denounce the insufficiency of all shallow modes of belief. For, though he always strove to sympathise with positive work, and urged incessantly the superiority of constructive over destructive effort, he was ever more disposed to pull down than to build up ; and he sympathised with Cromwell, with Frederick the Great, and with the leaders of the French Revolution, in large measure for what they destroyed rather than for what they created.

It is true, no doubt, that he approved of some of the constructive movements of the past, but he had only contempt and ridicule for those of the present. The remedies he himself advocated for the evils of the time were, for the most part, impossible and impracticable ; and because he saw that they were so, he gave up the world—or nine tenths of it—as corrupt and fallen beyond redemption.

All this finds clear illustration in his political views. Notwithstanding his democratic instincts and his intense feeling for the people, he regarded as abject and suicidal folly the suggestion that they should be permitted to govern themselves. He

considered that scarce one man in a hundred had sufficient knowledge, character, or detachment of mind to even be entrusted with a vote in the choice of a ruler.

Dean Stanley used to tell a story that illustrates this. It was to the effect that, meeting Carlyle one evening at a dinner party, Lord Rosebery and several other young politicians attempted to press upon the sage the duty of trusting the people in the matter of self-government. Carlyle grunted at their arguments for awhile, and then exclaimed with solemn vehemence and emotion, "I care for the people of this land and for their truest interests more than ony of ye, and for their sakes I hold that, at all costs, the wise should govern the fools: and let me tell ye, Muster Rosebery, it will be a domned bad day for the fools when they don't."

It should be noted, by the way, that by "fools" Carlyle did not mean idiots or simpletons. He used the term in its *quasi*-Pauline sense, to indicate those whom he considered incompetent, for one reason or another, to deal with the problems at issue.

Carlyle cares for no form of government that does not succeed in placing supreme power in the hands of a wise man or of wise men; and this principle it is which explains the real nature of the doctrine he so constantly advocates—that might is right. By "might" he never means mere physical strength.

"Of conquest," he writes, "we may say that it never yet went by brute force: conquest of that kind does not endure. The strong man—what is he? The wise man. His muscles and bones are not stronger than ours; but his soul is stronger, clearer, nobler. Late in man's history,

yet clearly at length, it becomes manifest to the dullest that mind is stronger than matter, that not brute force, but only persuasion and faith, is the king of this world. intellect, character, have to govern the earth, and will do it."

Thus, in Carlyle's philosophy, the phrase "might is right" implies that virtue is, in all cases, a property of strength, and strength of virtue; that "power of any sort, which possesses any considerable faculty of endurance, carries with it the seal and signal of its claim to respect; that whatever has established itself has, in the very act, established its right to be established."

Dr. Nichol, who brings out this point very clearly, also remarks that Carlyle is never careful enough to keep before his readers what he must himself have perceived—that victory belongs by right, not to force of will alone, apart from pure and just conceptions of worthy ends.

It is in consonance with his principle that "right is might," that the cry of "oppressed nationalities" was to him mere cant. He had no sympathy during the American War with the movement for the abolition of slavery. He considered that the negroes were not fit for freedom, and so sided with the South rather than with the North. For while he abhorred cruelty and injustice, he was convinced that the vast majority of men and women were meant to serve rather than to rule—to live a dependent rather than an independent life. Thus, we are not surprised to find that the kind of political movements that usually count for "progress" in a country were not such as to win his benediction, as the following passage from

Froude's 'Life' testifies ('London Life,' vol. ii, pp. 485, 486).

"He was especially irritated when he heard the ordinary cant about progress, unexampled prosperity, etc. 'Progress whither?' he would ask, 'and prosperity in what? People talk as if each step which they took was in the nature of things a step upward, as if each generation was necessarily wiser and better than the one before, as if there was no such thing as progressing down to hell, as if human history was anything else but a history of birth and death, advance and decline, of rise and fall, in all that men have ever made or done.' The only progress to which Carlyle would allow the name was moral progress, the only prosperity the growth of better and nobler men and women; and as humanity could only expand into high dimensions in an organic society when the wise ruled and the ignorant obeyed, the progress which consisted in destroying authority, and leaving everyone to follow his own will and pleasure, was progress down to the devil and his angels. That, in his opinion, was the course in which we were all hurrying on in such high spirits. Of the theory of equality of voting—the good and the bad on the same level, Judas Iscariot and Paul of Tarsus counting equal at the polling-booth—the annals of human infatuation, he used to say, did not contain the equal.

"Sometimes he thought that we were given over and lost, without remedy, that we should rot away through inglorious centuries, sinking ever deeper into anarchy, protected by our strip of sea from a violent end till the earth was weary of us. At other times the inherent manliness of the English race, inherited from nobler ages and not yet rinsed out of them, gave him hopes that we might yet be delivered."

Carlyle is weakest when he proposes practical remedies. It is easy to recommend an oligarchy or

dictatorship of wisdom, but first you must find and prove your wise man. The ruler who will sympathise truly and justly and fully with the manifold claims of a vast population split up into many classes and embodying many conflicting interests is not only difficult to find but is not to be found at all.

Nevertheless, Carlyle's ideal was not put forward in vain; for even if it cannot be realised it serves to remind men that power and responsibility should, under no system of government, be entrusted to those who are morally and intellectually unworthy of them. If the franchise of a country fails to give us the best men to manage our affairs, then is the system, so far, a disastrous failure, fraught with evil for the community, no matter how many thousands of votes are recorded in carrying it out.

Passing from politics, we have, as a second dogma in Carlyle's ethical creed, his deification of work. He deified work as he deified strength, and rather sympathised with the inadequate definition of genius as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." He looked with disfavour upon all literary work that was dashed off easily, and deprecated Scott's writings, partly on the ground that they revealed, in his opinion, insufficient labour of preparation. His remarks in his review of Scott are worth quoting:

"Virgil and Tacitus, were they ready writers? The whole prophecies of Isaiah are not equal in extent to this cobweb of a review article: but think of the blood-cost to him! Shakespeare, we may fancy, wrote with rapidity, but not till he had thought with intensity . . . no easy writer he! Neither was Milton one of your mob of gentlemen that write with facility. Goethe tells us that he 'had

nothing sent to him in his sleep,' no page of his but he knew well how it came there. Schiller 'never could get done.' Dante sees himself 'growing lean' over his 'Divine Comedy,' in stern, solitary death wrestling with it to prevail over it and do it, if his uttermost faculty may. Hence, too, it is done and prevailed over, and the fiery life of it endures for evermore among men. No! Creation, one would think, cannot be easy. Your Jove has severe pains and fire-flames in the head, out of which an armed Pallas is struggling. As for mere manufacture, that is a different matter. . . . Write by steam if thou canst contrive it and sell it, but hide thou it like virtue."

That Carlyle himself laboured to produce, and so acted up to his own counsels of perfection, there can be no doubt. Froude tells us that for a single magazine article on Diderot he devoured twenty-five ponderous volumes, and that there is not a spot mentioned in his 'History of Frederick the Great' which he did not visit in person. His test of a people or nation was their industry; and he declared that in freedom itself there was nothing to raise a man above a butterfly—if he were only free.

His gospel of work has done much to vindicate the dignity of labour in English-speaking lands; but he laid insufficient stress upon the fact that work of itself—apart from the temper in which it is done—has no necessarily saving and elevating value for the human soul. As the efficacy of pain depends on the sufferer, so does the ennobling influence of work on the character depend upon the worker. If duty be done as drudgery, if pain be endured in bitter stoicism, no good can come of either. The result, in either case, can but be a hardening of the heart. Labour is transmuted from a curse into a blessing

by the secret alchemy of love. Work of itself could not avail to rescue Carlyle from the gloom and despair of those closing years of his life when he would repeat, often and often, the famous lines of Macbeth :

“To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps on this petty pace from day to day
 To the last syllable of recorded time :
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusky death. Out, out, brief candle !
 Life’s but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more. It is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.”

These lines, which he loved, bring us to the third doctrine of his ethical code—his deification of “lamentation and mourning and woe.”

He was a martyr to ill-health from early days at Craigenputtoch, and this martyrdom bred within him a veritable pride in pain.

The personality that attracts him—and to which he turns again and again in his writings—is that of the man who wrestles with sickness and weakness of body, intellectual doubt and darkness, and an environment of misfortune ; the man who makes the most of a little light and few advantages ; the man who, like himself, could rise, in defiance of life’s difficulties—a Mohammed, an Oliver Cromwell, a Samuel Johnson. Defiance of danger, darkness, and opposition of all sorts, was a religion with him, and accounts for his intense appreciation of Odin and the Scandinavian mythology. He revelled in

that primitive faith of the volcano, the thunder-cloud and the lightning flash, and perhaps (as one writer suggests) there was not wanting a certain grim enjoyment of the spectacle of the inadequacy of human effort as against the all-compelling "Norns" or Fates. But, more than with his gospel of work, more than with his worship of sorrow, will Carlyle's name be for ever associated with his hatred of shams and his stern advocacy of truth. In his old age he said of his books :

"I have had but one thing to say from beginning to end of them, and that was that there is no reliance for this world or any other but just the truth ; and that, if men do not want to be damned to all eternity, they had best give up lying and all kinds of falsehood ; that this world is far gone already through lying, and that there is no hope for it but just so far as men find out and believe the truth and match their own lives to it."

It is here that Carlyle's philosophy has been subjected to severe and not undeserved criticism. It is easy to wax eloquent about "truth" and "shams," but when we strive to interpret these terms in the light of Carlyle's own teaching, we discover that they are subject to serious limitations. His books make it evident that for truth in its simplicity, for truth in any positive sense of the term, he cared little or nothing. Rather did he mean by it a sort of bold, defiant originality, a looking into the heart of things with little or no prospect of solving the mystery, a desperate honesty of *quasi*-agnostic sentiment.

Of that transparent clearness of thought and

language which delights in plain and definite statement he knew nought. His "veracities" and "eternal verities" were all wrapped in a partly luminous, partly chaotic, atmosphere of magnificent vagueness.

Again (as Mr. Hutton points out), what he meant by "hatred of shams," "exposure of unveracities," "defiance of the Everlasting No," "affirmation of the Everlasting Yea," and the like, was not so much the love of truth as the love of Divine force, the love of that which had genuine strength and effective character in it, the denunciation of imbecilities, the scorn for the dwindled life of mere precedent and conventionality, the contempt for extinct figments—not so much because they were figments as because they were extinct, and would no longer bear the strain put upon them by human passion. Carlyle, in short, was the interpreter to his generation far less of the "veracities" and "verities" of life, of which he writes perpetually, than of the moral, social, and spiritual spells or "symbols" which, for good or for evil, have exercised a great imaginative influence over large communities of men—nations, classes, churches. This is very evident when we come to examine Carlyle's religion and religious beliefs. It must be confessed that here his "veracities" and "verities" are hopelessly vague and unintelligible. Someone has said that there is an "everlasting yea" and an "everlasting nay" in every one of them, which are only too evenly balanced. He is constantly girding at the "cant" of stereotyped beliefs, as though it were almost a fatal disadvantage that a religious doctrine should have claimed human assent

for long together. But his apparent assumption that each one must discover his own religion for himself is preposterous. It is equivalent to proposing that every scientific student should educate himself in science without reference to the discoveries of the past, and be left to make his own discoveries as best he may. The religious experience of the past is as essential to the man of God as the scientific experience of the past is essential to the physical philosopher. It is true that, in the religious life, a man must test traditional beliefs, as far as may be, by personal experience, but that is a widely different thing from the facile rejection of all he has, as yet, failed to grasp or assimilate. Surely there is far more "cant" in that foolish affectation of originality in religion which so readily, nowadays, flies to anything out of the common, than in that instinctive clinging to the creed and worship of centuries, which evinces, at all events, the grace of humility and a teachable spirit. Moreover, it is not everyone who can bear personal testimony to the ultimate foundations of revealed truth, though everyone with a religion at all can bear personal testimony to the spiritual strength it affords in his own case. No one knew this better than Carlyle, for he bore the most eloquent testimony to the depth and sincerity of the faith of his own parents; and yet—so far as we can judge—his profound scorn for traditional beliefs struck, in principle, at the sincerity of theirs.

Again, it has been pointed out that Carlyle plays fast and loose with the great words and phrases of theology, inasmuch as they are constantly employed by him as counters having ever-varying values. The

same counter seldom retains its value for long together.

When it suits his purpose "God" becomes a personal being; when it suits his purpose God is deprived of personality.

Christ is spoken of at one moment as the Divine Saviour, at another as a mere human "symbol" of truth, destined to "have His day and cease to be."

Providence is declared, on one page, to embrace every action of our lives; on the next the sad complaint is made that "God does nothing," that no sign is given by which we may be assured that our lives are not at the mercy of Chance or blind Fate, destined to vanish like aimless bubbles into the immensity of space, as though they had never been.

Shall we say, then, that there is no "cant" in the glib use of these value-shifting, untrustworthy counters, as though they were standard current coin of religious thought and speech, that there was nothing sham in the solemn appeals put forth by Carlyle—when it served his turn—to eternal "verities" and "veracities," which he elsewhere brushes away, or sighs away, as empty names?

Carlyle was, in truth, a great preacher to mankind—nay, he was at root a genuinely religious man, for the religious spirit, in its widest and profoundest sense, was the dominating factor of his inner life; but it is equally certain that his doctrine of cant had its double edge, and that most of his characteristic anathemas "went home to roost."

Carlyle has been called "a Calvinist without Christianity" and "a Puritan without a Creed." Nevertheless it must not be supposed that he was

destitute of strong convictions. The negative side of his creed was as strong as the positive side was weak. Half his teaching, for example is a protest against all forms of materialism. The economic and mechanical spirit of the age—faith in mere steel, or stone, or electricity—was as hateful to him as to Ruskin.

“I do not want cheaper cotton,” he writes, “I do not want swifter railways; I want what Novalis calls ‘God, Freedom, and Immortality.’ Will lightning speed and sacrifices to Hindson help me towards that?” “Protoplasm,” he writes elsewhere, “or the unpleasant doctrine that we are all—soul and body—made of a kind of blubber found in nettles, among other organisms, appears to be delightful to many. Yesterday there came a pamphlet, published at Lewes, a hallelujah on the advent of atheism. . . . The real joy of the author, a sort of scientific Julian the Apostate, was what surprised me, for it was the veritable shout of a hyæna on finding that the whole universe was actually carrion. In about seven minutes my great Julian was torn in two and lying in the place fit for him. . . . ‘Man is only a little higher than the tadpoles,’ says our new evangelist. . . . Nobody need argue with these people. Logic never will decide the matter, or will seem to decide it their way. He who traces nothing of God in his own soul will never find God in the world of matter; mere circlings of force there, of iron regulation, of universal death and merciless indifference. . . . Matter itself is either nothing or else a product due to man’s mind. The fast-increasing flood of Atheism takes no hold on me, does not even wet the soles of my feet.”

For Carlyle was no more an atheist than he was a materialist.

“Had no God made this world,” he exclaims, “it were

an insupportable place. Laws without a Lawgiver! Matter without Spirit! It is a gospel of dirt. All that is good, generous, wise, right, . . . who could by any possibility have given it to me but One who first had it to give?"

It is strange that the same argument did not impress him as regards the personal being of God—about which, on occasion, he speaks dubiously.

In an essay on the "futilities" of political economy—a science which was one of his pet aversions—he traces the troubles of modern England, including the war between labour and capital, to the loss of religious principle, and the consequent slackening of the sense of duty and moral obligation.

"What a contrast," he continues, "between now and, say, one hundred years ago. At that not far distant date, and still more conspicuously for ages before it, all England awoke each morning to its work with an invocation to the eternal Maker to bless them in their day's labour and help them to do it well. Now, all England awakens as if it were with an unspoken but heartfelt prayer to Beelzebub: 'Oh, help us, thou great lord of shoddy, adulteration, and bad work, to do our business with the maximum of slowness, swiftness, profit, and mendacity, for the devil's sake. Amen.'"

There is infinite truth in this bitter passage, though we cannot quite accept its historical statement. For if "all England" ever had commenced the day with a real prayer to God that its work might be done well and truly, we should most assuredly have avoided the difficulties of the present time, which are largely the evil legacy of ancient abuses.

It is worthy of note that as Carlyle grew older his

faith in God became simpler, and that for the last years of his life he found comfort in the sacred invocation of the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father which art in heaven"; for his lifelong thought had been of the stern Taskmaster above, exacting from each servant the full measure of service. Hence he would have nothing to do with hedonistic theories of life—the "worship of Astarte," as he called it. There is that indignant passage in 'Sartor Resartus,' where he rends in pieces the trumpery popular theory that we are sent into the world to be comfortable :

"Foolish soul ! what act of legislature was there that thou shouldst be happy ? A little while ago thou hadst no right to be at all. What if thou wert born and predestined not to be happy ? Art thou nothing other than a vulture, then, that fliest through the universe seeking after somewhat to eat, and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not given thee ? Close thy Byron : open thy Goethe."

Or again, in a similar passage :

"Why this complaining ? Fancy thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), and thou wilt find it happiness to be only shot. Or fancy thou deservest to be hanged in a hair halter, and it will be a luxury to die in hemp."

That seems to represent Carlyle's genuine conviction. He could not persuade himself that God does, as a matter of fact, care for "the likes of us," and is, indeed, morally bound so to care. His imagination, in short, failed to realise the need or actuality of Divine love.

He clung more and more closely to a dim faith in immortality and a future life, as he lost, one by

one, those near and dear to him. On his father's death he wrote :

“Man follows man. His life is a tale that has been told; yet, under Time, does there not lie Eternity? . . . Perhaps my father—all that essentially was my father—is even now near me, with me. Both he and I are with God. Perhaps we shall in some higher state of being meet one another, recognise one another. . . . The possibility, nay, in some way, the certainty, of perennial existence daily grows plainer to me.”

His own experience (says Froude) that the mind did not necessarily decay with the body, confirmed his conviction that it was not a function of the body, but that it had another origin and might have another destination.

He speaks of prayer, in a long letter written upon the subject to a young inquirer in 1870, as follows :

“Prayer is the aspiration of our poor, struggling, heavy-laden soul towards its Eternal Father, and, with or without words, ought not to become impossible; nor, I persuade myself, need it ever.”

Lastly, he continued to the end to read the Bible, “the significance of which,” to quote his own words, he found “deep and wonderful—almost as much as it ever used to be.” It remained with him “the best of books ever written”; and we are all familiar with the anecdote of how, on one occasion in a Scotch country house, being asked to read at family prayers the first chapter of his favourite book—the Book of Job, he soon lost himself in its sublimely dramatic contents, and did not leave off until he

had read aloud the whole forty-two chapters, to the last verse.

His religion throughout was semi-Jewish, semi-puritan, and the watchwords of its stern law of duty were "work" and "self-surrender." He held, with Browning, that "God's in His heaven," but not that "all's right with the world." "His view (says Mr. R. H. Hutton) was the Zoroastrian *ἀθάνατος μάχη*, the never-ending struggle between light and darkness, good and evil; and the Calvinism of his mother, who said "The world is a lie, but God is truth," landed him in a dilemma for which he had no solution, "Did, then, God make and love a lie? or did He make it hating it?"

One religious aversion of Carlyle's, which alone remains to be noticed, is not a little surprising. Not only did he detest Unitarianism, describing Strauss and Renan as "neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring, but poor crossbred things that deserved the bat fate, viz., to be killed amongst the bats as a bird, and among the birds as a bat"; not only did he speak with loathing of Strauss's 'Life of Jesus,' and of Renan's effort in the same direction; but even within the boundaries of the Church of England he had little or no sympathy with liberal thought.

Unorthodox as he was himself, he complained of the falling off of the old Scotch faith, and habitually spoke of the Church of England with sincere regard as "the most respectable teaching body at present in existence." He thought it might continue to exist if its friends would let it alone and stick to the Prayer Book. The metaphor he employs is characteristic though not flattering. "Your rusty

kettle," he says. "will continue to boil your water for you, if you don't try to mend it. Begin tinkering, and there is an end to your kettle." His recorded estimates of the leading theologians of the day, and his personal relations with them, are hopelessly bewildering. His life-long friendship with Erskine of Linlathen is intelligible, though he did not extend the same charity to what he regarded as "the muddle-headedness" of Frederic Denison Maurice, Erskine's spiritual son. The essayists and reviewers—*septem contra Christum*—should, he said, be shot for deserting their posts; and even Dean Stanley, whom he liked so much personally, came in for a share of his sarcasm. "There he goes," he said to Froude, "boring holes in the bottom of the Church of England." To another Broad Churchman—Charles Kingsley—whom he had known as a young man and near neighbour at Chelsea Rectory, he was more considerate, appreciating the historical, imaginative, and poetical power that was in him; and for the fine genius of Arthur Clough he had an affectionate admiration. Among High Churchmen he commended Pusey as solid and judicious, and fraternised with Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford; but he called Keble "an ape," and said of Newman that he had "no more brains than an ordinary-sized rabbit."

As regards Carlyle's claim to be a prophet, it is difficult, indeed, to speak definitely or confidently.

Like so many other great teachers, his strength lies in his positive rather than his negative doctrines—in the few things he strenuously asserted rather than in the many things he arbitrarily denied. His

weakness abides in the fact that he shows not half so much trace of the desire to redeem men by implanting a true belief, as of passionate resentment against the miserableness and contemptibleness of those who are deluded by falsehood. This want was keenly felt by those who knew him best.

Nevertheless, when all that is just has been said of his dogmatism, his petulance, his evil behaviour, he remains the master spirit and censor of his age.

Well has it been said that he has "saturated the nation with a wholesome tonic," and that "the practice of any one of his positive precepts for the conduct of life is ennobling."

Upon the riddle of that life and its sadness he throws little light ; but he has left us, in his rugged features and tender pensive eyes, the immortal memory of one whose insight, courage, and integrity will always be dear to unnumbered fellow-toilers and mourners in this vale of tears.

FRENCH-CANADIAN LITERATURE.

BY W. D. LIGHTHALL, M.A., F.R.S.L.

[Read January 24th, 1906.]

WHEN I promised to contribute a paper on the literature of the French Canadians I fell upon an evil hour, for that which makes cowards of us all soon extracted the confession that I was ill equipped to render the necessary justice. All my life I have had to deal with this people, their language, and their institutions, and still I hold that no man who is not born to a speech can judge it with perfect critical truth. It has seemed to me, therefore, that in place of attempting the whole subject, I should make no pretence at anything but some personal impressions and considerations, in the hope of lending the reader my own pair of spectacles.

In a former paper before this Society I advanced some ideas on the conditions of colonial literatures. The same principles apply to French-Canadian writing. It is an outgrowth of the application of the instinct of art in its form of the literary art, to a new and distinctive field of scenes and emotions.

In 1608 Champlain founded Quebec. During his generation the tiny population were chiefly birds of

passage—sailors and traders. By 1680 some ten thousand souls had become rooted in the country, who comprised the bulk of the ancestors of the French-Canadian people, since there was little subsequent immigration. They were a simple, hardy, merry, sociable folk, absolutely illiterate, highly superstitious, very poor in artificial luxuries, but living comfortably on the riches of wild nature. They cleared the forests around the log huts, journeyed far on the wide St. Lawrence and the great rivers, lived ever in peril of savage foes, sang, danced, trapped, traded, obeyed the curé implicitly in two thirds of their lives, and in the other third some simple rustic squire not much better equipped in any way than themselves. Naturally they believed in the sole efficacy of the Catholic religion and the proud superiority of the French race, and held that *Gesta Dei per Francos*.

After this time there was little immigration, but they grew and multiplied at the amazing rate common to all colonial populations of America. For seventy years (from 1690 to 1760) they were engaged in more or less warfare with the heretical British colonies, and had plenty of small successes, Indian fashion, and, under Count Frontenac at the beginning and the Marquis of Montcalm towards the end, several glorious victories.

In 1759–60 Quebec and Montreal fell, and this little band who had fought so long and well for France passed under George III.

They represented a lost cause; but it was no common cause—it was a vast dream of empire and a heroic record of struggle and exploration. In

our contest with them for North America we must remember that we won by only a neck. They represented no common race, but one without a peer for ages in the history of Europe and of civilisation; their best were the flower of chivalry, and their mother tongue was the favourite instrument of elegance and culture. Strong attachment to their origin, faith, and history were, therefore, to be expected.

Their number at this period was about seventy thousand. Under the British *régime* they found unexpected liberty and good treatment, and as the circumstances of incoming immigration have been such as to leave them alone for the most part, at least in the rural districts, they have grown up alone, until recent years, retaining their language and developing their own life.

Their numbers to-day in the Province of Quebec are about 1,300,000, while considerable groups are scattered through the Eastern States and the other provinces of Canada. They comprise about 25 per cent. of the total population.

A racial hope of one day forming a separate French Catholic State was strongly cherished amongst them until recently, and is still a dream of *exaltés*. At the present time it is restricted by most of their leaders to the sensible hope of occupying a position of respect and influence in the Dominion. Under the French *régime* they had no literature, because no press and no educated men, except a few priests and officials from France. Interesting journals of military service and those of discoverers and various memorials there were. Innumerable

chansons, inherited from France or spontaneously composed in the parishes, were the only nucleus of artistic expression. There were, it is true, Messire Dollier de Casson's 'Histoire de Montréal,' Père Charlevoix's 'Histoire de la Nouvelle France,' and the 'Relations' of the Jesuits and other missionaries, but these were not indigenous to the country.

From 1760 to 1830 almost the only products of the press were a few books of law and religion and some political tracts. The Church did not favour general education, as unfavourable to obedience. The first history, a school text-book, was published in 1833, by the lawyer Jacques François Perrault, the devoted father of common school education among his people. To no man do the French-Canadians owe a greater debt. But I have no intention of entering into the minutiae of the bibliography, as they are not of general interest. Sufficient be it that a long period of political agitation culminated in a rebellion in 1837, which was soon followed by a real literary awakening, the commencement being the publication of Garneau's 'History of Canada,' in 1845. I shall but deal with four of the most striking names up to our own day, representing aspects of the little school, the poets Crémazie and Fréchette, and the historians Garneau and Sulte.

In style and points of form there is nothing to be learned from them. In these matters they carry a heavy handicap of provinciality. It is the subject and sentiment which have an interest, as the reflex of their unusual world, interior and exterior. Still, it is well to observe that in form Crémazie is of the

school of Lamartine, Fréchette of Hugo. Octave Crémazie, generally regarded as the most poetical of the French-Canadian poets, was born at Quebec in 1827, the grandson of a soldier of Montcalm. He carried on the avocation of a bookseller there, where his shop was a resort of the choice spirits about 1860, at the time of literary awakening. He died in France in 1877, after an exile of sixteen years, produced by certain incidents of a disastrous failure. Absorbed in his thoughts, his nature was usually sober and melancholy, although he had wit, logic, and learning. His misfortunes deepened his natural tendency. In 1882 a handsome volume containing his "Oeuvres Complètes," was issued by his friends. Opening it at the poem "On the Ruins of Sebastopol," I find this apostrophe to France :

"Terre de nos aïeux, o sublime contrée !

Toi dont nous conservons la mémoire sacrée,
Comme ton nom est grand parmi les nations !
Et pareille à l'étoile étincelant dans l'ombre,
Les peuples égarés au sein de la nuit sombre,
Retrouvent leur chemin au feu de tes rayons.

"O phare lumineux allumé par Dieu même.

Tu portes sur ton front, ainsi qu'un diadème,
Deux astres radiens, le courage et l'honneur.
Quand l'erreur et le mal bouleversent le monde,
Pour voiler leur éclat en vain l'orage gronde,
Ils conservent toujours leur force et leur splendeur.

"O foyer de la gloire ! o terre du génie !

Toi que tous les grands cœurs adoptent pour patrie,
Toi que les nations invoquent dans leurs maux :
Du droit et de la foi pionnier volontaire,
Tu sais toujours mêler, pour féconder la terre,
Le sang de tes martyrs au sang de tes héros.

“ O Canadiens-Français ! comme notre ame est fière
 De pouvoir dire a tous : La France, c’est ma mère :
 Sa gloire se reflète au front de son enfant.
 Glorieux de son nom que nous portons encore,
 Sa joie ou sa douleur trouve un écho sonore
 Aux bords du Saint-Laurent.”

These lines are preceded by a happy reference to the Crimean *entente cordiale*.

“ De France et d’Albion l’union fraternelle
 Toujours saura briser ta force qui ehancelle.
 Qui pourrait résister a leur glaive vengeur ?
 Albion sur les mers commande en souveraine :
 La France, des combats noble et sublime reine,
 Un jour soumit le monde à son drapeau vainqueur.”

In 1855 a French corvette, *La Capricieuse*, visited Quebec. It was the first visit of the kind since the cession of the province in 1763, and he gave voice to the emotions of his countrymen in “Le Vieux Soldat Canadien,” in which he pictures the event as causing the shade of an old soldier of France to return upon the ramparts :

“ Voyez sur les remparts cette forme indécise,
 Agitée et tremblante au souffle de la brise :
 C’est le vieux Canadien à son poste rendu :
 Le canon de la France a réveillé cette ombre,
 Qui vient, sortant soudain de sa demeure sombre,
 Saluer le drapeau si longtemps attendu.

“ Et le vieux soldat croit, illusion touchante ;
 Que la France, longtemps de nos rives absente,
 Y ramène aujourd’hui ses guerriers triomphants,
 Et que sur notre fleuve elle est encor maîtresse.”

His most popular poem is “Le Drapeau de Carillon,” a title which has reference to the banner

of General Montcalm, and the successful defence of the position called by the French "Carillon" and by the British "Ticonderoga." The piece opens with the words:

"Pensez-vous quelquefois à ces temps glorieux
Où seuls, abandonnés par la France leur mère,
Nos aïeux défendaient son nom victorieux
Et voyaient devant eux fuir l'armée étrangère?"

It then describes the time of the story.

"Montcalm était tombé comme tombe un héros,
Enveloppant sa mort dans un rayon de gloire,
Au lieu même où le chef des conquérants nouveaux,
Wolfe, avait rencontré la mort et la victoire.
Dans un effort suprême en vain nos vieux soldats
Cueillaient sous nos remparts des lauriers inutiles;
Car un roi sans honneur avait livré leur bras,
Sans donner un regret à leurs plaintes stériles."

The standard-bearer who bore the flag preserved it for many years in secret. The old Canadians go to his cabin each Sunday after Mass and recount the deeds of the past. One evening he reveals to them a plan. He will go to France, bearing the glorious banner, tell the great king of "the sorrows of their sacrifice," and appeal to him with their cry of despair. He does so, but—

"Quand le pauvre soldat avec son vieux drapeau
Essaya de franchir les portes de Versailles,
Les lâches courtisans à cet hôte nouveau,
Qui parlait de 'nos gens,' de 'gloire,' de 'batailles,'
D' 'enfants abandonnés,' des nobles sentiments
Que notre cœur bénit et que le ciel protège,
Demandaient, en riant de ses tristes accents,
Ce qu'importaient au roi *quelques arpents de neige.*"

He returns heart-broken, and soon disappears from his home, and wanders towards the field of Carillon.

“ Là, dans le sol glacé fixant un étendard,
Il déroulait au vent les couleurs de la France ;
Planant sur l’horizon, son triste et long regard
Semblait trouver des lieux chéris de son enfance.
Sombre et silencieux il pleura bien longtemps,
Comme on pleure au tombeau d’une mère adorée,
Puis, à l’écho sonore envoyant ses accents,
Sa voix jeta le cri de son âme éplorée.

“ ’O Carillon, je te revois encore,
Non plus hélas : comme en ces jours bénis
Où dans tes murs la trompette sonore
Pour te sauver nous avait réunis.
Je viens à toi, quand mon âme succombe
Et sent déjà son courage faiblir.
Oui, près de toi, venant chercher ma tombe,
Pour mon drapeau je viens ici mourir.

“ Mes compagnons, d’une vaine espérance
Berçant encor leurs cœurs toujours français.
Les yeux tournés du côté de la France,
Diront souvent : reviendront-ils jamais ?

* * * * *

À quelques jours de là, passant sur la colline
À l’heure où le soleil à l’horizon s’incline,
Des paysans trouvaient un cadavre glacé
Couvert d’un drapeau blanc. Dans sa dernière étreinte
Il pressait sur son cœur cette relique sainte,
Qui nous redit encor la gloire du passé.

“ O noble et vieux drapeau ! dans ce grand jour de fête,
Où, marchant avec toi, tout un peuple s’apprête
À célébrer la France, à nos cœurs attendris
Quand tu viens raconter la valeur de nos pères,
Nos regards savent lire en brillants caractères
L’héroïque poème enfermé dans tes plis.

Quand tu passes ainsi comme un rayon de flamme,
Ton aspect vénéré fait briller dans notre âme
Tout ce monde de gloire où vivaient nos aïeux.
Leurs grands jours de combats, leurs immortels faits
d'armes,
Leurs efforts surhumains, leurs malheurs et leurs larmes,
Dans un rêve entrevus, passent devant nos yeux."

It is needless to characterise the deep passion of these lines. Nevertheless, he expresses more nearly the average French-Canadian sentiment of to-day in "Le Canada":

"Il est sous le soleil un sol unique au monde,
Où le ciel a versé ses dons les plus brillants,
Où, répandant ses biens, la nature féconde
À ses vastes forêts mêle ses lacs géants.

"Sur ces bords enchantés notre mère, la France,
A laissé de sa gloire un immortel sillon ;
Précipitant ses flots vers l'Océan immense,
Le noble Saint-Laurent redit encor son nom.

"Heureux qui le connaît, plus heureux qui l'habite,
Et, ne quittant jamais pour chercher d'autres cieux
Les rives du grand fleuve où le bonheur l'invite,
Sait vivre et sait mourir où dorment ses aïeux."

Louis Honoré Fréchette was born in 1839, in Quebec, but has lived for many years in Montreal. His "Fleurs Boréales et Oiseaux de neige" was crowned by the French Academy in 1880, and awarded one of the annual Montholon prizes, an honour which produced great enthusiasm in the little world of his province, and caused him to be styled "poet laureate." Thereafter Fréchette has

been generally considered the "national poet" of his people, an appellation to which his ability appears to entitle him, and which it has been his effort to maintain. This ambition is embodied particularly in his long poem "La Légende d'un Peuple," a work aiming to be considered the epic of the race in America. If Crémazie was a singer of very few notes, though full of fire and passion, Fréchette, lacking the same degree of these qualities, has a considerably wider range and clearer purpose. Facile in attractive lyric and also excelling in dignified narrative, he has given more complete expression to the thought of his period than any of his fellows. If the French language should ultimately disappear in Canada, as seems to be its destiny, the "Légende" is likely to remain its principal poetical monument.

The state of opinion among the French-Canadians was not the same in 1887, when "La Légende" was published in Paris, as it is to-day. Causes unnecessary to analyse here had developed a considerable growth of separatism, which has now been much reduced. The recognition by the French Academy in 1880 of his 'Oiseaux de Neige' had made Fréchette surpassingly French. Hence the sentiment of his Dedication :

"À LA FRANCE.

"Mère, je ne suis pas de ceux qui ont eu le bonheur d'être bercés sur tes genoux.

"Ce sont de bien lointains échos qui m'ont familiarisé avec ton nom et ta gloire.

"Ta belle langue, j'ai appris à la balbutier loin de toi.

“J’ose cependant, aujourd’hui, apporter une nouvelle page héroïque à ton histoire déjà si belle et si chevaleresque.

“Cette page est écrite plus avec le cœur qu’avec la plume.

“Je ne te demande pas, en retour, un embrassement maternel pour ton enfant, hélas ! oublié.

“Mais permets-lui au moins de baiser, avec attendrissement et fierté, le bas de cette robe glorieuse *qu’il aurait tant aimé voir flotter auprès de son berceau.*”

Opening with some fine lines to America and Columbus,

“Le héros, qui rêvait d’enrichir un royaume,
De l’immense avenir ne vit que le fantôme,”

he proceeds to apostrophise the history of the early missionaries and discoverers :

“O notre histoire, écrin de perles ignorées—

* * * * *

Ce ne fut tout d’abord qu’un groupe, une poignée
De Bretons brandissant le sabre et la cognée,
Vieux loups de mer bronzés au vent de Saint-Malo.
Bercés depuis l’enfance entre le ciel et l’eau.”

* * * * *

“Et puis, domptant les flots des grands lacs orageux,
Franchissant la savane et ses marais fangeux,
Pénétrant jusqu’au fond des forêts centenaires ?
Voici nos découvreurs et nos missionnaires.”

The feelings and deeds of Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of the St. Lawrence River, of Champlain, the founder of Quebec, and Maisonneuve, of Montreal, are expressed in stately lines. The harvest snatched in the midst of Indian attacks, the brave defence of her father’s little fort by Madeleine de Verchères,

the martyrdoms of the Jesuit Fathers, and many other noted scenes, receive a place in this epic of French Canada.

Although, marred by the hysterical extremes in which, at times, he overstates the cult of France and rejects all that can be called real loyalty to the Dominion and justice to British liberty and generosity, it must be remembered that he wrote, a generation ago, under circumstances of temporary personal and racial excitement which have since given place to more sober thought, and that he by no means represented in these things a large and responsible section of his countrymen. Making this due allowance for the point of view, we can read with appreciation several well-told incidents of the "Légende."

Both he and the extreme school of nationalists have atoned for these outbursts by sincerely friendly utterances in later times, and one of the most interesting testimonies to the Great Mother (Victoria) is that penned by Fréchette himself.

The lines entitled "Fors l'Honneur" will serve as an example of the narratives of the Légende. I give it in the translation of the late Gustavus W. Wicksteed, K.C., a brilliant centenarian :

" Our conquerors were masters of the ground ;
Close pent in Montreal, the brave Vaudreuil,
After seven years of glory and of suffering,
Seeing no hope of succour sent by France,
Heart-broken by despair, capitulated ;
And the proud enemy had stipulated
(Shame makes my cheek burn while I mention it)
That on the following morn, at break of day,

Our brave defenders, penned like timid sheep,
 Should into English hands deliver up
 Their colours—colours whose folds, proud and free,
 Had for a century held their own against
 A world in arms, throughout a continent :
 Whose onward sweep, still bearing the impress
 Of the great epic contest of the past,
 During a hundred years from pole to line,
 Bore them in front of conquering battalions ;

* * * * *

That night, with shame and grief a last adieu,
 Indignant at the odious compromise,
 Lévis, the truest knight of that dark time,
 Fire in his eyes, his hand upon his sword,
 Rose sudden, and without long argument
 Against the insult proudly made protest.
 Upon the plain were twenty thousand foes
 Encamped ; the ruins of an army, all
 He had, upon St. Helen's Isle ; no matter—
 Soldiers of France had often fought before
 With ten to one against them, and had won.
 If France uncaring leaves us to our fate,
 No matter still—we die when duty calls.
 His voice was for resistance to the death :
 Withdrawing to the island, there would he
 Stand firm and fight, a hero to the last.

* * * * *

Yet Vaudreuil signed. Refusal to obey
 Were worse than death—were treason to his chief ;
 So thought our warrior irreproachable,—

And in the dark hours that precede the dawn,
 He to his soldiers stirring in the night
 Gave that command, 'The colours to the front !'
 To give them up ? Would he before the eyes

Of his old comrades work such deed of shame—
 Soil his esentcheon with so foul a blot ?
 Heart-broken they await the dreaded word.
 Lévis comes forward ; in his kindling eye,
 Reflecting the fierce blaze, his soldiers see,
 Despite his calm, a scalding tear. Toward
 The colours draped in black, with a slow step
 He marches, and while History's muse records
 His act, he with his arms crossed on his breast,
 Fronting the colours with such glory crowned,
 Stands looking on them long and fixedly.

* * * * *

And striving to control his mighty grief,
 He bows upon the golden fleurs de lys,
 And in the agony of a last embrace
 Covers each flag with kisses of farewell.
 ' Now burn them boys, before another hand
 Can give them up unto our English foes.'
 Then, sight sublime and strange, like a vast wave
 Sinking in silence, knelt that warrior band,
 And solemnly into the sacred fire,
 Which, amid sounds as of death rattle, shot
 Spirals of blood-red flame in eddying whirls
 Into the firmament, amid the rush
 Of glowing ashes, one by one were thrown,
 Under the hero's eye, grave as a saint's,
 The colours he had loved so long and well.
 Some few slight cracklings more, and all was done,
 From Montreal, Longueuil, and every point,
 The hostile posts believed that in the storm
 They heard loud shouts of triumph ; 'twas the shout
 Of the proud vanquished, who in their despair
 Cried to night's answering echoes, ' Vive la France ! ' ”

Of recent years Fréchette has been finding appreciation in the English-speaking world, to which he has not been unresponsive.

The poets have left me only a brief space to deal with the historians.

François Xavier Garneau, a notary by profession, and Secretary of the Municipality of Quebec, was born there in 1809. He was the first writer of really brilliant parts produced by the race, but he suffered from some limitations through being self-educated. In 1845, after several years in Europe, he published the first edition of his 'Histoire du Canada,' in three volumes, of which in after years three other editions were issued in French and two in an English translation. Of the latter his friends repeated the adage *traduttore traditore*.

Garneau was the first to bring together the scattered materials of Canadian history into a digested whole. Besides being marked by considerable precision of style and a share of elegance, it was a work of erudition and of great independence of thought—so much, in fact, that the opposition of the clergy of the day compelled the excerpition of certain passages, which consequently do not appear in the later editions. In spite of this freedom of thought, he fell into some of the sentimental bitterness of his narrower compatriots at that time in his references to the British. In his preface of 1859 he defends himself in these words: "To the cause embraced by me in this book—the preservation of our religion, language, and laws—belongs to-day our own destiny. In persevering in the traditions of our fathers, I have become the adversary of the policy of England, which has placed the two Canadas under one Government with the purpose of destroying these three great features of the existence of the

French-Canadian, and perhaps I have also thereby drawn upon myself the antipathy of those among our compatriots who have become the partisans of that policy. I can say, nevertheless, that in what I have written I have been inspired by no motive of hostility to anyone. I have but expressed the deep sympathies of my heart for a cause which rests upon all there is of most holy and venerable in the eyes of all peoples. I do not ignore the consequences to me of this attachment to repudiated sentiments. I know that, defying the decrees of an all-powerful metropolis, I am regarded as the propagator of fatal doctrines, and by the French-Canadians attached to the Government which it imposes upon us as the blind disciple of a race destined to perish. I am consoled by the conviction that I am following an honourable road, and am sure that, while I do not enjoy the splendour of power and fortune, the conqueror cannot but respect the motive which inspires me." In 1866 Garneau passed away, after many years of illness, relieved, however, by a great repute among his people and by their support in many ways. He had attained his purpose of aiding greatly in developing a sentiment of separatism among them, a course in which he felt justified according to the lights of his education.

Benjamin Sulte, the other writer whom I have chosen as a representative historian, is living to-day. He also, though self-educated, is a man of erudite and systematic thoroughness. But his views are broader; his liberal, fraternal instinct breaks down all barriers of racial prejudice, and his common sense rationalises, without destroying, his sentiment. Last

year he made a highly popular President of the Royal Society of Canada. He has frequently spoken the word of goodwill and harmony which is the solution of racial friction in Quebec as elsewhere. His most important book is 'L'Histoire des Canadiens Français,' a work replete with brilliant insight and original research, for Sulte is nothing if not original.

Besides the 'Histoire' he is the author of numerous fine, historical monographs, and of a good deal of interesting prose miscellany, and some verse.

In naming but four of the French-Canadian writers, I have consulted space rather than paucity of matter; for an entire paper of interest could be written of the work of each of a number of others—such as the interesting and valuable antiquarian reminiscences of Aubert de Gaspé, the lyrics of Routhier, the unique genealogical repertory of Abbé Tanguay, the prose folklore of Beaugrand, the collection of *chansons* of Ernest Gagnon, the historical works of Abbé Casgrain, Richard the Acadian, and several others, not to speak of the tendencies of a cloud of minor authors or the abiding interest of the Jesuit 'Relations,' Charlevoix's 'Histoire de la Nouvelle France,' and other original sources.

If no genius of the first rank has been produced, no prose romance of serious importance, no criticism, there has been at least a sufficient expression of the primary impulses of a peculiarly situated people. If all their goslings are swans, they have shown a most laudable respect for even the appearance of learning, and this has been followed by substantial rewards in the form of Civil Service posts, and that unusual position of influence with the statesmen

which, to its honour, is a characteristic of the French race.

The existence of this population has had the good effect upon Canada of a great and constant training in political and social liberality ; their history has added a rich dower of romance ; and ultimately, when the imperfect, scarcely begun, union of the races of to-day shall have become the complete fusion of the future, this little literature will be a mine of historical instruction and human interest.

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